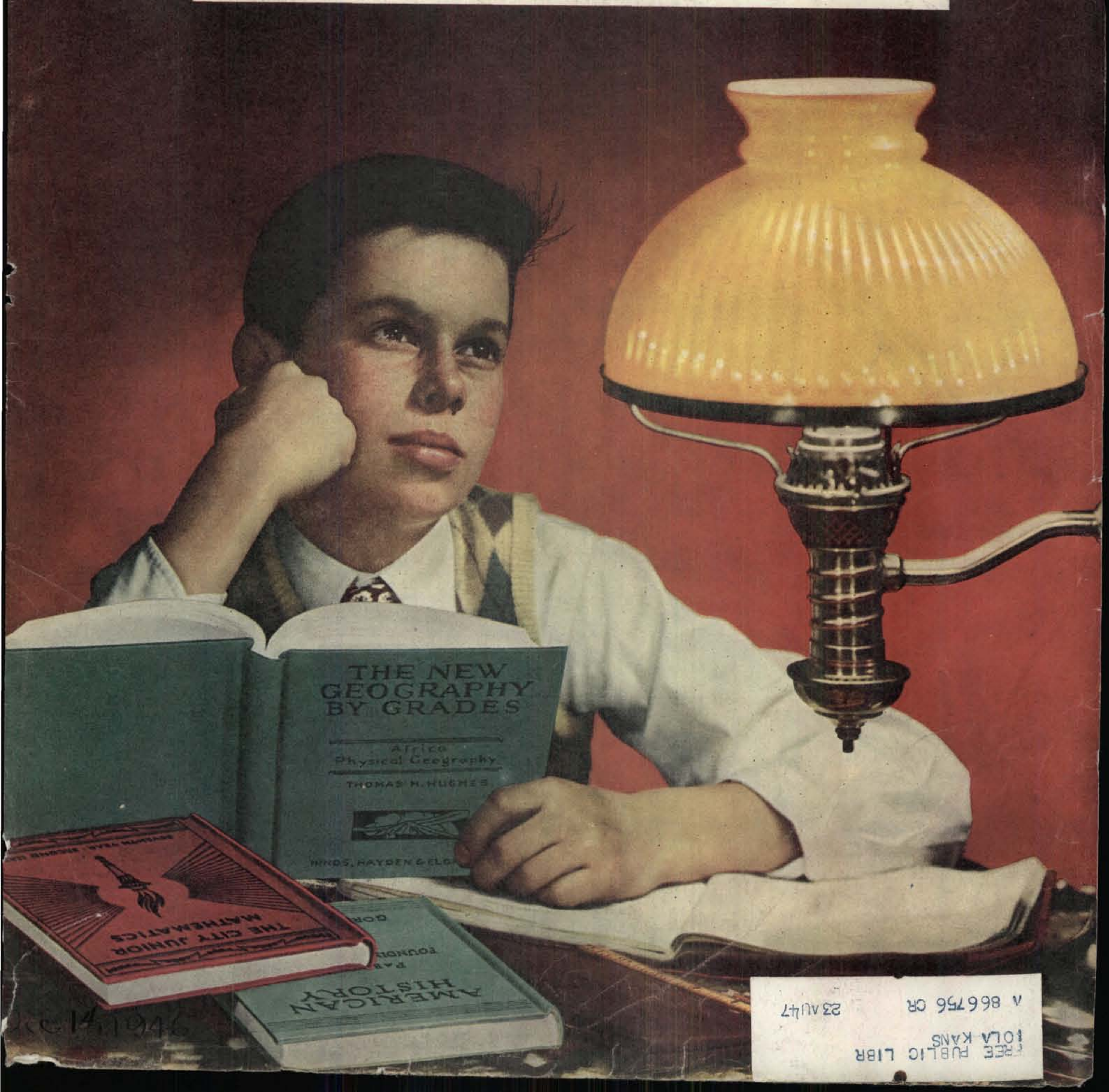
Collier's

DECEMBER 14, 1946 TEN CENTS

COLLIER'S 57th ALL-AMERICA

●

ARMY CHOW'S A MESS — See page 24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Africa
Physical Geography
THOMAS H. HUGHES
HINDS, HAYDEN & ELD
THE CITY JUNIOR MATHEMATICS
AMERICAN HISTORY
FOUNDATIONS

Dec 14, 1946

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IOLA KANS
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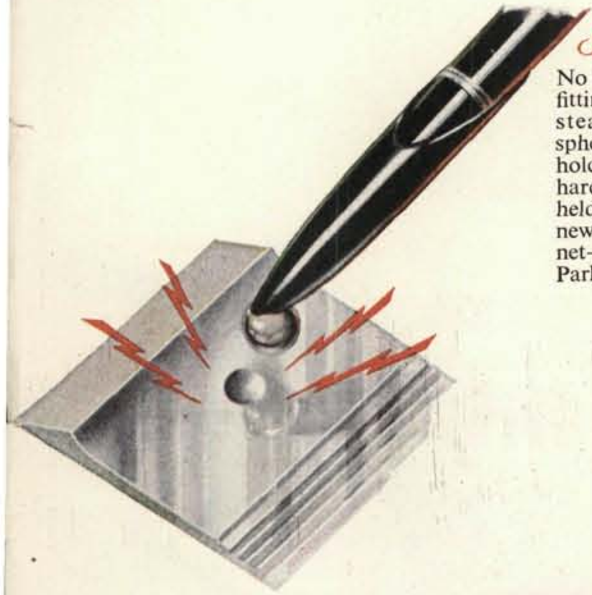
new Parker "51" *Magic wand* Desk Sets . . .

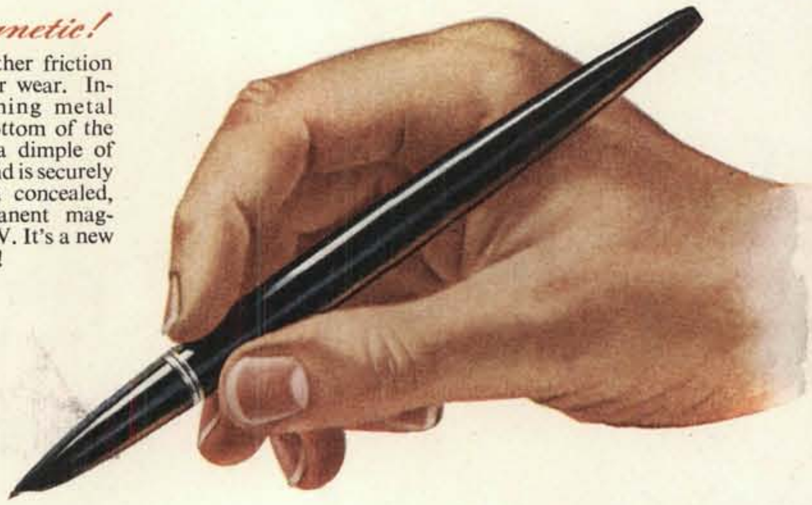
● Here, truly, are gifts of distinction . . . different in style, design, performance. The pens are Parker 51's—famed for their ability to *write dry with wet ink!* And matching their new desk-styling is a holder of exclusive pattern. Held to the base by unfailing magnetic attraction, it pivots freely—stays poised for instant action. Its "scoop" shape makes placing of the pen easy and certain.

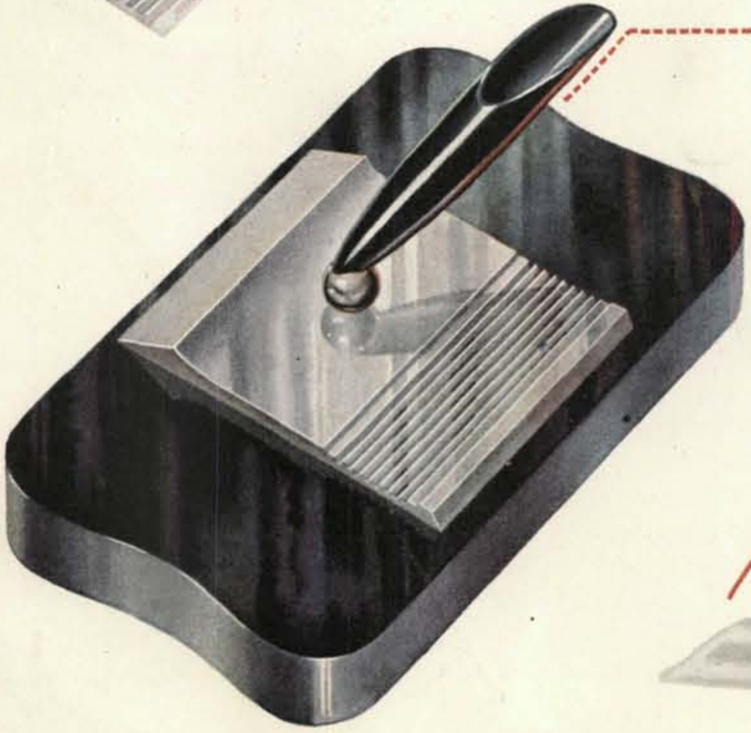
Like Parker "51" pens, Parker "51" Magic Wand Desk Sets cannot be hurriedly turned out. Your dealer's supply is, of necessity, limited.

Make your choice among thirty modern designs. There are colorful ceramics for the home—metals and rich plastics for the office. Single and double sets. $15.00 and up. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

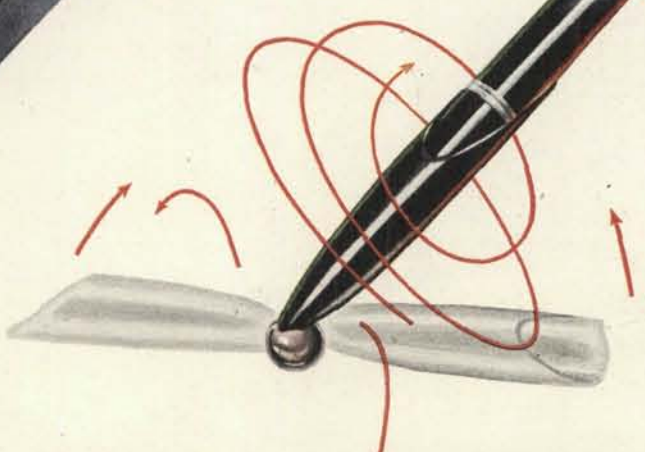


It's magnetic! No hinges or other friction fittings to fail or wear. Instead, a glistening metal sphere at the bottom of the holder rests in a dimple of hardened steel and is securely held there by a concealed, new-type, permanent magnet—the Alinco V. It's a new Parker exclusive!

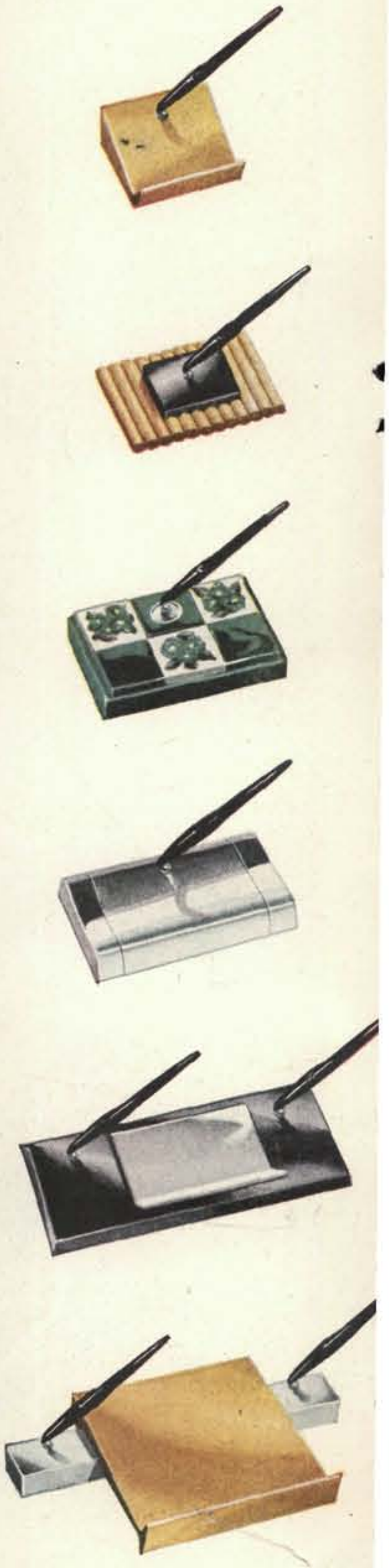




New "Scoop" holder makes it easy for you to replace the "51" pen—even with your eyes shut! Notice the scientifically designed, flared opening. The smart lines of this special holder blend perfectly with the tapered beauty of the new desk-styled Parker "51". *L. Moholy-Nagy, Robert and Miriam Gruen, and Laurier Carriere* are the noted designers of the modern bases.



Swing high—swing low! Here is the most versatile desk set ever created. The pen may be placed at any angle—from horizontal to vertical—and rotated through a full 360°. A touch of the finger will poise it for action in just the position that suits you best.



Copr. 1946 by The Parker Pen Company

COLDS
develop in many ways . . .

GERMS called the "secondary invaders," are believed to be responsible for much of a cold's misery. These may be transferred to you in tiny droplets of moisture if you get in the way of a cough or a sneeze.

WET FEET or cold feet may lower body resistance, and so make it easier for the "secondary invaders" to invade the throat tissue and produce the miserable complications you know so well.

DRAFTS, fatigue, and sudden changes of temperature may also make it easier for germs to stage a "mass invasion" of the throat tissue. Reduction of germs is an important step in warding off a cold.

Gargle
LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
Quick!

At this time of year, when wet, cold weather is giving cold germs a helping hand, it's just sound common sense to make the Listerine Antiseptic gargle a night and morning habit . . . and to increase the frequency of the gargle when a cold threatens.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the "secondary invaders." These are the germs, according to some authorities, that cause much of the misery of a cold.

Guard against Germ Invasion

Used frequently during the 12 to 36-hour "incubation" period when a cold may be developing, the Listerine Antiseptic gargle can often help guard against the mass invasion of germs and nip trouble in the bud.

Actual tests have shown germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour after.

Fewer Colds in Tests

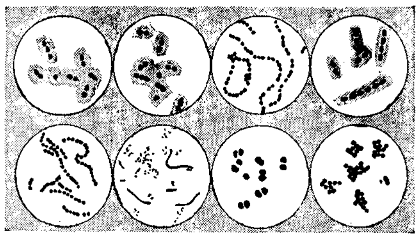
This germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain Listerine Antiseptic's impressive test record in fighting colds. Tests made over a 12-year period showed this remarkable result:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually had milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC REDUCED GERMS UP TO 96.7% IN TESTS

Threatening "Secondary Invaders" which Listerine Antiseptic attacks



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

Picture OF THE MONTH

This is the year of "The Yearling" and this month we have three famed authors as guest columnists. They saw the preview of "The Yearling" and they have expressed, ever so much better than we could, their enthusiasm for this latest Technicolor production from M-G-M. Here is what they think:

NORMAN REILLY RAINE:

"To say, merely, that I had seen 'The Yearling' and had liked it, would be to try to harness within a few bald words the deepest emotions of the human heart. Here is a picture beautiful in its simplicity, one of the truly great epics of the screen. 'The Yearling' is among the most enchanting, exciting and emotionally rewarding pictures ever made..."

M-G-M presents
"THE YEARLING"
IN TECHNICOLOR
starring
GREGORY PECK
JANE WYMAN

URSULA PARROT:

"The poignant story of a lonely wilderness boy who adopted a fawn to love and live with —he hoped forever—is tender, moving, heartwarming as a picture, as it was in the novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. But the picture besides achieves intensity of excitement the novel could only suggest: the fight with the great bear, Slewfoot; the breathless race of the boy against time to save his father's life from snakebite; the sinister pounding of the storm which ruins the family's crops; the sense of implacability in the river current sweeping the boy out to sea —these are peaks of breathlessness..."

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN:

"Pictorially beautiful, authentic in detail and sincerely presented, 'The Yearling' is destined to be received by the public as one of the great pictures of the year... Gregory Peck is warmly human as Penny Baxter, Florida pioneer... An outstanding feature is the superlative performance of Jane Wyman as Ma Baxter... Picture audiences will rave over Jody Baxter, as played by Claude Jarman, Jr.... From beginning to end, the Technicolor is magnificent..."

OUR COMMENT:

Yes, yes! This IS the year of "The Yearling".

"The Yearling" is a Clarence Brown production. The cast also includes Claude Jarman, Jr., as "Jody", Clem Bevans, Margaret Wycherly, Forrest Tucker. Screen play by Paul Osborn, based on the Pulitzer Prize Novel by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Directed by Clarence Brown, produced by Sidney Franklin. A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture.

COLLIER'S
December 14, 1946

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

SALESMEN OF GOD

DEAR EDITOR: Some of the facts revealed by Mr. Davidson (Jehovah's Traveling Salesmen, Nov. 2d), especially those regarding the attitude of the organization toward the flag and military service, cause me to wonder if my 42 months in the Army weren't wasted.

C. E. MILLER, Marshall, Mich.

... When you published the article, Jehovah's Traveling Salesmen, you should have left off the last verse.

I am one of them and they DO NOT abhor anyone; also, they believe that all people of good will will live here on earth; NOT IN HEAVEN. If Bill Davidson ever studied the Bible, he would know we are right.

MRS. B. F. BARTELL, Akron, Ohio

... I am not one of the society of 'Jehovah's Witnesses' but I have had many friends and acquaintances who were and are.

I enjoyed the article by Bill Davidson very much and was impressed with the fair, impartial and unbigoted presentation that he gave their case.

EDGAR H. SHAKELY, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

HOUSING PROBLEM

DEAR EDITOR: Congratulations to Lester Velie! His article (Housing: The Chicago Racket, Oct. 26th) is an eye-opener. Many Chicagoans, whom I know personally, are oblivious of these deplorable conditions.

(MRS.) HELEN SIMMONS, El Paso, Texas

... To say that Mr. Velie has taken liberties with the truth is a mild way of putting it. He paints a dismal picture of Chicago residential building being at a standstill. But the F. W. Dodge Corporation whose reports on construction activity are accepted as the most authoritative even by the Department of Commerce, states in two October issues of Construction News that Chicago leads the nation in residential building. Whom are we to believe?

STANLEY W. MORTON, Chicago, Ill.

BIG BUSINESS

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: I have read with great interest your editorial in the October 26th issue on Those Exported U.S. Cars.

You express the need for export very clearly and constructively. It is gratifying indeed, to find that the large needs and interests of business, and indeed of America, are so ably presented in a medium such as Collier's.

JAMES D. MONNEY, President,
Willys-Overland Motors, Inc.
Toledo, Ohio

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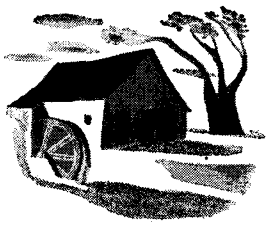
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

Diesel Power

and the staff of life



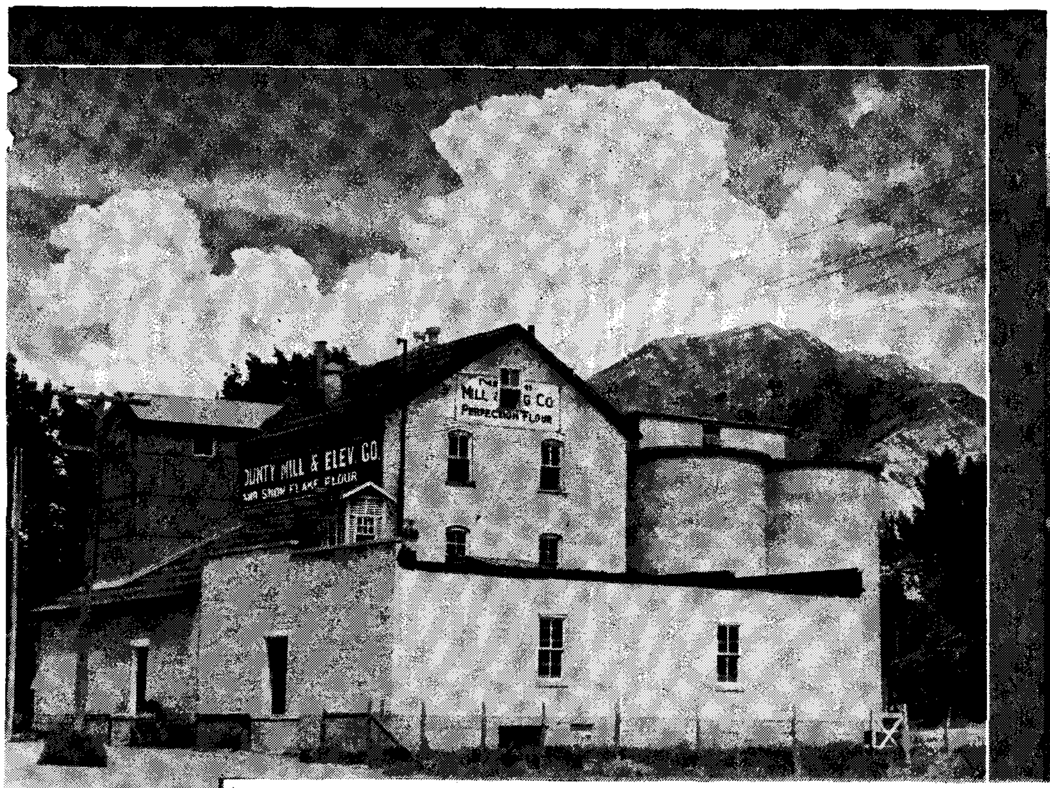
A century ago, flour for the nation's bread was ground in thousands of small grist-mills, located wherever there was water-power. The picturesque days of the mill-pond and water-wheel are gone. But local mills continue to produce a vital share of the good wheat flour that is baked into golden brown loaves—the backbone of America's diet.

Today's flour-mill can operate in city or town, or deep in the heart of the wheat-farming country. It may be miles from any stream, because it has a modern source of power—a "Caterpillar" Diesel Engine—sturdy, economical and dependable.

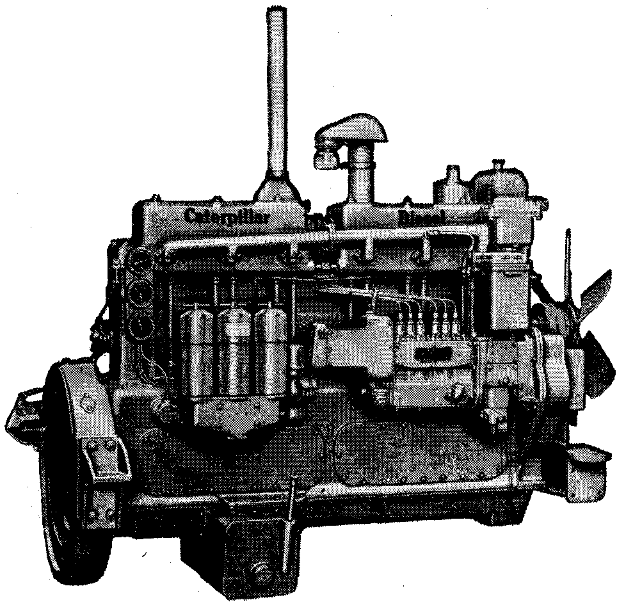
The Juab County Mill & Elevator Co., in Nephi, Utah, is typical of many successful small mills. For the past fifteen years it has relied on "Caterpillar" Diesel power to turn out an average of 200 barrels of flour daily. The owners estimate savings of 50% as compared with the cost of purchased power. Fuel economy, protection against dust, long life and low upkeep all figure in these savings. But, most important of all, in the words of the manager, "*It never lets us down.*"

"Caterpillar" Diesel Engines, compact and portable, built for hard work and steady operation, contribute millions of honest horsepower to the day's work of the nation.

CATERPILLAR TRACTOR CO., PEORIA, ILLINOIS



50 lbs Net
JUAB COUNTY MILL
GEM
FLOUR



CATERPILLAR

Diesel Engines

TRACTORS • MOTOR GRADERS • EARTHMOVING EQUIPMENT

The FLORSHEIM Shoe
Florsheim Shoes
COST LESS IN THE LONG RUN

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • CHICAGO • *MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN*

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BARNEY TOBEY

BY FRELING FOSTER

The only female counterpart of Santa Claus is Befana, the good fairy of the children of Italy, who is supposed to bring them their presents which they receive on Twelfth Night instead of Christmas Eve. The mythical old lady influences the behavior of the children throughout the year as those who have been naughty find their stockings filled, not with gifts, but with ashes.

Recently introduced in the United States, the first successful method of treating the eye disease, retinitis pigmentosa, was developed in Russia by Professor Vladimir Filatov. Affecting 35,000 Americans, the disease is a progressive degeneration of the retina resulting in blindness. The method, which has arrested it in 77 per cent of the cases treated, consists of injections of cod-liver oil or implantations of placental tissue.

Although cosmic rays have been intensely studied for 25 years, little has been learned about these particles from interstellar space except that they are the most powerful and penetrating form of radiation ever discovered. While they have no known adverse effect on human life, an average of about 72,000 an hour pass through the body of every living individual.

The United States Senate, during its history, has refused to seat 62 incoming senators because of their past conduct or some irregularity in their campaign, election or appointment.

Experiments were made at Yale's School of Alcoholic Studies, not long ago, to determine the different rates of speed at which the human body eliminates the alcohol in different distilled liquors, variations governed by their congeners which give them their taste and aroma. Results showed that the average man requires 12 hours to eliminate the alcohol in a pint of 86-proof gin, but at least 20 hours for that in a pint of 86-proof cognac.

The only gambling slot machine of which the element of chance is in the hands of the player is a new quiz box which employs 32,000 questions on eight subjects such as Music and Sports. After the player has chosen his subject and deposited a nickel, the machine flashes on its screen a question and six possible numbered answers, one of which he selects by pressing the button with its corresponding number. Knowing or guessing the right answer may win him as much as $2.

Because an actor assassinated Abraham Lincoln, the numerous reformers and cranks who hated the theater in 1865 immediately seized this opportunity to launch a campaign that almost resulted in its suppression. Not only were mobs incited to attack actors and actresses, but mass meetings were held to demand the closing of all playhouses in many large cities including Boston, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus, Pittsburgh and even New York.

A recent survey made in three representative states of this country shows that, while official employment agencies were trying to fill 80,000 jobs, some 190,000 workers, exclusive of veterans, were drawing unemployment compensation pay.

Of the some 4,000,000 Jews living in Russia today, about one quarter entered the country at the outset of the war, having been among the 2,000,000 rescued by the Soviet government from countries in the path of the advancing Nazis.

Among the universities that a veteran may attend under the G.I. Bill of Rights are Oxford and Cambridge in England.

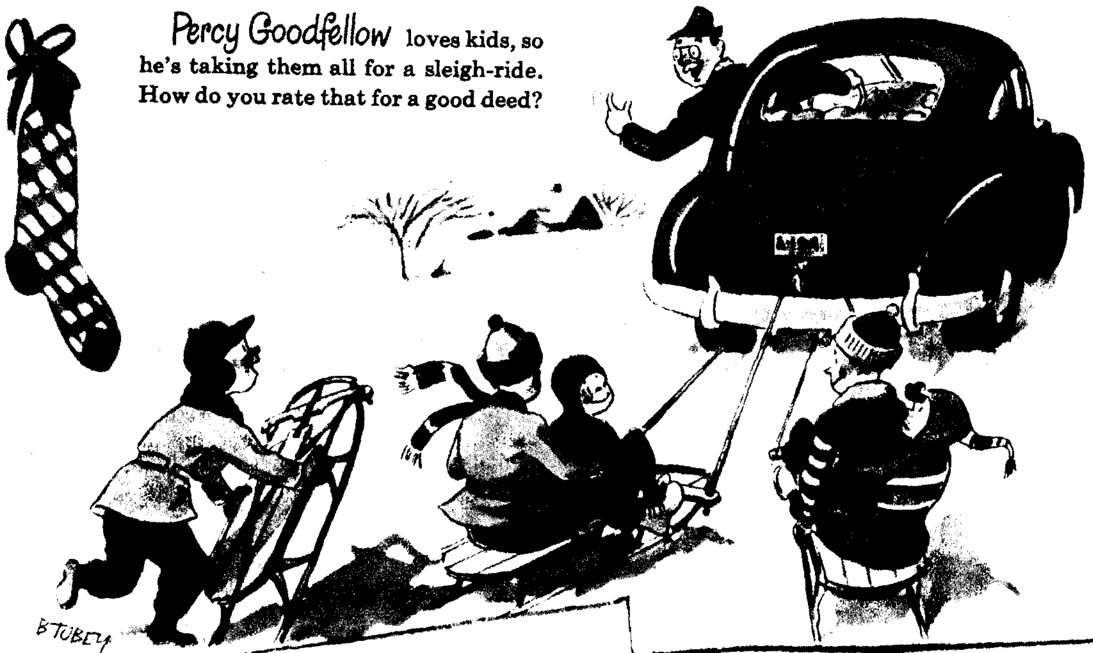
Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

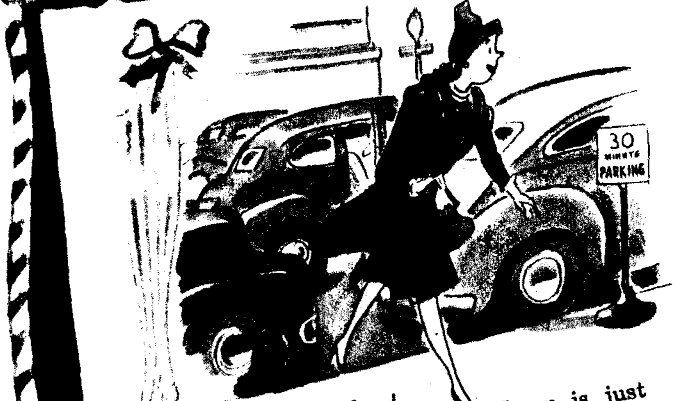
If only good little drivers got their Christmas stockings filled

...WHICH ONE OF THESE WOULD YOU LEAVE EMPTY?

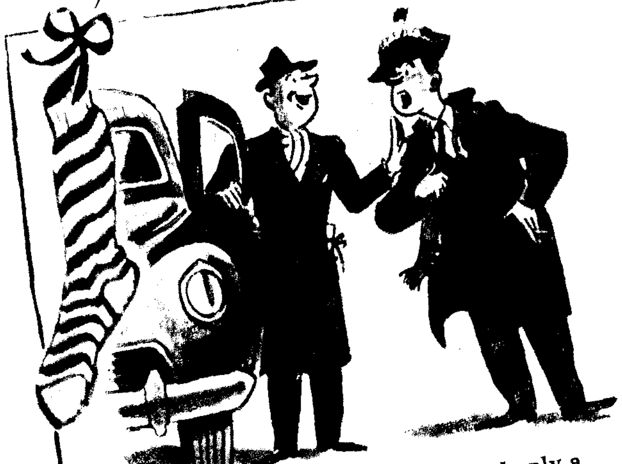
They say that Santa keeps a record of good and bad little boys. If your name gets on his blacklist, it's just too bad for you at Christmas time. It might be a good idea to extend this system to include good and bad automobile drivers. For example, if you were Santa, how would you rate the drivers shown below?

Percy Goodfellow loves kids, so he's taking them all for a sleigh-ride. How do you rate that for a good deed?

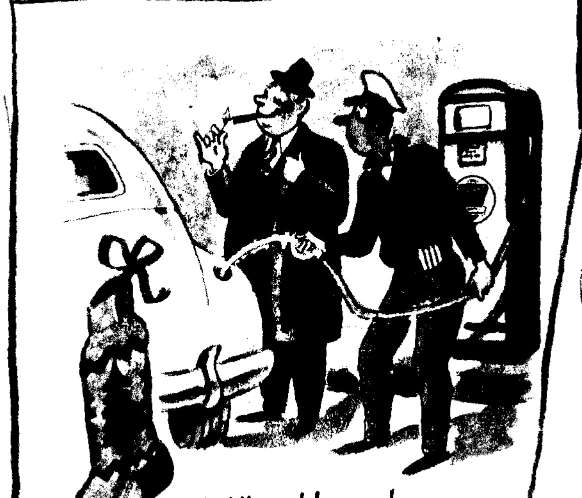




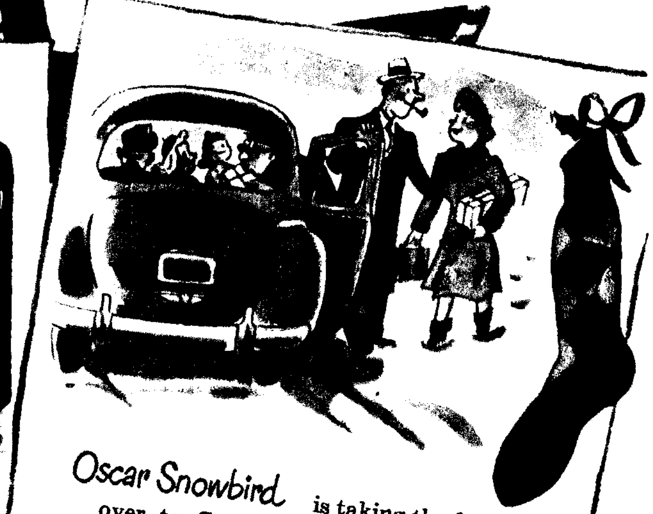
Lucy Merryfeather Lucy is just running into the store for a bit of last-minute Christmas shopping. That red sedan is her car. Anything wrong?



Joe Lushwell actually has had only a couple of drinks, so he feels it's perfectly okay for him to drive. However, his brother Mike won't let him—even though he's likely to start an argument on Christmas Day. How do you rate them?



Wilbur Happydays is getting gas. Is he doing anything that might earn him an empty Christmas stocking?



Oscar Snowbird is taking the family over to Grandma's for dinner. Look closely before you decide what to do about his Christmas stocking.

Check your ratings with these:

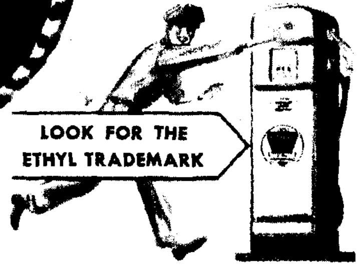
Percy should be spanked. Letting kids hitch their sleds to an automobile is dangerous. Every year dozens of children are *seriously injured* that way. A lump of coal is about the only thing Percy should get in his Christmas sock.

Lucy's heart is in the right place, but her car isn't. Double parking is a nuisance, a cause of accidents, and even Santa Claus won't forgive her.

Joe goes on the blacklist. Authorities have demonstrated that even a couple of drinks will slow up a driver's reactions. The wise rule to follow is: If you drink, don't drive; if you drive, don't drink. However, Mike deserves an extra-nice present in his stocking for stopping Joe from driving.

Wilbur thinks he's going to win our approval by buying Ethyl gasoline. But he isn't—lighting that cigar near the gas tank is bad business no matter how good the gasoline is—so an empty stocking for Wilbur.

Oscar also shouldn't expect too much Christmas. There's snow on the ground. But where are Oscar's chains? In the car trunk—where they'll never prevent a skid.


LOOK FOR THE ETHYL TRADEMARK

PROFESSIONAL DRIVING
Do you know how to...

FREE Christmas present to all car owners from Ethyl. A copy of "Professional Driving"—the 72-page book that is packed with information and help for automobile drivers. Not for beginners, but for people who already know how to handle a car. Written and illustrated by experts to make good drivers, better drivers.

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Post Office Box 7, New York 8, N. Y.
Please send me a free copy of "Professional Driving."

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*Address*________________
*City*________ *State*________

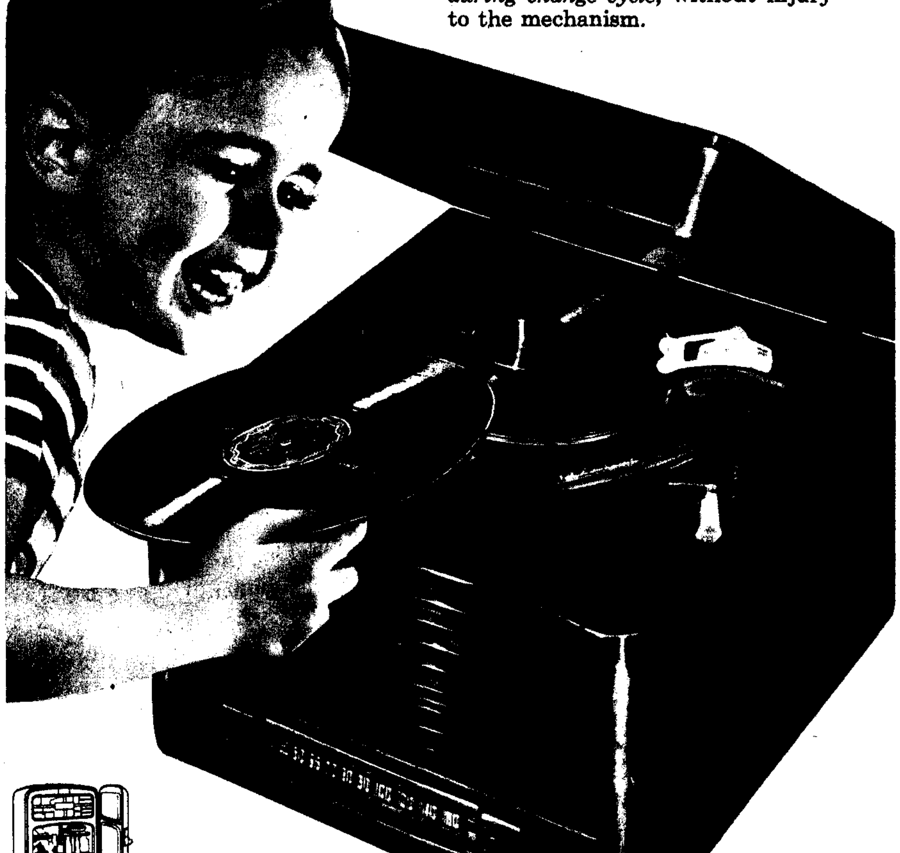
NOW! A RADIO-PHONOGRAPH from

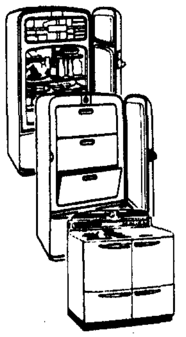
Admiral

with AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGER

THAT'S REALLY Childproof

You'll be glad to know the children can't get this one out of adjustment. It's really built to "take it." Foolproof tone arm may be lifted, *even during change cycle,* without injury to the mechanism.





Dual-Temp Refrigerators
Home Freezers
Electric Ranges

You'll like its fine reproduction of your favorite records . . . the safe, easy treatment it gives them . . . the speedy, sure way it changes them. Plays up to twelve records, automatically. You'll get fine radio performance, too. New improved Superheterodyne circuit. Bass compensation for excellent tone. Beautiful walnut cabinet. See your Admiral dealer, today, and choose your Admiral Radio—America's Smart Set. Admiral Corporation, Chicago 47, Illinois.

World's Largest Manufacturer of Radio-Phonographs with Automatic Record Changers

TH
WE
WOR
and Mrs.
f (self po

BACK in June, 1944, Collier's sent Hans Knopf to a Rose Festival to soothe his war-torn nerves photographing So Gray the Rose (Sept. 23, '44). Tucked among the flowers he found Amy Vanderbilt, public relationist, who was running the show. It being June, the air being scented, Miss Vanderbilt being a rosy, comely bit herself, and Hans being a confirmed bachelor, the two—photographer and writer—found themselves married the following spring.

Immediately Collier's sent Hans abroad as war photographer for five months, leaving the bride to unpack alone in her new Westport, Connecticut, home. Since then it's been a battle between the editors and the Knopfs' home life, Collier's usually winning.

This summer Collier's realized it owed the Knopfs a honeymoon, and the two—Hans with his little $3,000 camera, and Amy, with her little nickel notebook, found themselves in Mexico, teamed on several assignments: Mexico's A B C's (p. 86) and others soon to come. "It was," expounds Hans, "a dream—a dream for pictures, and a dream for the writer-wife."

Neither of the Knopfs spoke much Spanish. Mrs. Knopf took notes and gave orders in broken Sonora dialect with a reckless disregard for verbs or meaning, and the picture subjects obeyed her violent accompanying gestures. She found the little Mexican burros understood her better. She addressed them with a stern "Whoa!" and a twist of the tail. The Knopfs found themselves received twice in Spanish by recent President Avila Camacho, three times by new President Miguel Aleman. They also found that it's easier to be romantic at 7,500 feet above sea level in Mexico, than in Kansas or Seattle.

Most important, they learned they worked harmoniously together, a rarity indeed between husband-wife art teams. Miss Vanderbilt attributes this to the fact that she can't operate even a box camera; while Hans is the only photographer in the world who doesn't want to be a writer—only wants to respect them.

Now they're back in Westport, with Amy's energetic son, Lincoln Clark, defying Collier's to separate them again.

"We are making a married man of Hans," Amy says. "We take good care of him."

WALTER CAMP started the All-America team in Collier's in 1889. When he died it was taken over by Grantland (Grannie) Rice, dean of American sports writers (see All-America, p. 13). Mr. Rice, now sixty-six, and his Advisory Board, some of whom have 30 years of watching and writing football behind them, shuttle about like a widget on a hot stove every fall, seeing all the big games and listening to all the palaver from parties interested in their heroes. Best of all, Grannie, who makes the final selections, has the judgment that comes from long years of seeing solid senders as well as morning glories. He also has the friendship of every competent football critic in the country. When Grannie sets them down, they are down for posterity.

THE gentleman giving you the back in the hush-hush manner on this page is one Mr. Richard B. Gehman, responsible for the excruciatingly funny Joe McSween's Atomic Machine (p. 17). In response to our request for vital statistics, Mr. Gehman informed us in atomic particles: "There isn't much to tell. You know my name. Twenty-six. B. Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Worked on a newspaper there. Got fired. Wrote radio scripts. Got drafted. Instructor in Special Services for a while. Then shipped to Oak Ridge, Tennessee. Worked on the Oak Ridge Journal, official paper of atomic bomb project. Met Rebecca Hallman of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Married. One son, Scott. Year old now. After discharge came to New York. Joined organization fighting for international control of atomic energy and limited world government. *Found and rented house.* Writing as much as possible. Have novel. Got idea for Joe McSween at Oak Ridge. Never was allowed inside of plant. Thought whole thing was one meaningless hoax on part of Army.

MOREHOUSE

Richard B. Gehman

"That is all I can think of at the moment," continues the self-effacing Mr. Gehman, "unless you would be interested in the thickness of the calluses on my two typing fingers."

This week's cover: Was photographed by James Snyder, who makes the camera tell a human-interest story. The studious young man next to the lamp is Edmond Abel of Hollis, Long Island, professional model, but as All-American as his freckles. He's a good student too. . . . T. S.

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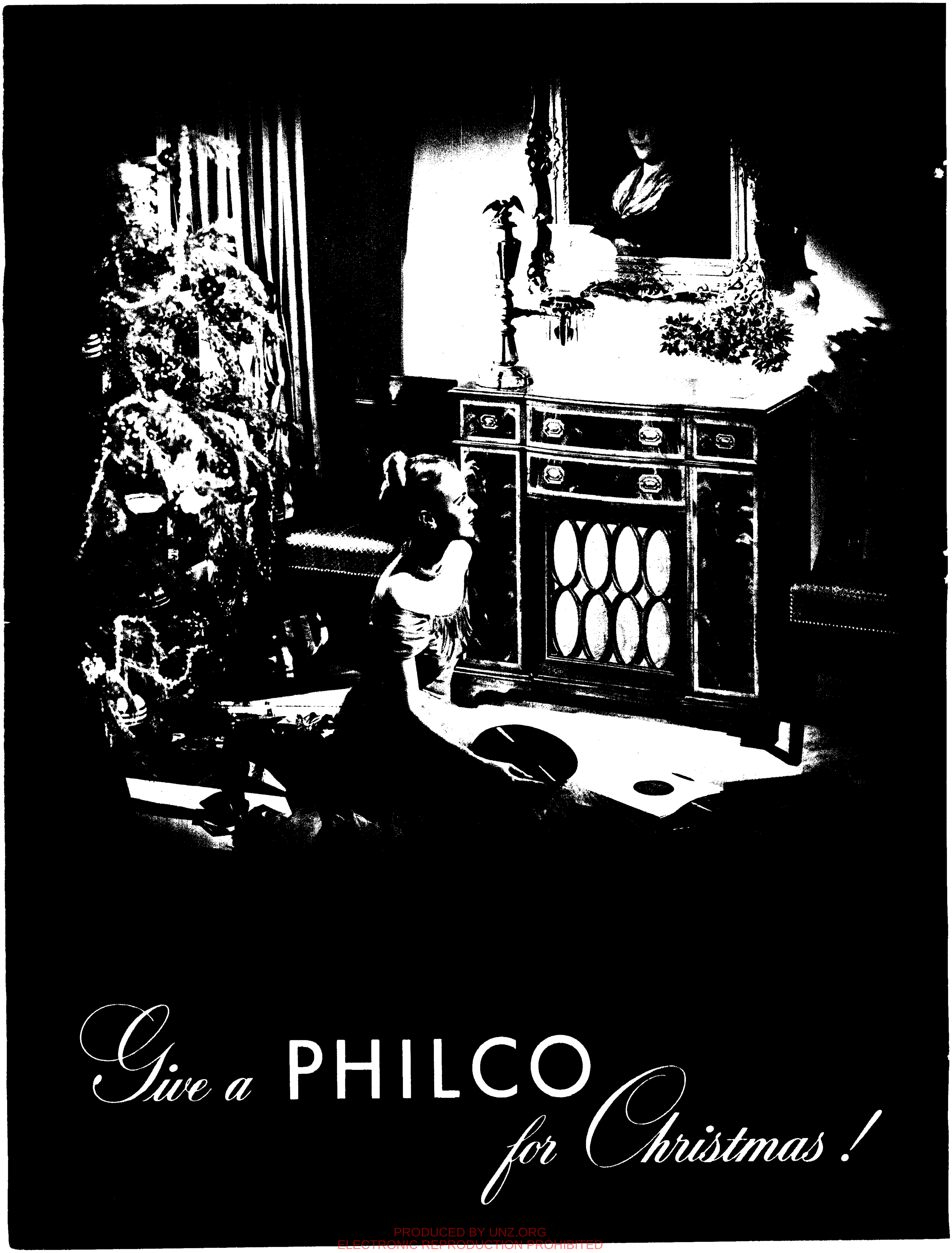
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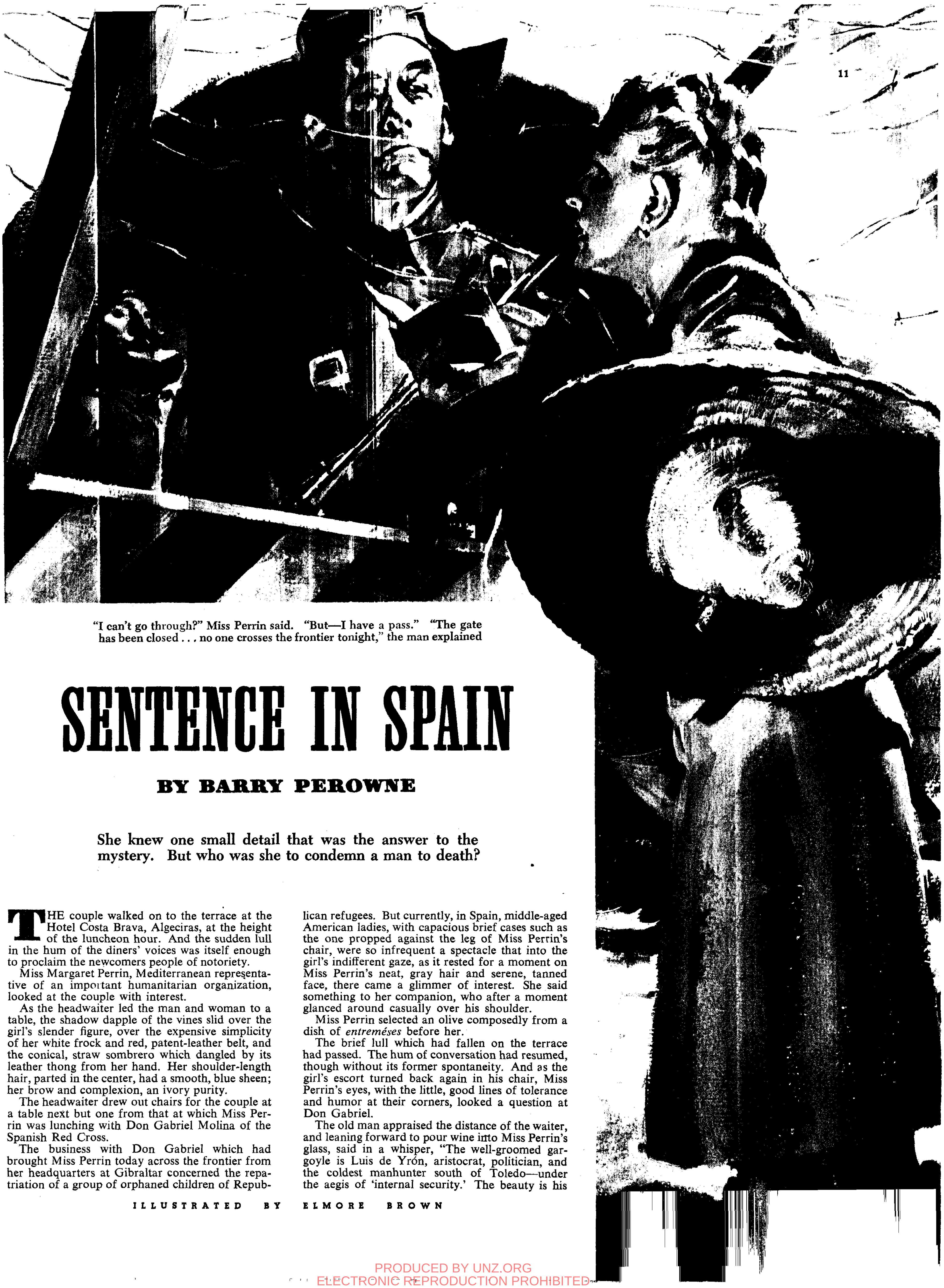


"I can't go through?" Miss Perrin said. "But—I have a pass." "The gate has been closed . . . no one crosses the frontier tonight," the man explained

SENTENCE IN SPAIN

BY BARRY PEROWNE

She knew one small detail that was the answer to the mystery. But who was she to condemn a man to death?

THE couple walked on to the terrace at the Hotel Costa Brava, Algeciras, at the height of the luncheon hour. And the sudden lull in the hum of the diners' voices was itself enough to proclaim the newcomers people of notoriety.

Miss Margaret Perrin, Mediterranean representative of an important humanitarian organization, looked at the couple with interest.

As the headwaiter led the man and woman to a table, the shadow dapple of the vines slid over the girl's slender figure, over the expensive simplicity of her white frock and red, patent-leather belt, and the conical, straw sombrero which dangled by its leather thong from her hand. Her shoulder-length hair, parted in the center, had a smooth, blue sheen; her brow and complexion, an ivory purity.

The headwaiter drew out chairs for the couple at a table next but one from that at which Miss Perrin was lunching with Don Gabriel Molina of the Spanish Red Cross.

The business with Don Gabriel which had brought Miss Perrin today across the frontier from her headquarters at Gibraltar concerned the repatriation of a group of orphaned children of Republican refugees. But currently, in Spain, middle-aged American ladies, with capacious brief cases such as the one propped against the leg of Miss Perrin's chair, were so infrequent a spectacle that into the girl's indifferent gaze, as it rested for a moment on Miss Perrin's neat, gray hair and serene, tanned face, there came a glimmer of interest. She said something to her companion, who after a moment glanced around casually over his shoulder.

Miss Perrin selected an olive composedly from a dish of *entreméses* before her.

The brief lull which had fallen on the terrace had passed. The hum of conversation had resumed, though without its former spontaneity. And as the girl's escort turned back again in his chair, Miss Perrin's eyes, with the little, good lines of tolerance and humor at their corners, looked a question at Don Gabriel.

The old man appraised the distance of the waiter, and leaning forward to pour wine into Miss Perrin's glass, said in a whisper, "The well-groomed gargoyle is Luis de Yrón, aristocrat, politician, and the coldest manhunter south of Toledo—under the aegis of 'internal security.' The beauty is his

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

'secretary' — a euphemism — Raquel Morena. The appearance of these two anywhere is apt to be followed by unusual activity on the part of the political police . . ."

His voice trailed off and his eyes warned Miss Perrin not to pursue the topic. She didn't, but she understood now the uneasiness that had come upon the lunchers. Though the Costa Brava was strictly black market, and the people who used it were the well-to-do of the town—a different type from Don Gabriel, who probably had brought her here only because it was the one place he could do honor to a guest—still among these people, she glimpsed here and there, in dark eyes glancing furtively at the couple, apprehension.

Her lips tightened, and she looked out across the stone balustrade against which their table stood, into the white glare of noon. Below lay a cobbled square with houses on two sides, on the third a sun-blistered warehouse flanked by railroad track bearing a derelict locomotive, on the fourth a wharf with slanting, idle derricks. All that there was of life, under the quivering heat currents, were a few workless stevedores sitting with their families around lunch cans, in the shade of parched trees. Yet, just across the water, across the wide shining bay, lay another world—Gibraltar—looming against the pale sky, with the glitter of the sun marking the brass and steel of the ships of that bustling teeming crossroads of the United Nations. Miss Perrin, turning back to Don Gabriel, was conscious of that trouble of the spirit that was inseparable, it seemed, from her brief duty journeys into Spain.

At Luis de Yrón's table, a waiter, opening champagne, had let foam drop on the girl's frock, and Raquel was angry about it. Miss Perrin heard the acid sharpness in the girl's voice, saw the distortion of annoyance unsightly on her lips.

But the waiter was reprieved by the approach of a liveried chauffeur, who handed Yrón a blue telegraph envelope. The waiter faded thankfully into the background as Yrón, tearing open the telegram, read it and passed it to the girl. Yrón spoke to the chauffeur, and as the man left the terrace began to eat quickly. He talked to the girl in a low voice, earnestly, as he ate, and now and then she nodded, but with sullenness in her expression, as though her acquiescence were grudging.

Then Yrón tossed down his napkin and rose. As he bowed over the girl's hand, the contrast between the feline grace of his figure and his gargoyle dark face and pale eyes was striking. His glance slid enigmatically over the lunchers as he turned and, with his faint, mocking smile, walked from the terrace. Miss Perrin watched him get into an open, cream-colored racing car below, and take the wheel. His sleek head gleamed like enamel in the sun.

When Miss Perrin glanced back at the girl's table, Raquel Morena was walking from the terrace. With her departure, a tension relaxed in the atmosphere, talk flowed more naturally. But Don Gabriel looked somberly at Miss Perrin.

"All that," he said quietly, "is *not* a good omen—for someone." He sighed, shrugged, forced a smile. *"Y pues, una copita, eh?* A small *coñac* before we return to my office." . . .

IT WAS six o'clock when their business was completed, and the tall, stooped old gentleman in the alpaca jacket and the sturdy, middle-aged lady walked together down to the square from which the bus started for La Linea, the frontier town. The daylight was fading, and far across the darkening bay the last of the sunset reddened the rugged summit of Gibraltar.

The ramshackle bus was packed to suffocation.

"Bread and circuses," Don Gabriel said dryly. "There is a fair in La Linea, with bulls tomorrow."

But he managed to find Miss Perrin a seat, and she settled herself to endure an hour of acute, jolting, garlic-flavored discomfort.

When the bus groaned at last along the water-front road into La Linea and pulled up before the *aduana,* the customhouse, the passengers streamed away in a body toward the main street, from which came the fairground sounds of steam organs and firecrackers. Miss Perrin, left alone in the moonlight, stamped the stiffness from her legs, breathed deeply the cool night air. Taking her passport and frontier permit from her brief case, she moved toward the great arch which traversed the prisonlike *aduana* building.

The arch was lighted by naked, powerful electric bulbs, the glare of which etched sharply on the pavement the barbed shadows of the wire barriers at each end. There were mounted civil guards between the barriers. Their glazed hats glinted; the pitiless light gave to their gaunt faces a cadaverous pallor; their horses' hoofs clanked hollowly under the arch.

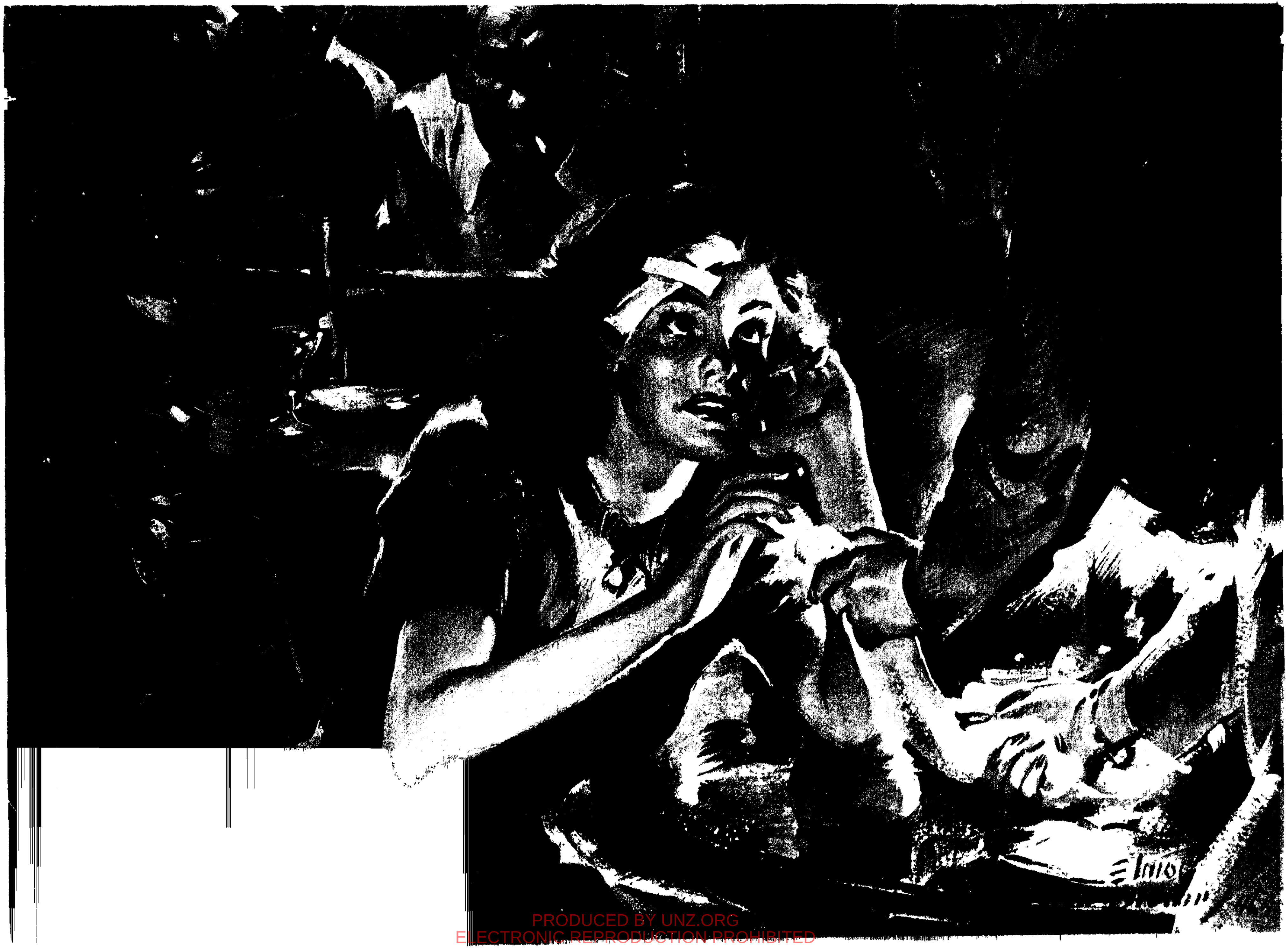
A *carabinero* slouched to the barrier as Miss Perrin approached. He didn't pull the barrier aside for her, but raised his carbine slanting across his body, his voice curt:

"No puede pasar!"

Miss Perrin, with her mind already on her small, comfortable apartment in Gibraltar, a bare eight hundred yards away across the neutral

(Continued on page 88)

"I'm not what you think me, señora," the girl whispered. "You could help me. Please, señora—" "The cut'll be all right," said Miss Perrin



THE 57TH ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM

Charlie Trippi of Georgia, whom the professional coaches consider the best back in college football. This and the other pictures illustrating Mr. Rice's article are extraordinary color photographs taken during regular games or practice scrimmages

BY GRANTLAND RICE

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY AND DAVID PESKIN–PIX

The dean of football writers settles the Lujack-Tucker debate the fair way—he includes both. So it's a twelve-man All-America this year

OCCASIONALLY prophecies do come true, and so far as college football is concerned, at least two came true during the season of 1946. One was that Army and Notre Dame would emerge as the country's two strongest college teams. The other was the almost universal prediction of coaches and other experts that 1946, with its returning tide of veterans, would produce more upsets and sudden reversals of form than any year has seen since Princeton and Rutgers played the first intercollegiate football game in 1869.

The veterans who had starred on the football fields three or four years ago came back to the campus prepared to wreck the opposition. They were older, bigger and stronger; they had gained something in maturity. But to the surprise of some of their coaches, their timing was bad, they were slower, their reflexes were out of focus, and they were easier to hurt. They lacked the things that only youth possesses—speed, durability and consistent form.

There were upsets and form reversals all over the country. The University of Texas, hailed as the unbeatable whirlwind of the South, fell before little-regarded Rice. And Pennsylvania, ranked early in the year with Army and Notre Dame, was beaten by a young, determined Princeton team which hadn't been given much of a chance to win even one game. And as if that were not enough, Virginia, crushed by Pennsylvania 40 to 0, ran over Princeton.

The West Coast teams were below par all season. Play in the Midwest and Southwest conferences veered back and forth; nobody could figure out what might happen on any given Saturday. In mid-November the Big Nine had more championship possibilities left than in any previous year. In the South and East there was the same tangle of form.

In spite of the reversals and uncertainties, teams throughout the country broke all attendance records, the increase over last year reaching the incredible total of 49 per cent. But there was one dark shadow over the college game—the charge that numerous star football players were being paid salaries that went well beyond their scholarships, and ranged from $1,000 to $12,000 for the season. In fact, some of the professional coaches told me that certain colleges were paying more

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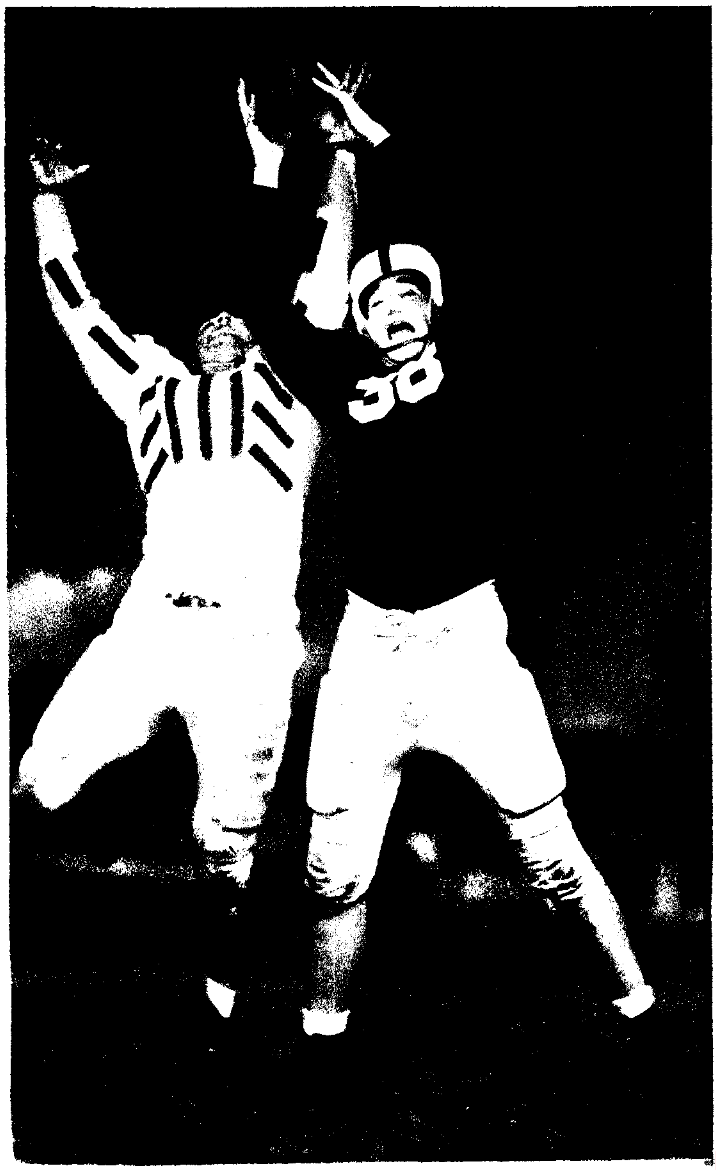
THE LINE-UP

	Height	Weight	Position
PAUL DUKE Georgia Tech	6'1"	210	Center
WELDON HUMBLE Rice	6'1"	214	Guard
JOHN MASTRANGELO Notre Dame	6'1"	210	Guard
DICK HUFFMAN Tennessee	6'2"	230	Tackle
GEORGE CONNOR Notre Dame	5'10"	200	Tackle
HENRY FOLDBERG Army	6'1"	200	End
BURR BALDWIN UCLA	6'1"	196	End
JOHN LUJACK Notre Dame	6'	180	Quarterback
GLENN DAVIS Army	5'10"	170	Halfback
CHARLES TRIPPI Georgia	5'11"	185	Halfback
FELIX BLANCHARD Army	6'	205	Fullback
ARNOLD TUCKER Army	5'9"	175	Utility Back

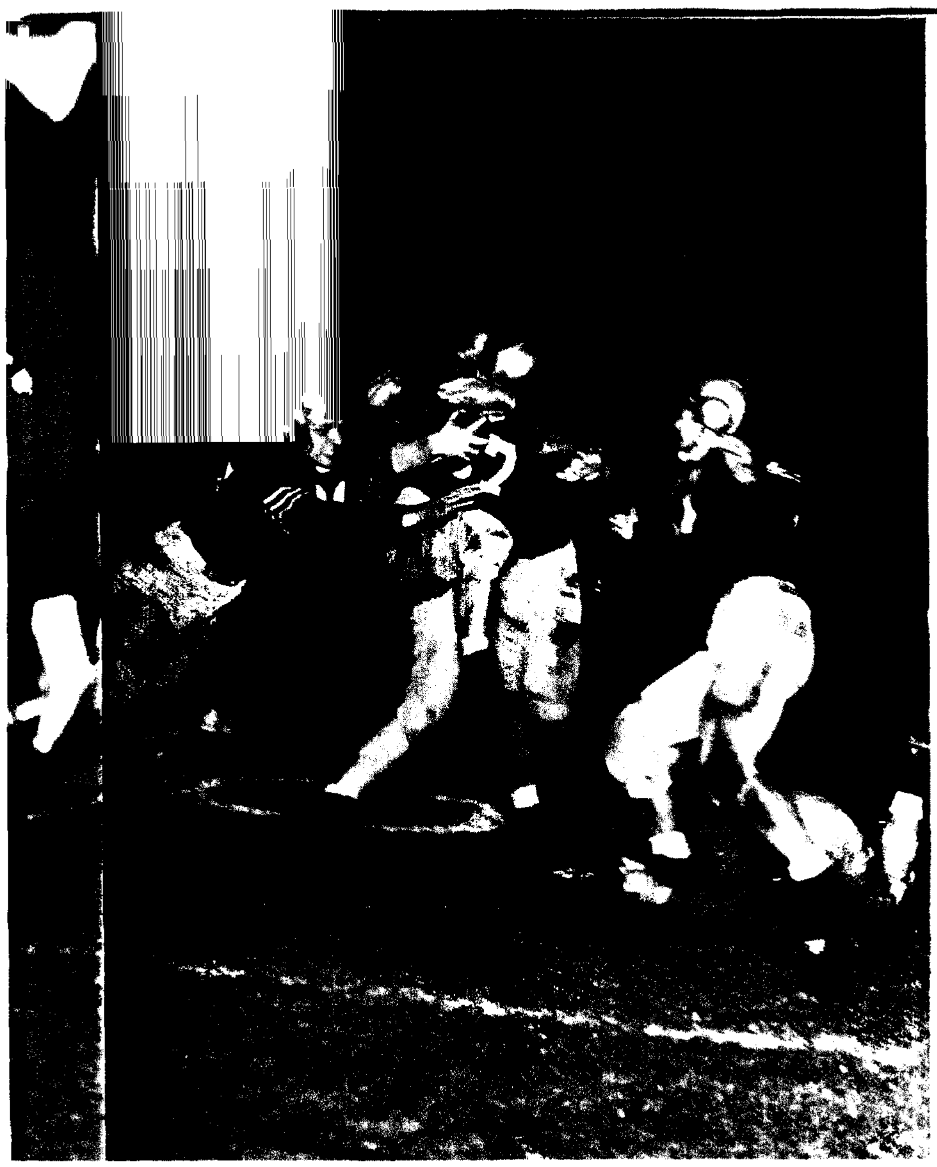
This violent lad is John Lujack of Connellsville, Pa., All-America quarterback. Three years ago, when he was 18, he was instrumental in defeating Army. This year he helped hold the Cadets to a scoreless tie

Reaching for a high one, below, is Burr Baldwin, end for UCLA, and "the greatest lineman on the Pacific Coast." His home is in Bakersfield, Calif., he is 24 years old, and weighs 196 pounds. He is on our team

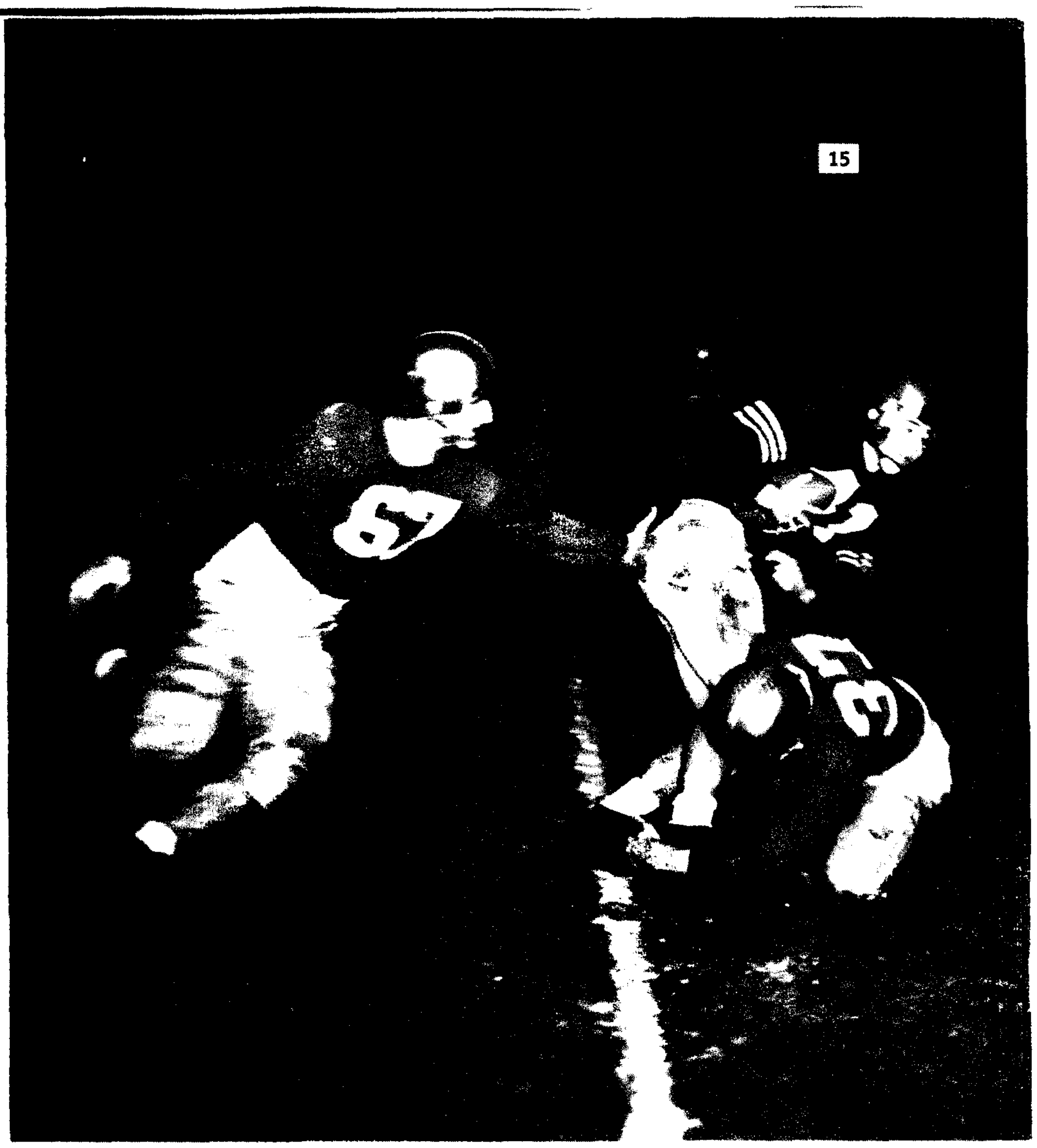


Coach Frank Leahy of Notre Dame talks to his players between halves of the Army game. There are three All-America players in this picture. The boy on the left, with a bandaged hand, is George Connor of Chicago, a tackle. The bareheaded lad, facing Leahy, is John Lujack, the great quarterback. On the right, looking away from Leahy, is John Mastrangelo of Vandergrift, Pa., perhaps the country's best guard

This photograph was made at the Army-West Virginia game, which was won by Army. The intense boy at the left is Henry Foldberg, a fine Army end. Next to him is Doc Blanchard, of Bishopville, S.C., one of the great fullbacks of all time. On the right is Glenn Davis of Claremont, Calif., Army's best halfback. Davis looks a bit perturbed, which is unusual. Usually the boys who play against him are perturbed



Another fine shot of the Army-Notre Dame game. Terry Brennan, Notre Dame halfback, is carrying the ball. On the right is Arnold Tucker, Army quarterback, whose great playing during the 1946 season earned him a dead heat with Lujack of Notre Dame. Tucker is a Miami, Fla., boy



An exciting moment in the Army-Notre Dame game in New York on November 9th, showing John Panelli and Terry Brennan of Notre Dame, with Davis of Army (running with ball). The Notre Dame players, particularly the linemen, slowed Davis down a bit, but even so his playing was spectacular

for their stars than the professional teams could afford to offer.

Every expert who has watched the development of football knows that the keen rivalry between sections, the pressure put on football coaches and athletic directors for winning teams, has led the colleges to the brink of a scandal that is certain to break wide open unless something is done. It is time for college presidents and college athletic associations to heed the warning of the outright professionalism that in many cases has gone completely out of bounds.

The Army-Notre Dame game, played in New York in November, drew a capacity crowd of about 75,000, and it was announced that more than 700,000 requests for tickets had been refused.

Of course, there was a real reason for the vast interest in the game, for nobody questioned the supremacy of Army and Notre Dame among the college teams. Both had the coaching and, what is more important, the material. They had the linemen, the backs, and above all the experience. And there is no substitute for experience. Evenly matched to begin with, and so thoroughly scouted that each team knew the other's plays as well as it knew its own, Army and Notre Dame finished with a 0-0 tie.

One of the main victims of this extraordinary season was Tommy Hamilton's Navy team. Its stars of 1944 and 1945 were scattered all over the map. Once the war and the draft were over, six of Navy's best players decided that a nautical career was not what they wanted after all, and they transferred to Pennsylvania, Texas, Rice, Tulane and other schools.

The selection of Collier's 1946 All-America squad brought on the same headaches that most of the coaches have known. With an advisory board of veteran football writers who have been covering every sector of football from twenty to forty years, we began our search for the best men back in September. Reports were filed week by week by men who saw the best players in all parts of the country.

There was a surplus of fine backs—Blanchard, Davis, Tucker from Army, Lujack and Cowhig from Notre Dame, Trippi from Georgia, Wedemeyer from St. Mary's, Layne from Texas, Justice from North Carolina, and others who deserved high rating. There were also a great many excellent ends—Foldberg and Poole of Army, Martin and Zilly of Notre Dame, Baldwin of UCLA, Bechtol of Texas, Hubbell of Tennessee.

There are many angles to be figured in selecting an All-America team.

1. The quality of competition. As Hurry-up Yost once told me, "You'd be surprised how many backs can run through air."

2. Length of competition. All things being equal, a three-year man has the call over a one-year man, unless the one-year man happens to be a Red Grange, a Bronko Nagurski, a Doc Blanchard, or a Glenn Davis.

As a rule experience has its place in these selections. In football, as I said before, there is no substitute for experience, assuming, of course, that there is also natural skill.

It was only natural in looking over early and late candidates for the 1946 team that one should turn to Army and Notre Dame. These were the two consistently strong teams of the country. Army had seven of its veterans from the unbeaten 1944 and 1945 squads, while Frank Leahy also had the call on veterans, including Johnny Lujack, the quarterback who led Notre Dame to victory over Army in 1943 by the wide margin of 26 to 0. Notre Dame had wrecked all opposition in the Midwest, including Illinois and Iowa, when Leahy brought his big and able squad to the Yankee Stadium on November 9th.

No two teams in the history of college football were ever more evenly matched in the 0-0 contest that followed. Neither team was able to break through the impregnable defense of the opposition. In a wild and inconsistent season, Army and Notre Dame had remained consistent. They proved again that two fine lines, flanked by two sets of brilliant ends, could set up an impregnable barricade against the best backs in football. The field in this game was literally packed with All-America quality on both sides. It was here that Johnny Lujack and Arnold Tucker, the rival quarterbacks, carried their argument to a dead heat.

Individual form shifted back and forth as team form shifted in seesaw fashion. So while more than a few showed All-America form one week, there would be a drop later on. Several who made the 1945 All-America group barely failed to arrive this fall, due partly to lack of team strength that helped considerably a year ago. In this list we have Gilmer, Mancha, Amling and Bechtol, who had good seasons, but who were rated slightly below new arrivals with better teams. Arriving at the selection of any All-America team must first start with the squad, which, after all, is the basis of modern football.

Squads, rather than teams, rule the game today. Here is the squad from which the final team was picked—

Centers: Duke, Georgia Tech; Bednarik, Pennsylvania; Scott, Navy; Sarkesian, Northwestern.

Guards: Humble, Rice; Mastrangelo, Notre Dame; Barzilauskas, Yale; A. Agase, Illinois; Steffy, Army; Burris, Oklahoma.

Tackles: Connor, Notre Dame; Huffman, Tennessee; Davis, Georgia Tech; Amling, Ohio State; Barnes, LSU; Gallagher, Pennsylvania.

Ends: Foldberg, Army; Baldwin, UCLA; Hubbell, Tennessee; Bechtol, Texas; Zilly, Martin, Notre Dame.

Quarterbacks: Lujack, Notre Dame; Tucker, Army; Case, UCLA.

Halfbacks: Davis, Army; Trippi, Georgia; Wedemeyer, St. Mary's; Gilmer, Alabama; Cowhig, Notre Dame; Evans, Kansas; Justice, North Carolina; Merriman, Stanford; Minisi, Pennsylvania.

Fullbacks: Blanchard, Army; Layne, Texas; Hoerner, Iowa.

Added to this list of backs were such stars as Shipkey of UCLA, Gray and McCardle of Southern California and many others. Bob Fenimore of Oklahoma A & M, one of the best backs in football, was injured in an early contest and didn't play up to his best form. Evans of Kansas, a war veteran and a star back several years ago, made the usual slow G.I. start, but came along fast. He is one of the best in football today.

The battle for the center spot found fewer leading candidates than usual. There were many good centers, but few that stood above the pack. It was the consensus of coaches who had played against him, including Wallace Wade of Duke University, that Duke of Georgia Tech was a

His football coach says that Weldon Humble of Rice is one of the best guards he has ever seen, and declares that this standout lineman "could have been one of the best backs in the county with his combined weight and speed, and general alertness." Humble is 25 years old, from San Antonio, Texas

THE ADVISORY BOARD

Collier's first All-America Football Team was selected by Walter Camp fifty-seven years ago, in 1889. He continued his selections every year until he died in 1925, with the exception of 1917, when no team was chosen. Mr. Camp's first two teams were composed entirely of players from Yale, Harvard and Princeton. Adams of Pennsylvania was chosen in 1891, and thereafter, as football spread, the team gradually became representative of the whole country. Grantland Rice took over Mr. Camp's task in 1925, and for a few years worked alone. Then the system of an Advisory Board was established and continues in effect. This year the membership of the Advisory Board is as follows:

SOUTH

Fred Digby, New Orleans Item
Fred Russell, Nashville Banner

SOUTHEAST

O. B. Keeler, Atlanta Journal
Ed Danforth, Atlanta Journal

MISSOURI VALLEY

Clyde E. McBride, Kansas City Star

MIDDLE WEST

George A. Barto, Minneapolis Tribune
H. G. Salsinger, Detroit News

EAST

George Trevor, New York Sun
Stanley Woodward, New York Herald Tribune
Bill Cunningham, Boston Herald

SOUTHWEST

Lloyd Gregory, Houston Post

PACIFIC COAST

Harry B. Smith, San Francisco Chronicle
George M. Varnell, Seattle Times
Braven Dyer, Los Angeles Times

standout. Lou Little and others were strong for Bednarik of Pennsylvania, undoubtedly one of the best of the year. Sarkesian of Northwestern and Strohmeyer of Notre Dame drew other votes. But Duke of Georgia Tech was finally given the nod over Bednarik of Pennsylvania.

Outstanding guards were also on the scarce side. There were many good ones, but few who towered over the mass. One of these was Weldon Humble from Rice. "Humble has the speed of a fast back," Jess Neely, his coach, writes, "but I needed him at guard where he was one of the best I ever coached. He could also have been one of the best backs in the country *with his combined weight and* speed and his general alertness." Lloyd Gregory, a member of Collier's Advisory Board, rates Humble one of the best guards the state of Texas has ever known.

There were other strong guard candidates, including Johnny Mastrangelo of Notre Dame, Barzilauskas of Yale, Agase of Illinois. Steffy of Army and Burris of Oklahoma. Paul Amen, the Army scout who has covered Notre Dame all year, rated Mastrangelo as one of the best guards he had seen in many seasons. Barzilauskas of Yale was potentially the best guard of all.

Good tackles were plentiful enough. At the head of this list most of the Board voted for Connor of Notre Dame, Huffman of Tennessee, Davis of Georgia Tech, Amling of Ohio State and Gallagher of Pennsylvania. Connor, a former Holy Cross star, the lineman who helped to wreck the great Boston College team before the war, was placed on top. Huffman, the big Tennessee star, rated on top in Bob Neyland's fine line, was close to Connor. So were Davis of Georgia Tech and Amling of Ohio State.

There were many good ends. Among the stronger pairs we must include those that played for Army and Notre Dame. Army had Foldberg and Poole, two big veterans. Notre Dame had Zilly and Martin. These two pairs of ends played leading roles in turning the Army-Notre Dame contest into a 0-0 tie. Foldberg, the big Texan, was the best of the lot. His leading challenger was big Burr Baldwin from UCLA, the leading lineman along the Pacific. Foldberg and Baldwin got the call by almost unanimous vote from the Board.

In selecting any all-star team the backs always present the major problem. The backs get the headlines and most of the credit. They catch the fancy of the millions.

This season there was a formidable array of great backs. Besides those already listed, there were fine backs at Michigan, Northwestern, and other Big Nine schools. Blanchard and Davis, who lost some prestige on November 9th, have been great backs for *three seasons. They* can both run and pass, kick and block and tackle fiercely. They are two of the finest all-around backs I've ever seen in college football.

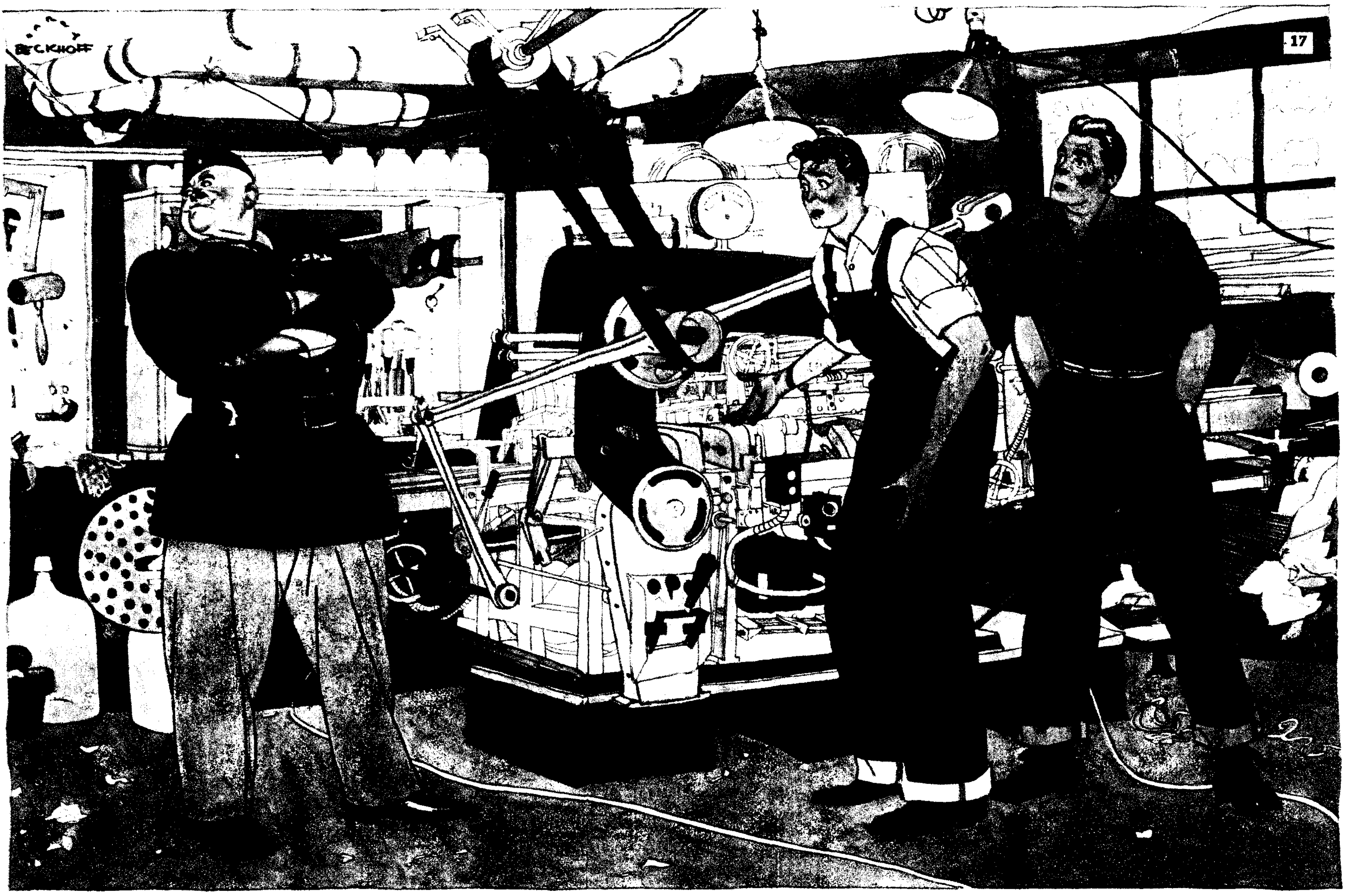
But there is a solid chance that Charlie Trippi of Georgia is the best all-around back of the lot. Trippi was a star back when he helped Georgia to a Rose Bowl title in 1943. He is big, fast and experienced. He has had five years of ranking football at college and in the Army. He knows more than the others. He is probably the star back of the group. Ask the pros.

The quarterback duel between Johnny Lujack of Notre Dame and Arnold Tucker of Army was a complete dead heat. Lujack, who took Bertelli's place in 1943 when he was 18, to lead Notre Dame to a 26-0 victory over Army, was an immensely improved workman this past fall. In addition to his team handling, his passing and his kicking, he was the best defensive back of the year. Yet I think Tucker was his equal in team value. In many ways Tucker was even more important to Army success than either Davis or Blanchard. Lujack and Tucker are two of the best all-around quarterbacks I've seen in action through many an autumn sun and sunset. It was impossible to choose between them, so I've taken both, Lujack as quarterback and Tucker as utility back, making a twelve-man All-America.

THE END

Dick Huffman is a native of Charleston, W. Va. He is 22 years old, stands six feet two inches in his socks, and weighs 230 pounds. Throughout the 1946 season he played a standout game at tackle for the University of Tennessee. An almost unanimous choice for a place on Collier's All-America team

There were comparatively few outstanding centers this year, but Paul Duke of Georgia Tech, a fast 210-pounder, towered over all the rest. It was the consensus of all the coaches who fielded teams against him, including Wallace Wade of Duke University, that Duke was by far the best center they had seen



"Colonel," said Joe, "I'd like to tell you, first of all, that this whole thing is a big—" The colonel wasn't listening. He was looking over at the shelves

JOE McSWEEN'S ATOMIC MACHINE

BY RICHARD B. GEHMAN

Joe's revolt was purely personal—and secret. It wasn't his fault if nosy people made it into a national emergency

I HAVE just been talking to Joe, and now I'm more mixed up than ever. I want to get mad, but I can't. I'm too scared, and I keep wondering how it's all going to come out. Al, I keep saying to myself, you've got to think this thing through. So I am writing it all down, to try to clear my head.

Joe McSween and I have been friends ever since high school. We live on the same block, and we both worked at Krug's Machine Shop before Joe got into the Army and I went to the Marines. We kept writing each other all the time we were away, though, and when we got back we decided to get jobs together again.

Just after the war ended, this big plastics plant—Turnbull's Fabrications, you've probably heard of it—opened out on the outskirts of town. They were paying high wages, so we decided to see what we could do there. We both got jobs right away. The way I figure it now, that was when the trouble started.

Before I say any more, I'd better tell about Agnes Slater. Aggie was the reason Joe decided to go to Turnbull's. She'd been Joe's girl before the war, but when he came home they got really serious. Joe figured that he'd be smart to work at Turnbull's because the big money would make things easier when he and Aggie got married.

They put me in the shipping department, and that wasn't so good, but it was better than where they put Joe. He got sent up to X. Turnbull's has a lot of these big machines they call fabricators, and the biggest is this X. What it fabricates, I'll never tell you. Some kind of plastics, I guess. Whatever it is, they send it away to some other plant to use in their products. All the X people know is that they work on a great big machine, seven stories high, all enclosed, with these catwalks running around it on every floor. Joe hated it from the very first.

"This X thing," Joe said to me as we were driving home that evening. "It's a hell of a thing. They put me up on the third floor. I'm in a little glass-partitioned room, in front of an instrument panel. They taught me the job in ten minutes—all I have to do is go through a few motions. It's all automatic."

Now, Joe is a guy who likes to use his head. He likes to work out problems and find answers. This X deal didn't sound like Joe at all. "What do you do, Joe?" I asked.

"Huh," he said. "Listen to this, Al. I get into that little cubbyhole at 8 in the morning. At 8:10, I reach out and twist Dial N to 40. At 8:20, I press a button marked Q. At 8:23, I turn Dial N back to zero. At 8:31, I reach up on a little shelf, get an oilcan, and reach down and put two drops—just two—in a little hole at the bottom of the panel. At 8:46, I reach over and pull a lever toward me. At 8:47, I push it back. At 8:53, I press button Q again. At 8:59, I turn Dial N to 10, hold it one second, and turn it right back again. Then it's nine o'clock, and I'm ready to start the whole process all over again."

"The whole thing?"

"Everything just the same," Joe replied. "That goes on, every hour until noon. I get an hour for lunch,

(Continued on page 63)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

WE USED TO OWN THAT TOWN

BY THOMAS HEGGEN

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

The story of an infatuation from which Whalen's wife—or any other woman—was powerless to save him

THE one thing Whalen didn't want was a scene; and now, as soon as he said it, he knew there was going to be one. All through supper he had worked hard to take the curse off his little surprise. He had tried to condition Marge, hoping somehow to make her accept it lightly. He talked volubly and gaily, and he even revived a private joke that had been funny when they were first married. And Marge was grateful; with a twinge of pain he saw that. She had risen to his mood and, flushed with pleasure and surprise, she had matched it. Sitting over cigarettes and coffee seemed as good a time as any. As casually as he could make a thing that wasn't casual at all, he said, "I'm going down to San Francisco next week end. Next Friday."

Marge didn't say a word. She just looked steadily at him.

"I've got space on a plane," Whalen said. "Takes four hours. Then I'll come back Sunday night." He put out his cigarette and lightly met Marge's gaze. "I'm so damned sick of Seattle," he smiled, "I just want to see a good town for a little bit."

And still Marge didn't say anything, and that was how Whalen knew there'd be a scene. She just kept studying him. Then finally and still without a word, she picked up her cup and saucer from the table and carried them to the sink. Whalen finished his own coffee in silence. He considered offering to help with the dishes, then decided not to. It would only add to the falsity of his position. He got up, walked into the living room of the apartment, settled down in the large chair, lighted a cigarette and waited for the trouble to begin.

He waited through a half hour of sounds. Sound of Marge washing dishes, of dishes being put away, of kitchen light clicked off, sound of jars and running water in the bathroom. Sound of Marge in the living-room, sitting down on the studio couch. Sound of lighting cigarette, sound of exhaling smoke.

Finally sound of Marge speaking quietly. "Will you talk with me?"

It was coming now. "Permission granted," Whalen said.

"I'm serious. Will you talk with me or not?"

"Go ahead," Whalen said.

Marge was quiet a moment, then she said, "Why are you going to San Francisco?"

"Why?" said Whalen. "Because I haven't seen the town for two years and I'd just like to see it again. That's all." He wondered how bad it was going to be. He knew he'd make the trip no matter how messy it got, but he didn't want it to be messy. He

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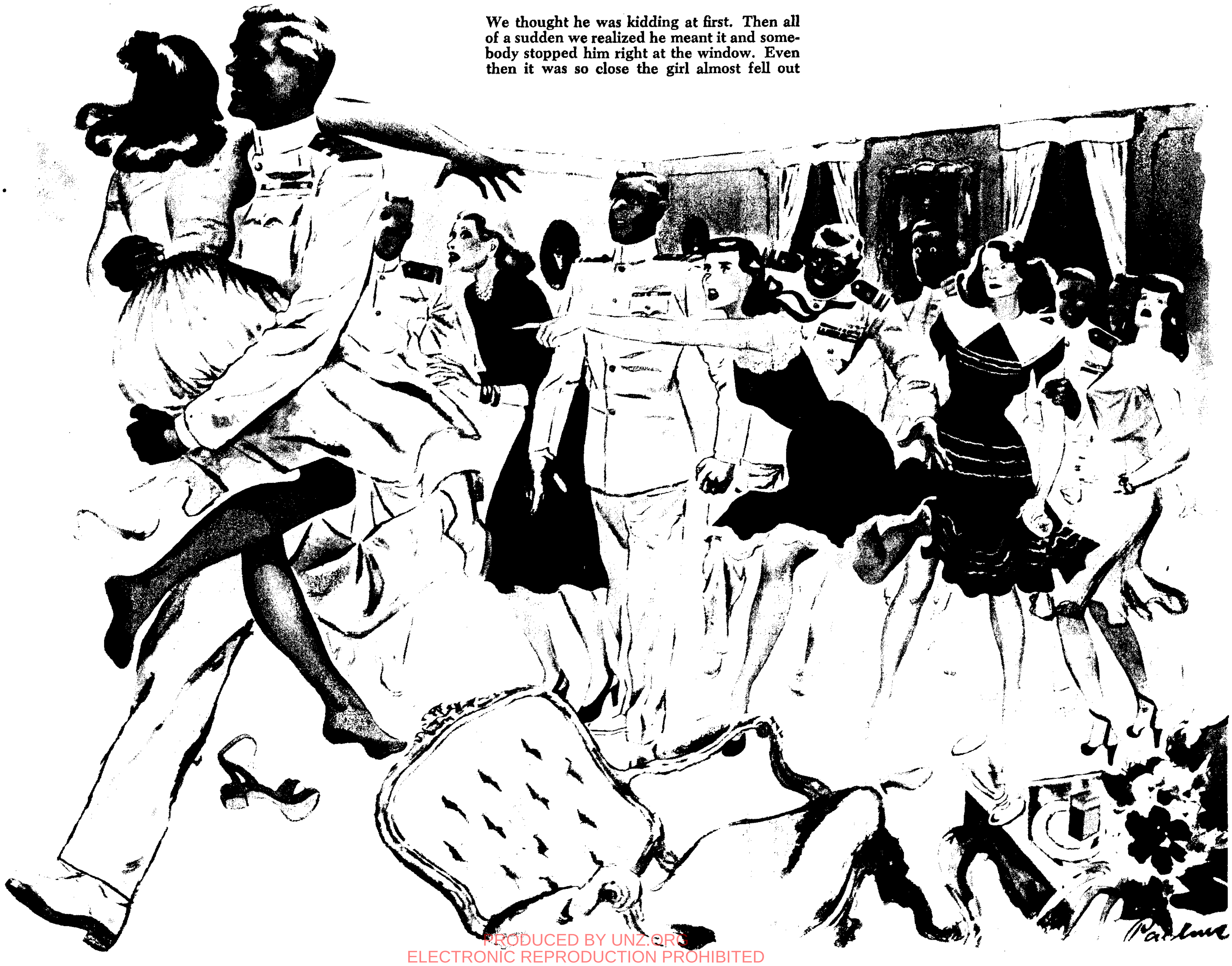
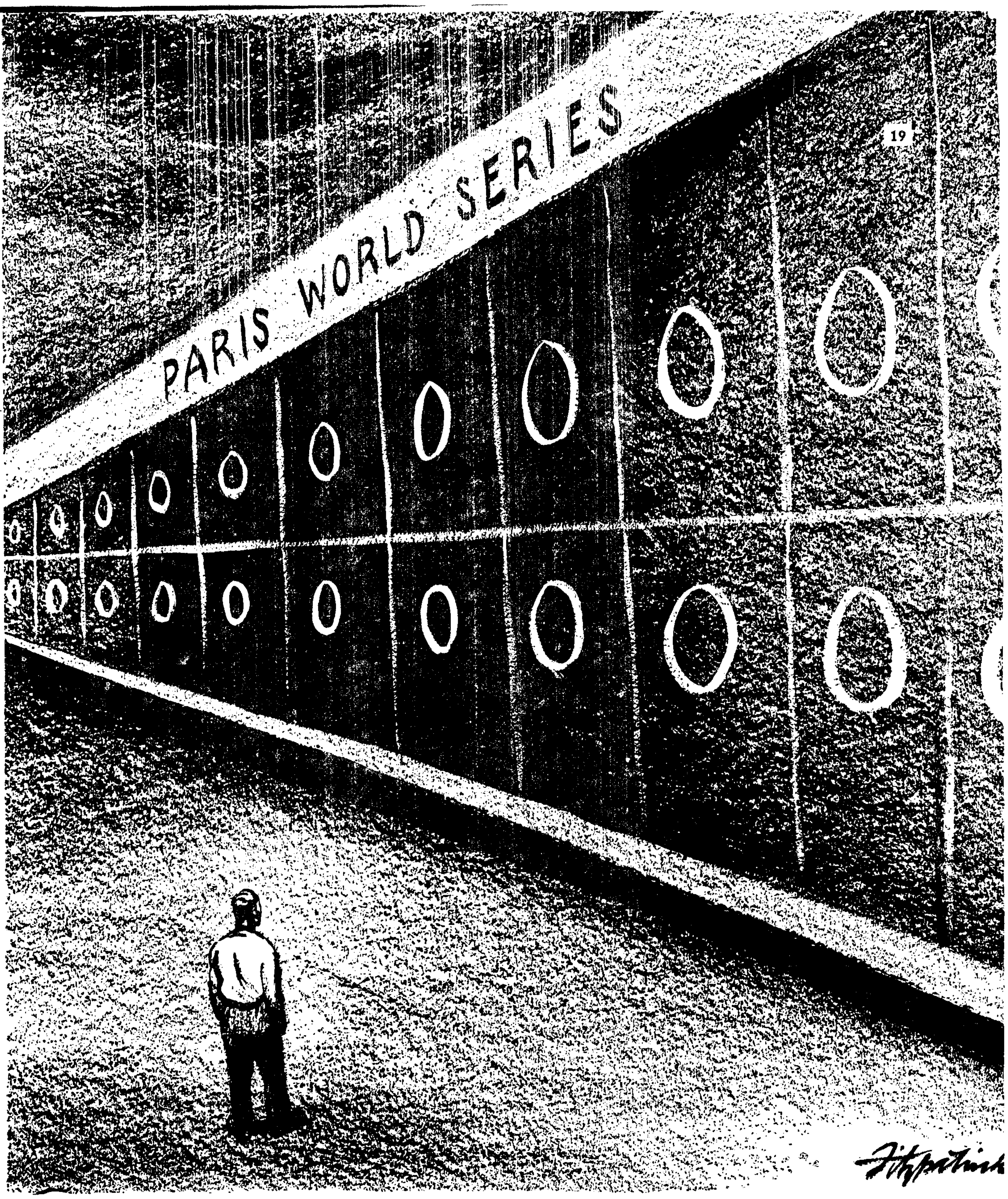


We thought he was kidding at first. Then all of a sudden we realized he meant it and somebody stopped him right at the window. Even then it was so close the girl almost fell out



ST. LOUIS POST DISPATCH, OCTOBER 15, 1946

"Called on Account of Darkness" is the title of famed Cartoonist Dan Fitzpatrick's ironic commentary on the Paris Peace Conference

THE TABLE OF PEACE

BY MARTHA GELLHORN

The Paris Conference has come and gone—a warning that peace cannot be made by delegates, but only by all people everywhere

RADIOED FROM PARIS

ON THE street outside the great stone gate of the Luxembourg Palace, a very fat, violently blond woman stood and stared. She had bare white legs and wore a black cloak and, underneath, a black lace dress that was both dirty and tattered. She had no age and no obvious profession: if she were a housewife, she must be married to a ragpicker; or perhaps she had once been an opera singer and had fallen into poverty, but retained the black lace.

She looked very strange indeed, and she represented the Public, for no one else—out of the millions in Paris—seemed interested, or could spare the time, to come to this street. Movie stars would of course always draw a big crowd; inside the Luxembourg the attraction was nothing but the politicians of twenty-one nations who were setting the pattern of peace.

From the courtyard behind the gate a voice announced over the loud-speaker: "Car 28, Brazilian Delegation . . . Car 47, Russian Delegation . . ." Only the blonde, and the cops who guarded the gate, watched the shining black cars which bore the delegates of the Peace Conference away to lunch.

This was the recess between the morning and afternoon sessions. The automobiles looked magnificent, rich and certain; the delegates did not look different from most of the people you see nowadays in the streets of any European capital, a little shabby but respectable, pallid, tired, and not very happy. After a while, the astounding blonde shook her head—with wonder or with sorrow?—and walked away down the Rue de Seine.

At lunchtime, the enormous palace of the Luxembourg became like a theater when the curtain is down and the audience has left: the stagehands took over. I went upstairs to the Hall of Lost Footsteps where the big commissions on the Italian peace treaty held their meetings. At the doorway to this hall, I met two cops, for there were cops everywhere. The cops, who were proud of the Luxembourg Palace, offered to show me around.

The great conference hall is very grand, with much heavy gilt carving and a complete and depressing set of Gobelin tapestries around the walls, telling the story of the life of Orpheus in a million stitches. The cops extolled the beauty of the room and said it was a pity that the delegates did not like one another more, and have more pleasure, as it were, working in such a handsome place. "They don't like one another?" I said.

"Not at all," said the cops. "How do you expect them to like one another when they agree about nothing?"

"Ah," I said wisely.

"In all cases," said the youngest cop, "when there is another war, poor France will get it in the neck as usual."

The cops advised me to pick up some lunch in the journalists' bar, which was a small white and gold salon, once no doubt the boudoir of a princess, where now a loud-speaker relayed, in three languages, incomprehensibly, the proceedings of the peace commissions. There I met a lovely girl called Marie-Rose, with gay slanting eyes and black curly hair; she was twenty-one and an interpreter. She remarked that the last conference she interpreted for, which was an international gathering of meteorologists, was better than this one, because the men were scientists and therefore naturally more honest and serious than politicians.

She said this peace conference was on the whole a droll affair; the delegates insulted one another, without the slightest embarrassment. Her parents were stunned when she repeated the impoliteness of these peace gentlemen. There seemed no hope for the future at all, she said, but (for she was twenty-one and lovely and alive) perhaps all this cynicism and despair would finally lead to something good. How that was going to happen, she could not tell.

Presently the great sleek cars returned and the delegates clambered out of them. They gathered around the vast table in the gilded conference room, and if you did not see the little cardboard plaques stating the names of their countries, you could not have distinguished the Belgians from the Norwegians, the Czechs from the Yugloslavs, the Canadians from the Americans; they just looked like men, any men at all. The moment they opened their mouths, you realized your mistake: All men are not

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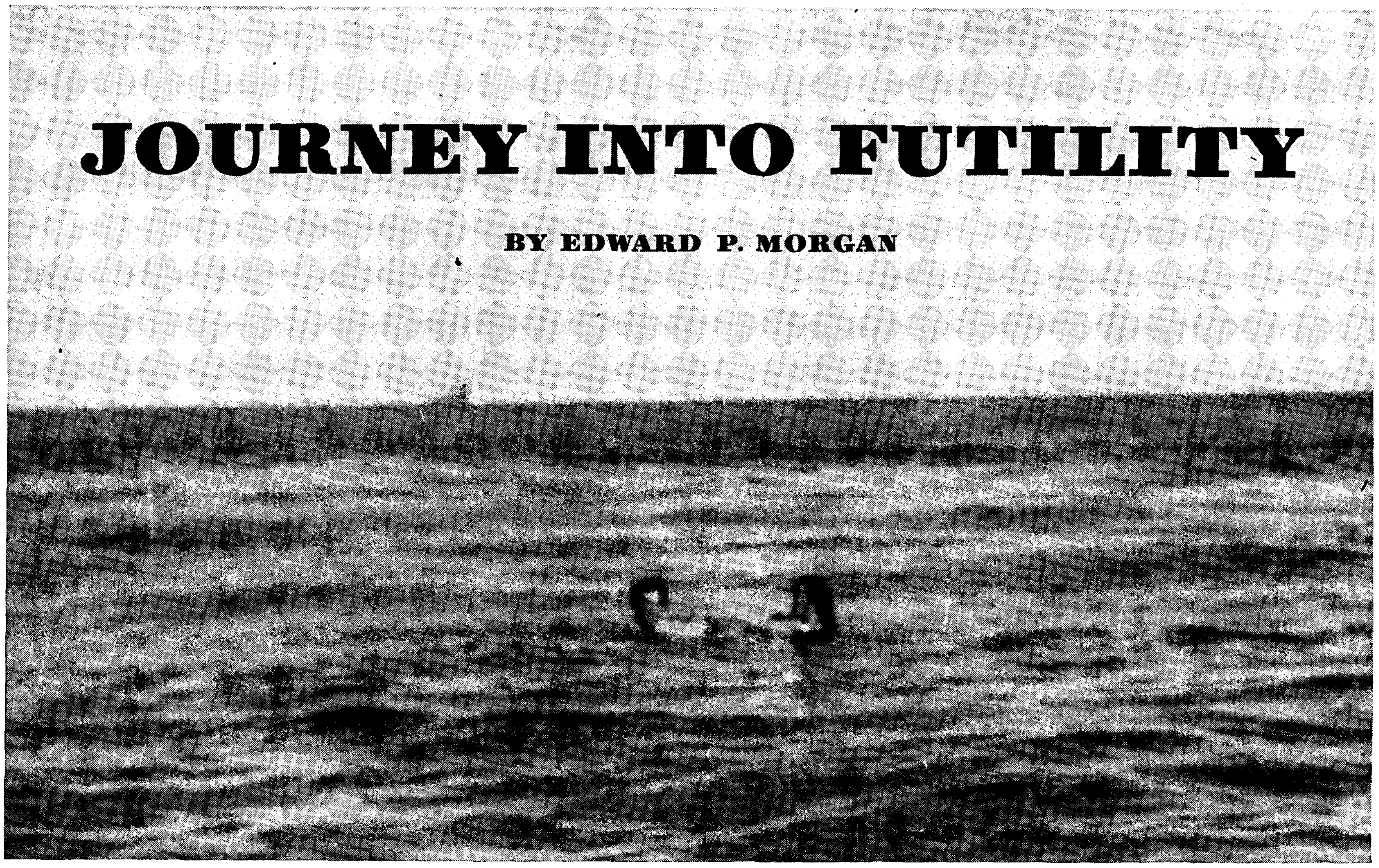
JOURNEY INTO FUTILITY

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN



A life belt is tossed to two of the refugees who tried to swim to the Palestine shore from the illegal immigrant ship. One of them is a young girl

RADIOED FROM JERUSALEM

Palestine is a many-sided problem. Here is the human side, as seen by a Collier's correspondent

THE searchlight of the mine sweeper H.M.S. Rowena cut through the moonless midnight like a sword slashing across a black velvet curtain. Suddenly, it stabbed the gray outline of the little schooner and impaled her cleanly on its blinding beam. The mine sweeper moved in to make contact.

So, four nights before the Jewish New Year, after a weird and tragic little battle that lasted an hour and cost the life of one passenger, the 300-ton caïque Palmach was seized off Ras el Nakura on the Lebanese frontier, some miles north of the port of Haifa, just as she was preparing to land 630 European Jews, men, women and children, illegally on the shores of Palestine.

Even before the lightning of the searchlight struck, the Palmach's passengers knew that time was running out on them. Already four sister ships had been intercepted by the British, and 3,778 Jews deported to the Caraolos detention camp in the island of Cyprus. Still, several hundred more in at least three contraband craft had managed to sneak through. One responsible Jewish source claimed that 2,000 had made it.

But even if the odds had been multiplied tenfold, the Palmach's load would have risked it. Some of them had been waiting fourteen months for the chance, and nearly all of them, like tens of thousands of others still left part way behind on the long and tortuous underground trail, had fled out of Central and Eastern Europe swearing they could never go back to the graveyards that Hitler and the war had made of their old homes.

Since clearing an anonymous port in Southern Italy nearly a fortnight ago, the two-masted caïque had managed to dodge past the myriad islands of the Eastern Mediterranean and make at least three secret night rendezvous to take on more human cargo. At last, with her water supply virtually exhausted, she had crept silently into the forbidden waters of Palestine. Now she was subject to capture by the blockade fleet of the Royal Navy. But her luck had not yet run out. With her tiny decks deserted, flocks of refugees huddled miserably in the stinking hold; scarcely daring to breathe, she had sailed innocently past one patrol vessel earlier that day, seen but unchallenged.

By midnight the 630 Jews were in a frenzy of suppressed excitement. In another half hour, they calculated, perhaps only fifteen minutes, they could lower the small boats and strike out for the shore. There, they hoped, members of the Haganah—the illegal Jewish defense army in Palestine—would be on hand to cover and speed their landing. (The Palmach had been named in honor of Haganah's military "striking force.")

It was then that the Rowena found them. The mine sweeper came alongside. The skipper announced he intended to send a boarding party over, prepared to use force if necessary. Resistance was folly, but the Jews were drenched now in a sweating fury of frustration, fear and despair. They answered with a chorus of angry shouts and a shower of missiles. In the floodlit darkness, grappling irons and boathooks were laid onto the Palmach. The Jews slashed the lines with case knives and cleavers. They broke the poles with axes and metal bars. They hacked and chopped with such force that they stove in a section of the planking on the port side of the schooner.

Water Jets and Tear Gas

The Rowena countered by spraying the Palmach with fire hoses. Against the punishing jets of water, the Jews barricaded themselves behind upturned table tops, benches and wooden boxes, but when five tear-gas grenades were exploded on the decks they gave in.

At the height of the melee, Yechiel Schwartz, a 31-year-old Hungarian Jew, was shot and instantly killed. Several members of the boarding party suffered minor injuries and a score of Jews were hurt, most of them burned by tear gas. Later, Jewish eyewitnesses insisted that three more of their comrades, blinded by the gas, had plunged overboard and been lost, but this was never officially confirmed. It took the rest of the night to tow the Palmach, with armed guards mounted on her bow, into Haifa Harbor.

It had been arranged for six correspondents, including myself as the only American, to witness the transfer of these Jews to a former troopship and then travel with them to Cyprus the following day. The atmosphere on the cargo jetty where we assembled at dawn was somewhat tense. A dozen military ambulances were lined up on the dock. After the night's battle, the British army was expecting worse trouble, the more so since a search of the Palmach had yielded several sticks of Italian TNT concealed in a case of soap, eighteen homemade detonators and a length of safety fuse.

Moreover, nobody knew exactly how many people the Palmach carried. The Royal Navy had first estimated the number at nearly 900.

The S.S. Oceanvigour, 10,000-ton Kaiser-built British victory ship, was steaming in from Alexandria to pick up the refugees. The plan was to execute the operation in the outer harbor, where the Palmach was now anchored.

The officer in charge was a tall, blue-eyed, kindly-faced brigadier of artillery named W. D. McNeil Graham. He wore a wide, flat beret, matching his sandy hair, and desert shorts. He was patient, efficient and cool, but you got the impression he

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

longed to go back to the neat, calculable trigonometry of his cannon and leave this explosive human riddle to the politicians and statesmen.

Somehow you knew that nothing that transpired on the green waters of Haifa Bay that morning, or over the baize-covered round table at the Palestine conference in Lancaster House, London, was going to solve anything.

Here were the Jews hammering at the gates of Palestine and crying with bitter passion that they could call no place else their home. Beyond the hills were the Arabs, who in an agitated but unsurprising surge of nationalism protested that Zion threatened their own solemnly promised independence. Between the two stood the British, trying clumsily to figure a way out that would still protect the "strategic interests of Empire" not only in Palestine but through the restive Middle East. In the farther distance were the Americans, whose ready moralizing but aloofness to responsibility seemed only to madden everybody the more. Then there were the Russians, less distant, and a towering question mark.

The contagion of futility began to touch you too.

An Attempt to Reason

The brigadier had already boarded the trim army cutter Dart, and was on his way out to try to reason with the Jews. We wallowed in his wake in an unhandsome little launch which kept nuzzling rudely into the swell and drenching us with spray. Hovering watchfully behind the Palmach was His Majesty's Mine Sweeper Storm Cloud. The caïque herself was lashed to a squat tugboat named Roach. There must have been 350 people swarming the captive vessel's open decks. Most of them were packed rib to rib against the port rail amidships watching the Dart, bobbing importantly alongside and listening to the brigadier's message coming to them first in Hebrew and then in German from a loud-speaker mounted atop the cutter's bridge.

Their faces were a writhing fresco of beards, white teeth, tangled hair, tight, sunburned skin and angry, fearful eyes. There were several people who appeared over forty but most of them were young, and, from what you could tell at a glance, surprisingly healthy-looking. There were twice as many men as women.

"We wish you to board the transport peaceably," the brigadier's interpreters were saying. "You will be given hot meals, plenty of soap and water, and a clean place to sleep. If you resist it will only make it more difficult for everybody. You cannot stay aboard your ship and you cannot come ashore."

Anguished cries of protest drowned out the interpreter. The Jews jeered and whistled and shook their fists. Out of the hubbub rose the piercing wail of a woman. She was standing right in front. Her reddish hair was frazzled and her cheap cotton dress was soiled and creased. Oddly enough, she wore a gleaming wrist watch. Her whole body shook with sobs and her voice was squeezed tight in hysterical grief. She beat her fists down on the rail so hard that you half expected it to split in two. "They gassed my husband," she cried. "We have been persecuted, persecuted! What have you here, the Gestapo again? We are not going to move

(Continued on page 114)

The Jewish refugee above still showed signs of fight after being lassoed and hauled aboard a British ship. Below, another swimmer, almost exhausted, protests to reporters on the press boat. Two of the swimming refugees may have made their escape

HOUSING: THE HOMELESS SOUTHWEST

BY FRANK GERVASI

THE Los Angeles area needs houses more urgently than any other metropolitan district in the nation. This is the opinion of everyone from National Housing Expediter Wilson Wyatt to Los Angeles' Mayor Bowron. The area's housing shortage and its resultant human hardships aren't merely big and acute. They are, as they say in Hollywood, colossal.

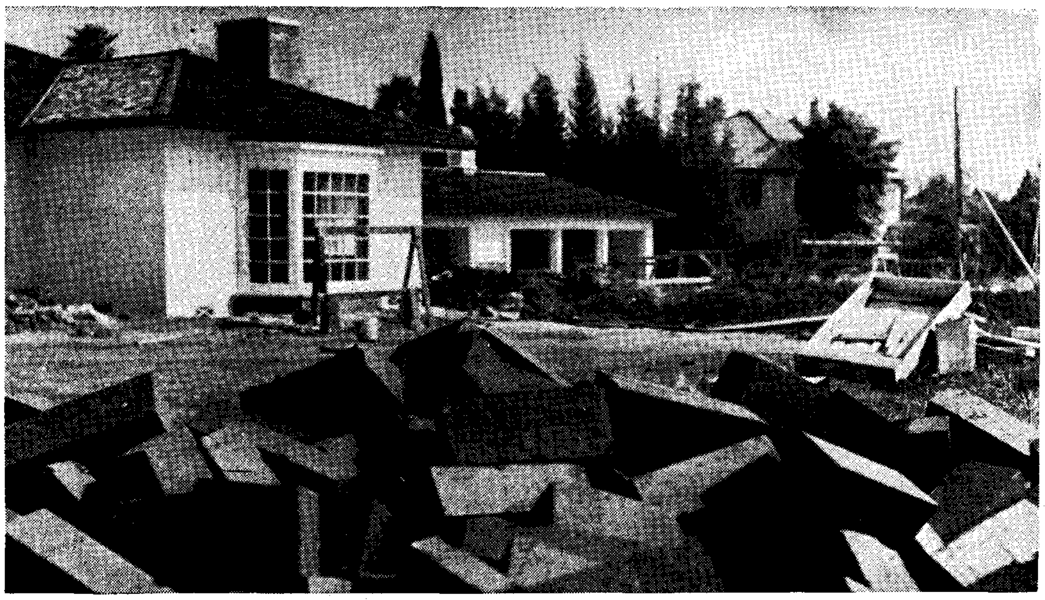
Los Angelenos, natives and newcomers, are living in the trailer towns and steel-hut communities that are the hallmark of this Houseless Era. Their plight was graphically described by Jim Marshall in Chaos on the Coast in the September 21st issue of Collier's. They are living in old trolleys, abandoned busses, tents and in shacks built from surplus Army gliders.

House hunters pay from $150 to *$1,000 in small bills to racketeers for* a lease on an apartment or a home. A number of such grafters have been indicted, but hundreds of others continue to prey on Californians. Hundreds of families are being evicted from homes bought out from under them by financially more fortunate folks.

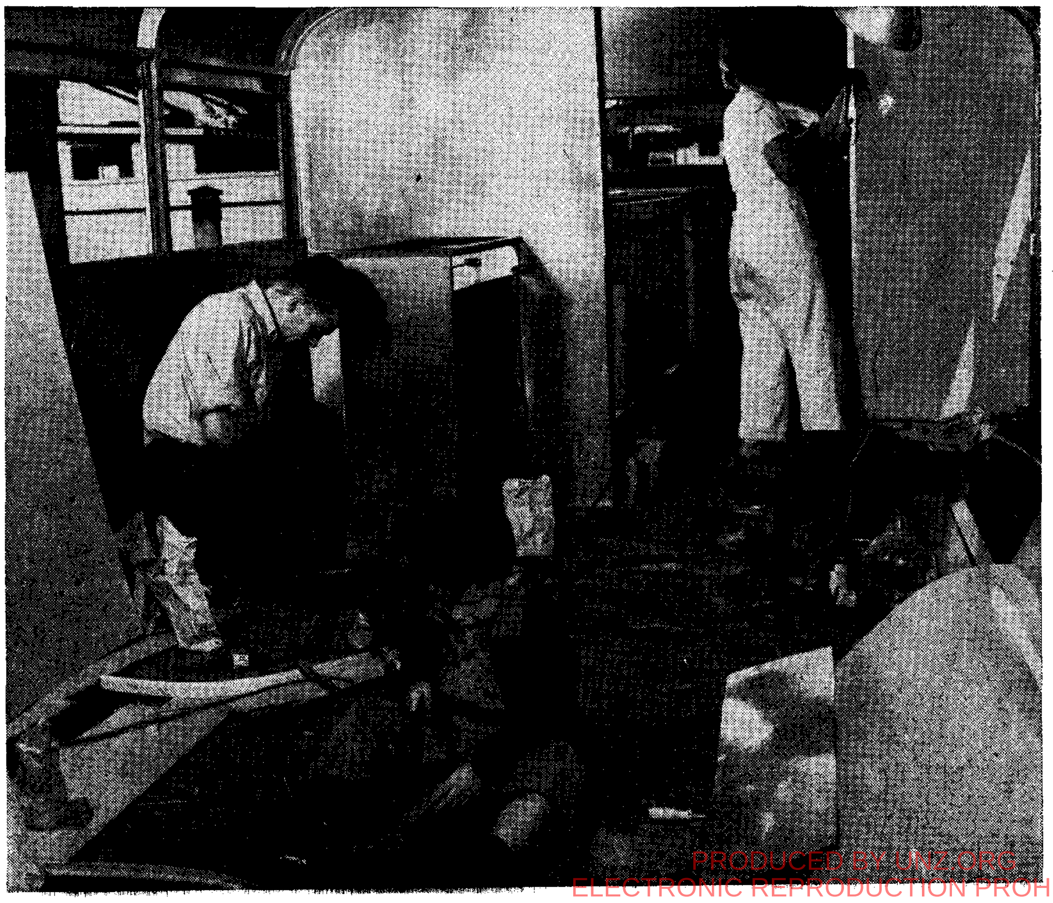
No other metropolitan region has had so phenomenal a growth in the war years. From 2,700,000 in 1940 the population of Los Angeles County has grown to 3,600,000. According to the best local brains, Los Angeles itself needs homes for the families of at least 50,000 veterans and some 35,000 civilians. Its satellite towns *require an additional 50,000 to 75,000* dwellings.

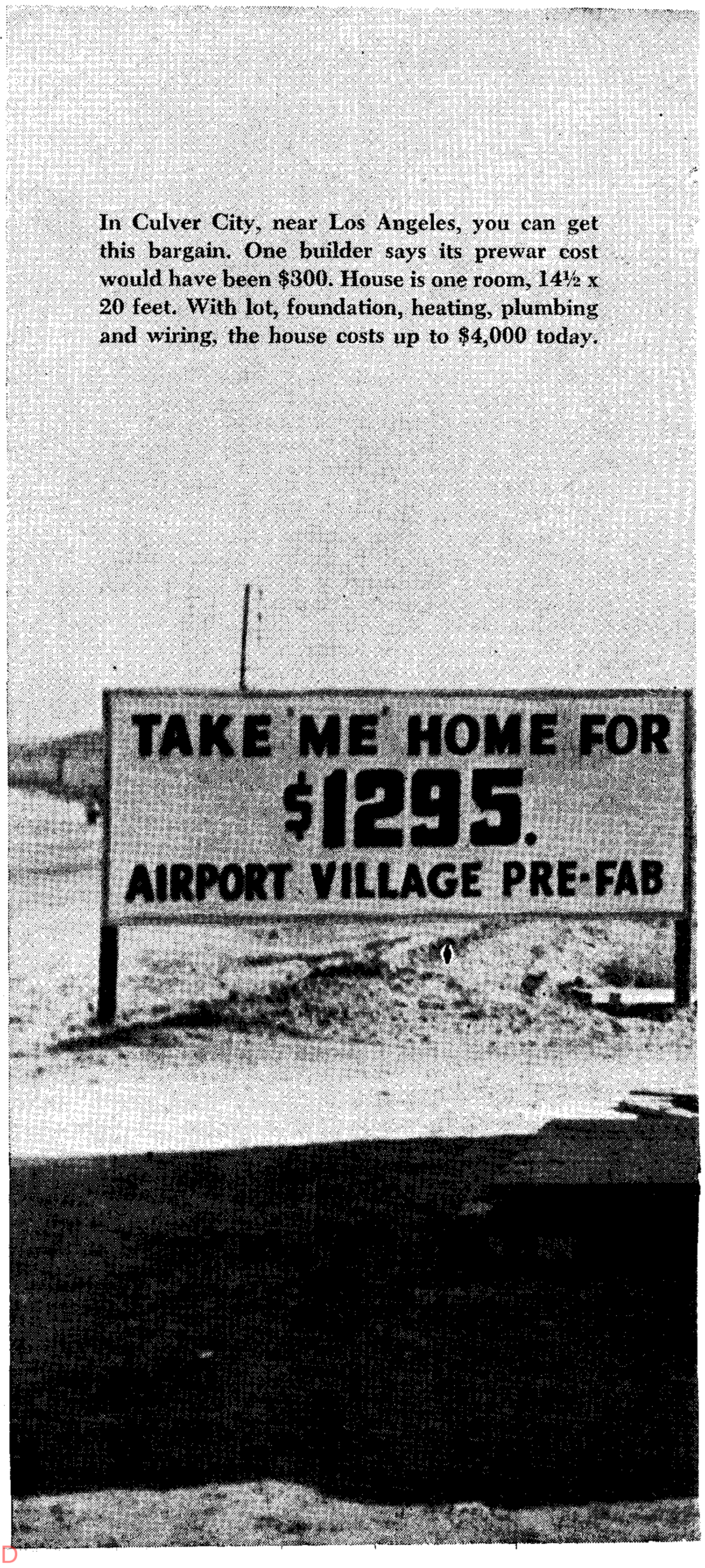
The same is true in greater or smaller degree throughout the Southwest. The war brought to the region new industries and businesses and people, hundreds of thousands of them, all in search of homes. Housing is the principal preoccupation of people in all stages of the Southwest's society. The rich are crowded by their kinfolk. The well-to-do, unless they own their homes, wonder whether and when their dwellings will be sold. The poor jam in with their unhappy relatives and haunt the streets looking for places to rent. They find only FOR SALE signs even in the worst slums.

The obvious way to overcome a housing shortage is to build homes. On paper, Los Angeles, for one, proposes to do so. The files at City Hall disclose that in the first eight months of the year, building permits were issued for the construction of 34,095 homes. But less than half of these had been completed. The Home Builders Institute reported that approximately 18,000 houses in the Los Angeles area were unfinished and untenanted.



In swank Beverly Hills, near Los Angeles, there is no shortage of materials to build this ten-room, three-car-garage house at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Foothill Road. Bricks, plywood, cement lie around in obvious abundance. But in Culver City, also near Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Emmons and Steve, 4, have to convert a bus in order to have shelter. The bus cost $300, plus $1,000 to convert. A place to park it will cost $40 to $50 a month





In Culver City, near Los Angeles, you can get this bargain. One builder says its prewar cost would have been $300. House is one room, 14½ x 20 feet. With lot, foundation, heating, plumbing and wiring, the house costs up to $4,000 today.

The whole Southwest is bustling with construction of stores, theaters, office buildings, and restaurants. But the homeless will stay that way; they're not building houses—and here's why

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY IKE VERN—PIX

The turtle's pace at which the construction of homes is progressing throughout the Southwest and the nation is due to many reasons. But the principal one, according to a dozen big and little builders with whom I talked, is the old one of shortages.

One contractor can't finish his houses for lack of nails. Another is delayed for want of shingles for his roofs. A third can't find gypsum board for his interiors. Some lack toilet bowls, washbasins and bathtubs. Others can't get stucco wire which, in the Southwest, is a prime building material. It is used to cover the exteriors of the two-by-four stud frames as a base for coatings of cement and stucco. Building codes in Southern California were relaxed to permit the use of ordinary chicken wire as a substitute, but now even that is scarce.

"Maybe we can get as much as 80 per cent of what we need at one time," one builder told me in Texas, "but we're always shy that other 20 per cent. And we've never got the same 80 per cent on two jobs running. Some things, like nails, you can't ever get. We scrounge for them like kids on a treasure hunt.

"I've got a brother-in-law who's a drummer for a national necktie firm.

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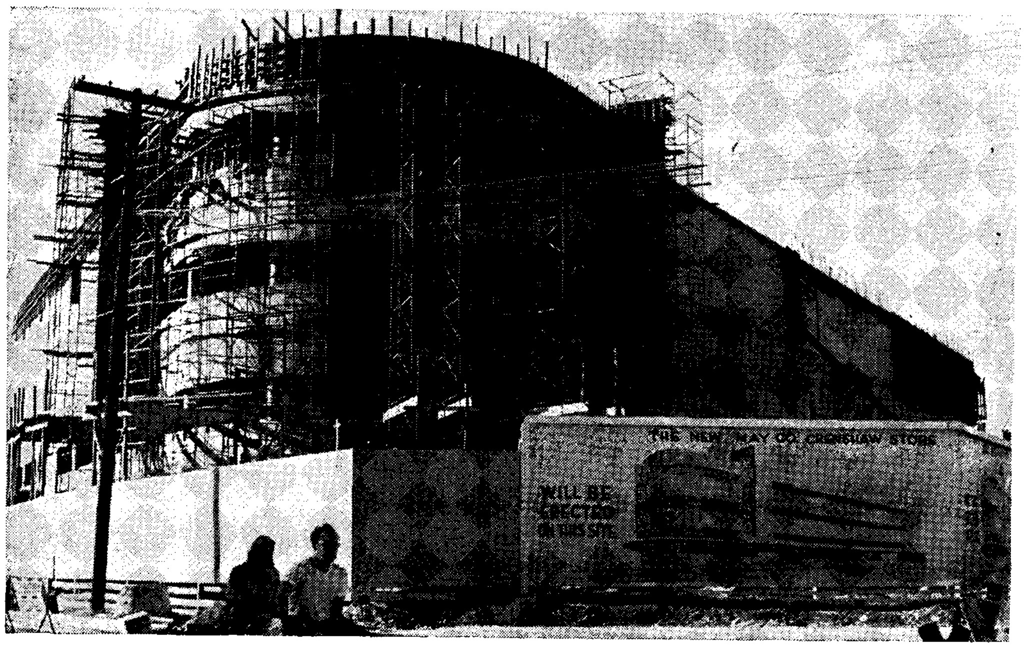
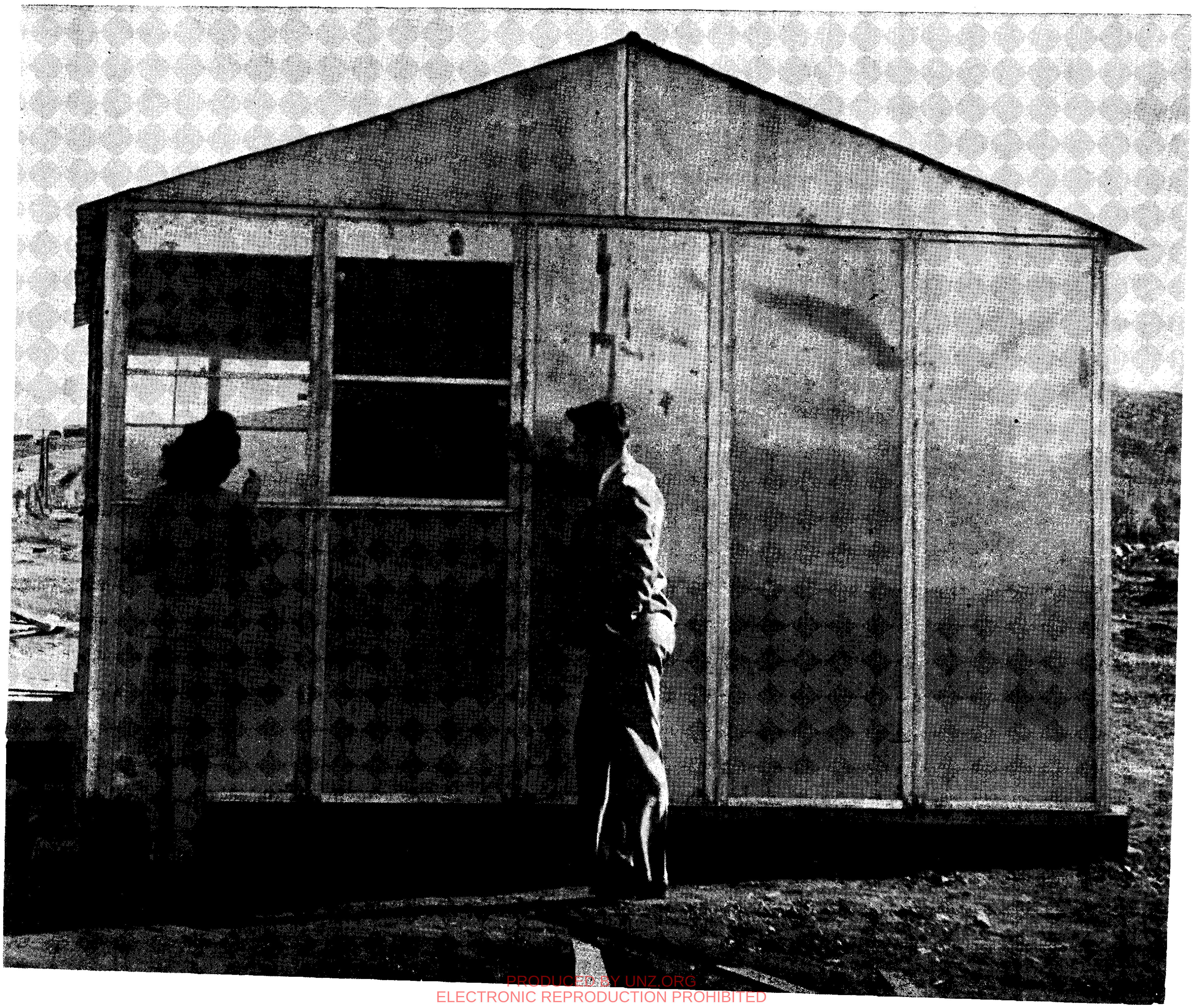
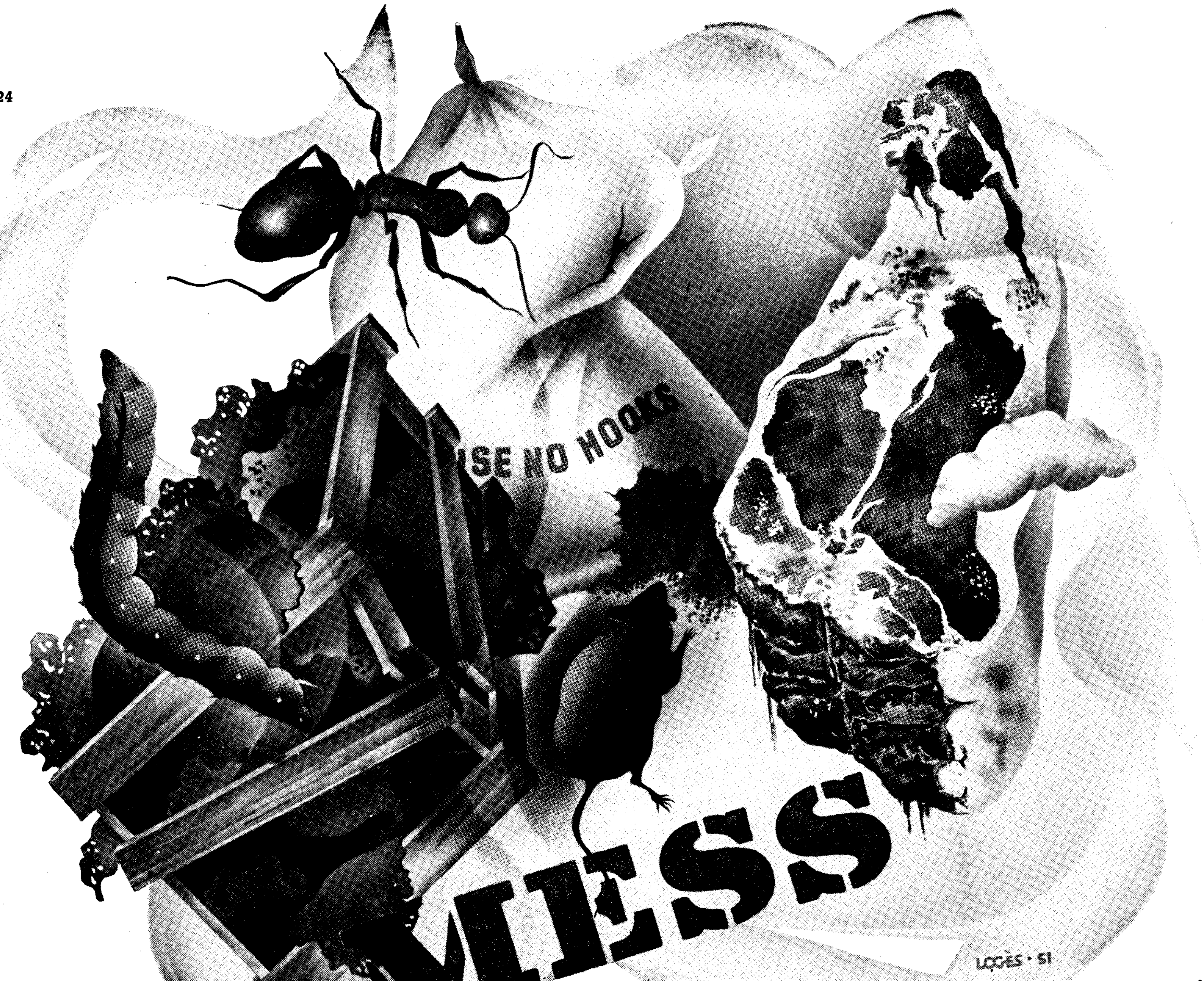
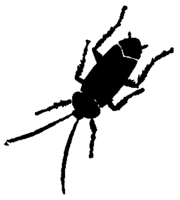


Throughout the Southwest huge department stores, like the one above, near Los Angeles, movies, restaurants, even gambling halls, are going up fast because builders work on a cost-plus basis. But almost nobody builds homes







MESS IS THE WORD FOR IT

BY GAYNOR MADDOX

Our Army, reputedly the best fed in the world, has been served substandard meals for years. Finally a committee of civilian experts was appointed to find out why. Here is what they found and what they think should be done about it

LIFE, liberty, the pursuit of happiness and a good cup of coffee are the birthright of every American. When he enters the Army in defense of his freedoms, he is prepared to surrender the first three for the duration. But a good cup of coffee is supposed to march with him.

Did it in World War II? Did our G.I.s get full value for the money taxpayers spent on their food? Has the Army plans to feed our 18- to 21-year-olds more intelligently?

Recent investigations answer no. The facts are hard to swallow. The chow was worse. The Army ordered the kind of food normally used in the average American home. But what happened by the time it reached the G.I.s is another story.

In September of 1945 the Secretary of War appointed a nine-man committee, comprised of leading men in the industrial food field, to investigate the Army food setup. They were given top credentials, a C-47 and Godspeed. They traveled over 12,000 miles visiting Army installations in practically every geographical section of the United States. All prominent in the business of mass feeding, they made an over-all study of conditions and problems of Army subsistence. On April 6, 1946, they handed their special report to the Secretary of War.

The Army's first reaction was an attempt to whitewash the sensational findings in a bowdlerized press release. And ever since then the Army has been trying to discredit, distort or bury the civilian committee report.

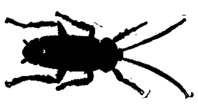
The parents of the Army men and the taxpayers should be told why the Army seems determined not to change its messing system. The armed forces have used scientists and businessmen to develop and expand armaments, transportation and equipment. Why does the Army today refuse to use these same civilian resources and put its messing operations on a modern industrial basis?

The committee found that food, at the rate of millions of dollars a year, was being wasted through improper operation of dry- and cold-storage warehouses. From on-the-spot study, they saw that at a time when many foods were scarce in this country and nations abroad were starving, there was widespread waste of the best quality of edible foods through poor preparation. Food conservation did not exist in company mess halls.

Also that lax inspection methods in the Army permitted manufacturers to deliver canned goods without date of canning, flour that either had no date of milling or was received weeks ahead of milling date, and other products that never should have been accepted by the Army. And that regional depots were forcing surpluses of certain scarce items such as sugar, beef, cheese, fruit juices and other canned goods on Army posts that had no need for them. This led to waste through spoilage or the serving of unwanted extra rations to the men.

The committee also reported to the

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT LOGES



War Department that mess operations of Army posts in this country had deteriorated. It found that privates were operating such major facilities as central bakeries and central meat-cutting plants.

That's only part of the unsavory story. Yet it proves the statement of the wartime deputy chief of subsistence that to say the American Army is the best fed in the world is only a form of lip service.

The civilian food committee, headed by John L. Hennessy, chairman of the board, Hotels Statler Co., flew directly to the Chicago Army depot after two days of indoctrination in Washington. At the Chicago depot, in the presence of a general, a colonel, a lieutenant colonel and a major, the civilian consultant on flour-buying to the Secretary of War told them that when the fiscal year of the government ended on June 30th, the Army was unwilling to turn back any unspent money to the United States Treasury. That unwillingness, he added, resulted in a rush to spend the last available dollar.

"Therefore," the flour consultant explained, with a nod toward the officers present, "we bought carloads of flour and sent it to Southern camps in excess of their needs. It has remained in cars for several months—hot summer months, too. Maybe you'll find some of it still unloaded."

The Hennessy committee did find the excess flour—millions of pounds of it. They turned up over half a million pounds infested with weevils.

Tons of Food Spoiled by Negligence

At Fort Sam Houston there were 180,000 pounds so infested and another 10,000 pounds of the same shipment still to be unloaded from freight cars. Twenty thousand pounds of corn meal and graham flour were infested at Randolph Field; at Fort Benning, 67,000 pounds; at Luke Field, 10,000 pounds, and at Camp Hood, 14,000 pounds of mildewed and musty macaroni and spaghetti which had been received in that condition. And at Camp Plauche, *weevils,* not G.I.s, were eating 125 bags of doughnut flour.

At some camps, the committee saw weevil-infested flour being used in messes. At Camp Stoneman, a carload of flour ready for baking was found infested with mice.

The investigating committee blames these conditions on the Army's system of food control, which permitted the nine regional depots to force unneeded and unrequested supplies on posts—supplies far in excess of the 45-day period authorized by the War Department. The office of the Quartermaster General had neither records nor control of transactions between a depot and a post.

The committee reports that much of the waste of flour and other perishable and semi-perishable foods was the result of the War Department's failure to establish an over-all agency to control food from time of purchase to company mess.

Although the American home went without many luxuries and some necessities during the war, few homes had to go without a good cup of coffee. But many soldiers did.

The committee, which included men who were experts in every phase of quantity coffee making, from buying to brewing, reported that Army coffee was far below the domestic standard. They blamed it on the buying of poor coffee, roasting and grinding it unnecessarily far ahead of use and the fact that the men who made it for the company messes were generally untrained, indifferent and usually unsupervised.

At Fort Knox, when the G.I.s complained about the coffee, the corporal in charge of making it didn't worry. He kept on brewing it his way, using two pounds of coffee for every 20 gallons of water instead of the required 8 pounds. When reminded of Army regulations (1 pound of coffee to 2½ gallons of water) he frowned. "Oh, hell, what's the difference? G.I.s are always griping about something, so it might as well be coffee."

Nor was Let's Have Another Cup of Coffee a hit number with the invalided G.I.s at Halloran Hospital on Staten Island, New York. The coffee was so bad that consumption dropped from 16,000 pounds a month to 4,000 pounds. The men refused to drink it.

The investigators found the coffee poor, too, at the Brooklyn Army Post (New York Port of Embarkation). They found it worse at Camp Kilmer, New Jersey. At Fort Dix, someone was buying bad coffee with a lot of "rio" in it. "Rio" is the lowest grade of coffee—practically worthless. There were reports that our State Department had bought the stuff to curry favor with a Central American neighbor and had forced it on the War Department. There were 20,000 pounds of this inferior stuff dated July, 1945, lying around unused on September 11, 1945, and another 60,000 pounds dated August, 1945.

No, the coffee story isn't fragrant. At Fort Benning, coffee had been ground 6 weeks before being used. It should be ground the same day it is used. The coffee to be used on October 24th at March Field had been ground on July 11th. At Fort Sill, Oklahoma, it was stored next to the onions. At the Fitzsimons General Hospital, the coffee was cold by the time the wounded soldiers got it because food trucks didn't retain proper heat, and at the Wac camp at Fort Des Moines it was so weak that many of the "men" and officers had quit *(Continued on page* 107*)*

MEMBERS OF NINE-MAN CIVILIAN COMMITTEE

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Des Moines, Iowa. President of Central Wholesale Grocery Company

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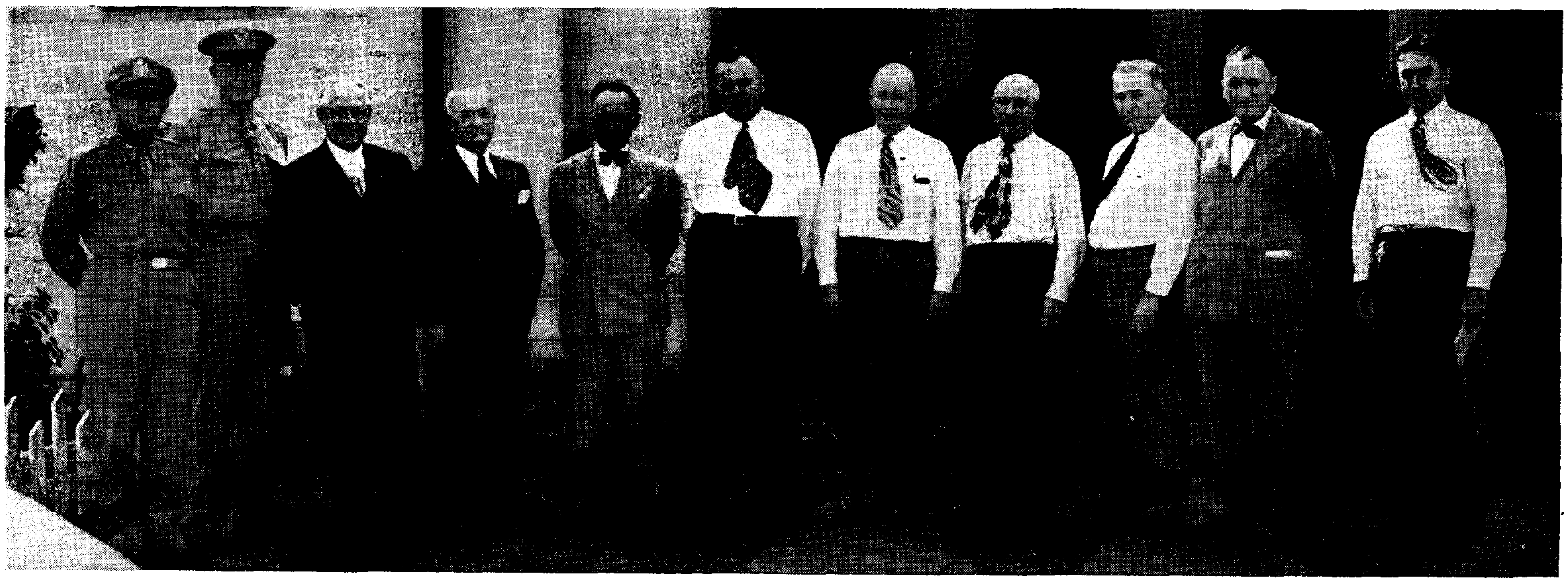
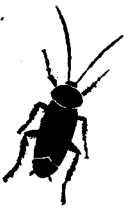
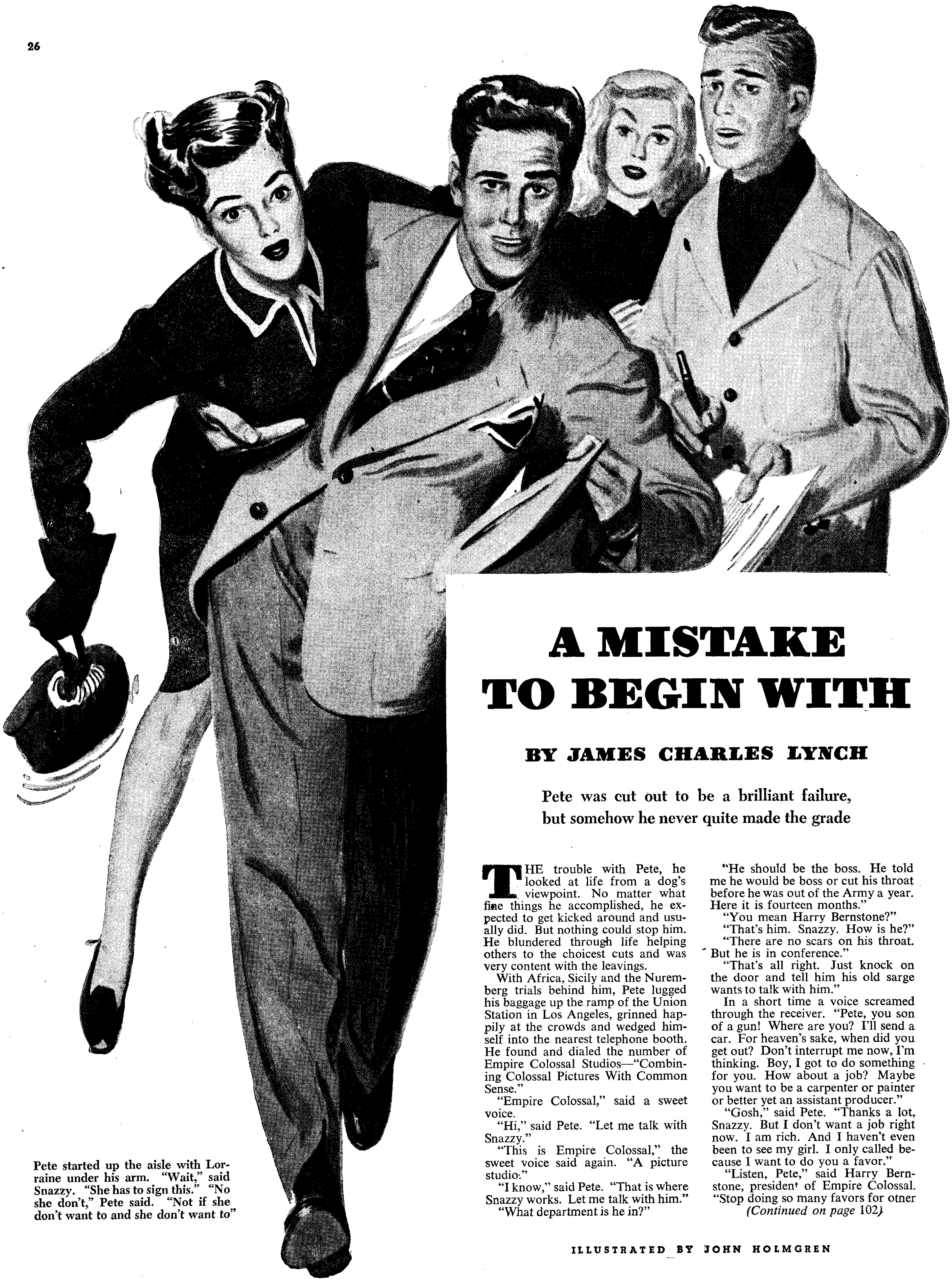
ROBERT T. PAUL

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Experienced newspaperman, now in public relations division of Young & Rubicam, Inc.







Pete started up the aisle with Lorraine under his arm. "Wait," said Snazzy. "She has to sign this." "No she don't," Pete said. "Not if she don't want to and she don't want to"

A MISTAKE TO BEGIN WITH

BY JAMES CHARLES LYNCH

Pete was cut out to be a brilliant failure, but somehow he never quite made the grade

THE trouble with Pete, he looked at life from a dog's viewpoint. No matter what fine things he accomplished, he expected to get kicked around and usually did. But nothing could stop him. He blundered through life helping others to the choicest cuts and was very content with the leavings.

With Africa, Sicily and the Nuremberg trials behind him, Pete lugged his baggage up the ramp of the Union Station in Los Angeles, grinned happily at the crowds and wedged himself into the nearest telephone booth. He found and dialed the number of Empire Colossal Studios—"Combining Colossal Pictures With Common Sense."

"Empire Colossal," said a sweet voice.

"Hi," said Pete. "Let me talk with Snazzy."

"This is Empire Colossal," the sweet voice said again. "A picture studio."

"I know," said Pete. "That is where Snazzy works. Let me talk with him."

"What department is he in?"

"He should be the boss. He told me he would be boss or cut his throat before he was out of the Army a year. Here it is fourteen months."

"You mean Harry Bernstone?"

"That's him. Snazzy. How is he?"

"There are no scars on his throat. But he is in conference."

"That's all right. Just knock on the door and tell him his old sarge wants to talk with him."

In a short time a voice screamed through the receiver. "Pete, you son of a gun! Where are you? I'll send a car. For heaven's sake, when did you get out? Don't interrupt me now, I'm thinking. Boy, I got to do something for you. How about a job? Maybe you want to be a carpenter or painter or better yet an assistant producer."

"Gosh," said Pete. "Thanks a lot, Snazzy. But I don't want a job right now. I am rich. And I haven't even been to see my girl. I only called because I want to do you a favor."

"Listen, Pete," said Harry Bernstone, president of Empire Colossal. "Stop doing so many favors for other

(Continued on page 102)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

Once again it's time to make a bowl of

Merry Christmas!

The ingredients: Here's all you need for the finest "Bowl of Merry Christmas" ever made—a Four Roses Eggnog:

Six eggs . . . ¾ cup sugar . . . 1 pint cream . . . 1 pint milk . . . 1 oz. Jamaica Rum . . . 1 pint Four Roses . . . grated nutmeg.

The procedure: Beat separately yolks and whites of eggs. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in cream and milk. Add the pint of Four Roses and the rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

The delightful result: A bowlful (five pints) of the fluffiest, grandest Eggnog ever ladled into a cup . . . thanks to the magnificent flavor of that matchless whiskey—Four Roses.

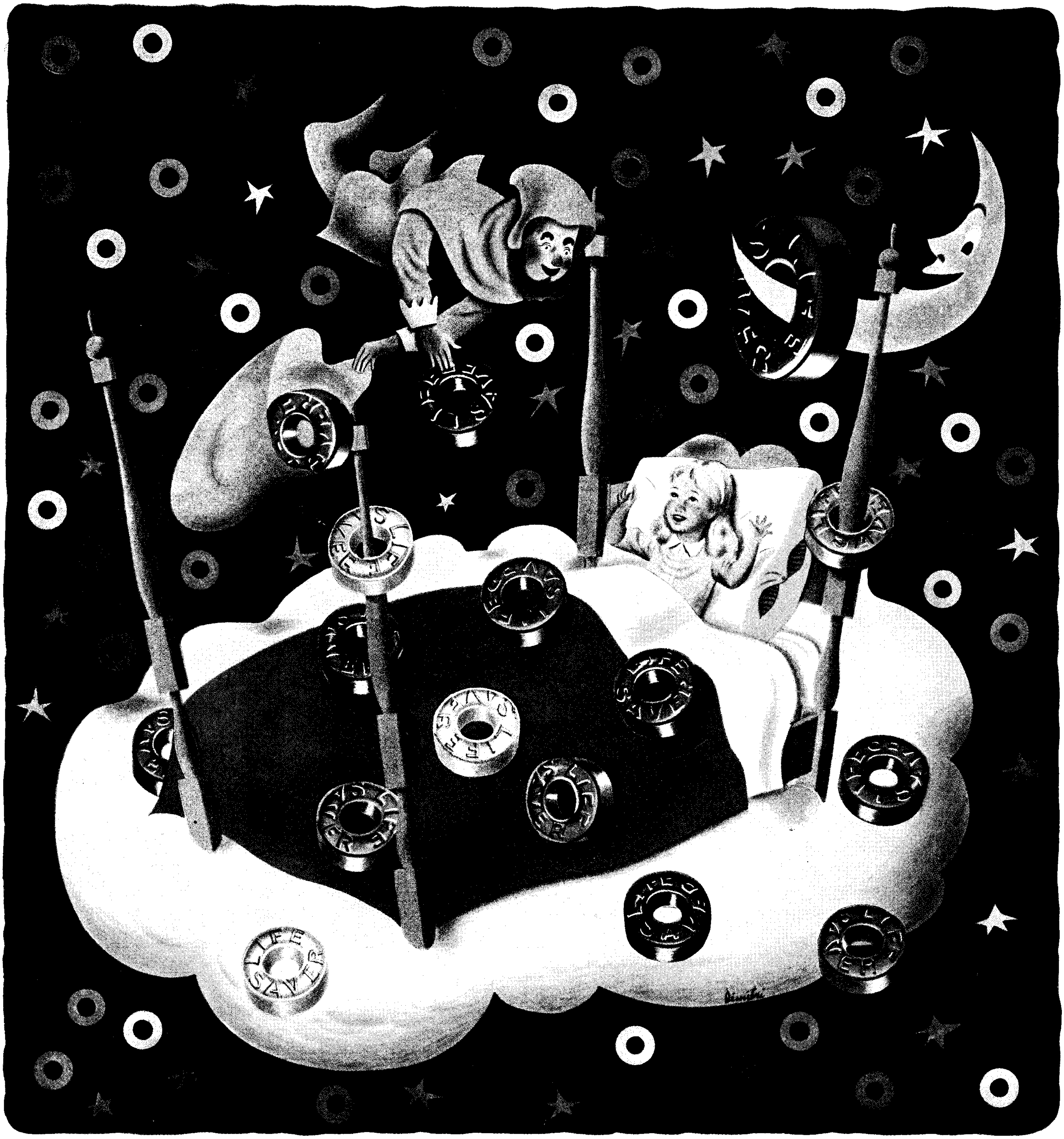
• • •

Fine Blended Whiskey—95.5 proof, 40% straight whiskies 5 years or more old, 60% grain neutral spirits.

FOUR ROSES

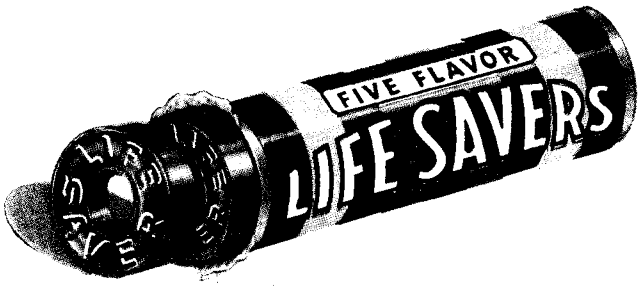
AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York


LIFE SAVERS

The Sweetest Dream in the World

The sky is now sprinkled with luscious Life Savers
The heavens are twinkling in five yummy flavors
Orange! Lemon! And Lime! And Pineapple, too
And tempting Wild Cherry! All fresh as the dew
For only a nickel these dreams come your way
In Five-Flavor Life Savers . . . Try some today!


FIVE FLAVOR
LIFE SAVERS

HOUSING: THE HOMELESS SOUTHWEST

Continued from page 23

He buys nails for me as he goes from town to town, a pound here and a pound there and sends them to me by parcel post. I figure the nails cost me about $35 a keg this way, but that's better than paying $70 a keg for them on the black market. They ought not to cost more than about $5.50."

But why the shortages? Production of building materials, according to the National Housing Agency, has increased in practically all categories. Lumber production is at the highest point since 1944. Arthur A. Keyser, district director of the West Coast Lumbermen's Association, said that Los Angeles was getting more than 4,000,000 board feet of lumber a day.

"If all construction were confined to house building," he said, "lumber stocks would pile up in the yards."

The production of bricks, the NHA reported in its latest survey, is about 150 per cent higher than last year and the highest since 1941. We're producing 120 per cent more cast-iron soil pipe, 75 per cent more gypsum board and lath (NHA says "highest on record" quantities), more wire nails than at any time since VJ Day and more radiators, lavatories and warm-air furnaces. But builders, big and little, haven't been able to get the stuff—if they were building homes for veterans. None, of course, were being built for civilians—legally, that is.

Where are all the materials going? The answer is both audible and visible all the way from the Pacific Coast to the Gulf of Texas. You hear the rock drills and riveting guns of heavy construction. You see new homes for banks and corporations, department stores and supermarkets, movie palaces and restaurants and night clubs along the boulevards and the main streets from Los Angeles to Houston.

But you don't hear the zing of handsaws and the clap-clap of carpenters' hammers. You don't see homes. Everywhere they're building places for people to buy things in and to eat and work and play and even to gamble in, but not to live in.

Los Angeles issued building permits for 34,095 homes in the first eight months of 1946. But it also issued 100,392 permits for the construction of commercial buildings. Houston, whose chamber of commerce proclaims that it's the fastest growing city in America, has undertaken nearly $500,000,000 worth of construction but only $58,000,000 of it is for homes.

Investing Their War Profits

"There's your answer as to why houses aren't built," said Victor Emmanuel, of Houston's Veterans Service Center. "The stuff's going into swell new buildings for the big companies that got bigger during the war, have millions of dollars to spend and are spending them. They can charge a good part of the costs of their new buildings off on their income-tax returns. Uncle Sam, indirectly, is paying for our building boom.

"One firm in town is building a new $1,000,000 hotel. Its construction was authorized (by the Civilian Production Administration) on the grounds that it would help to relieve the housing shortage. Well, you know how many G.I.s' families are going to find homes in that hotel. I've got nearly 3,000 vets and families clamoring for living quarters and nowhere to put them."

Everywhere the Southwest is building what it wants and what is profitable but not always what it needs. Hollywood needed a night spot like Slapsie Maxie's about as badly as Monty Woolley needs another beard. But its construction was authorized. It contains, among other things, several thousand dollars' worth of those practically unprocurable toilets and washbasins, which are among the items holding up the completion of homes in the Los Angeles area. About $400,000 worth of stuff was put into a gambling casino in Las Vegas, Nevada, before the pressure of public opinion obliged the government to halt work on it.

The tremendous volume of commercial construction isn't all wasteful. Much of it represents legitimate business and industrial expansion needed to provide employment for returning soldiers and for hundreds of thousands of new breadwinners who grew up during the war years—as well as for the production of building materials themselves. What's bad about it is that it's out of all proportion to the amount of home building.

A Move to Combat Unemployment

Much of this commercial construction got started last year after the Administration lifted restrictions on all buildings. The Administration's action came as a result of pressure from the National Association of Real Estate Boards, the National Association of Home Builders, the Producers' Council and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, all of which assured the government that a nationwide revival of building would result. The White House, anxious to avoid mass unemployment in the period of reconversion from wartime to peacetime production, when many plants, their usefulness ended, would close down, yielded to their pleas.

By March, 1946, both the Administration and the real-estate lobbies saw their error. Materials had disappeared into the huge maw of commercial construction. There were none for home building. Washington, with more rules and regulations, later brought commercial and residential construction into rough balance. But the harm, builders and even government officials agree, had probably been done. The CPA was obliged, in nearly every case, to authorize completion and provide the materials for buildings begun during the control blackout between October, 1945, and March, 1946.

In August, Expediter Wyatt cracked down hard on commercial construction, reserving all or most of the output of short materials for home building. But it'll be months before any results of his actions will be felt. His Veterans Emergency Housing Program calls for "starting 2,700,000 low-cost homes by the end of 1947." By the end of October, only 280,200 bona-fide houses and apartments had been built and little or no home building will be done in the winter months in most of the country.

Wyatt will probably be able to accumulate materials by obliging dealers and even manufacturers to hold all or most of their stocks for home building. His biggest problem will be to prevent these materials from then chuting down into commercial construction via the black market. The black market has been the biggest source of supply of commercial builders because they work on a cost-plus basis and haven't had to worry about the high cost of labor and ceiling prices. They could afford to pay top wages, bonuses and to keep workers on pay rolls while they wait for materials.

Houses must be sold at the $10,000 ceiling price or such prices as are determined by Federal Housing appraisers. There never were ceiling prices on stores, factories or other buildings to be used for commercial or industrial purposes. It doesn't matter to a builder what a sky-

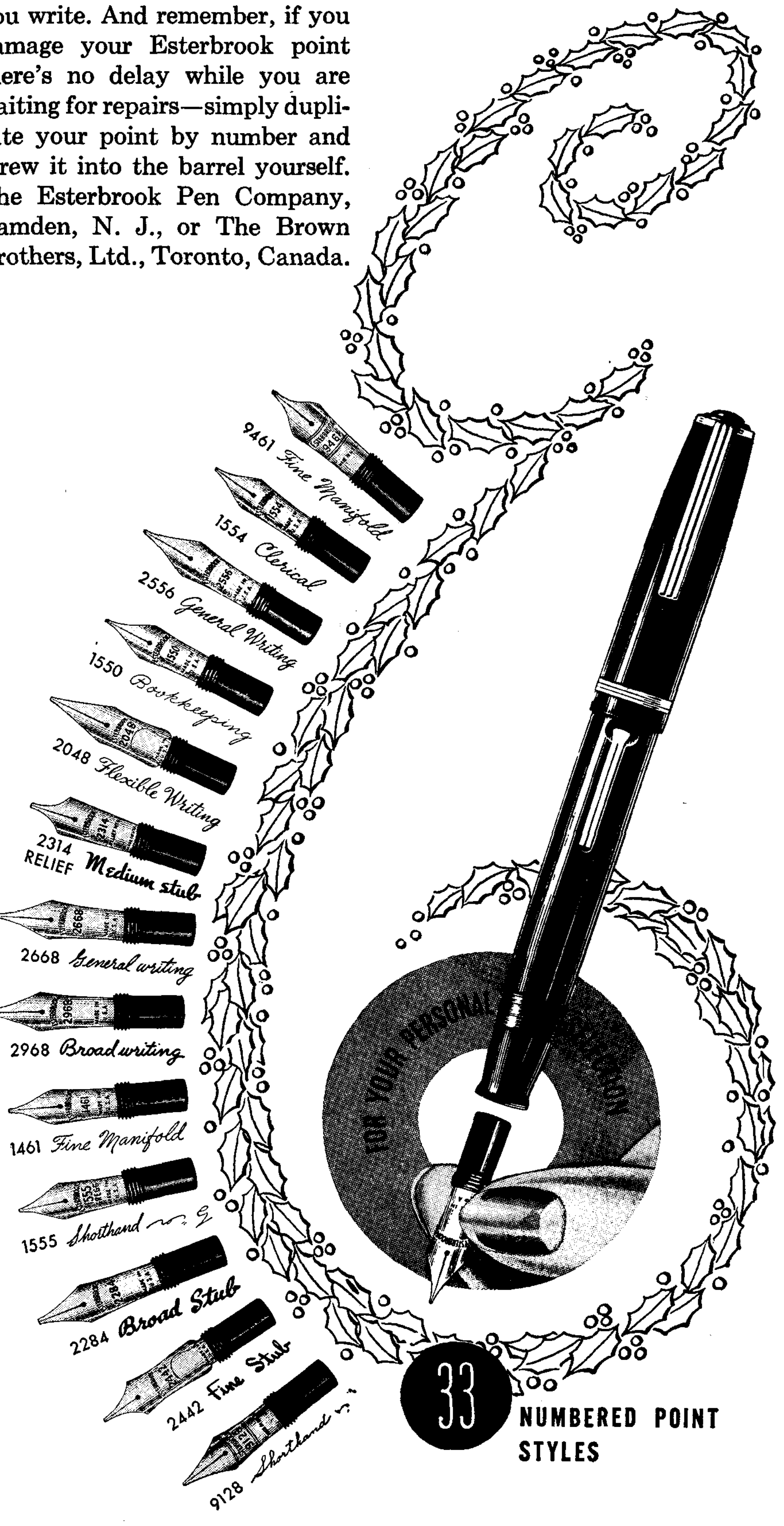
DON'T FORGET YOURSELF AT

Christmas

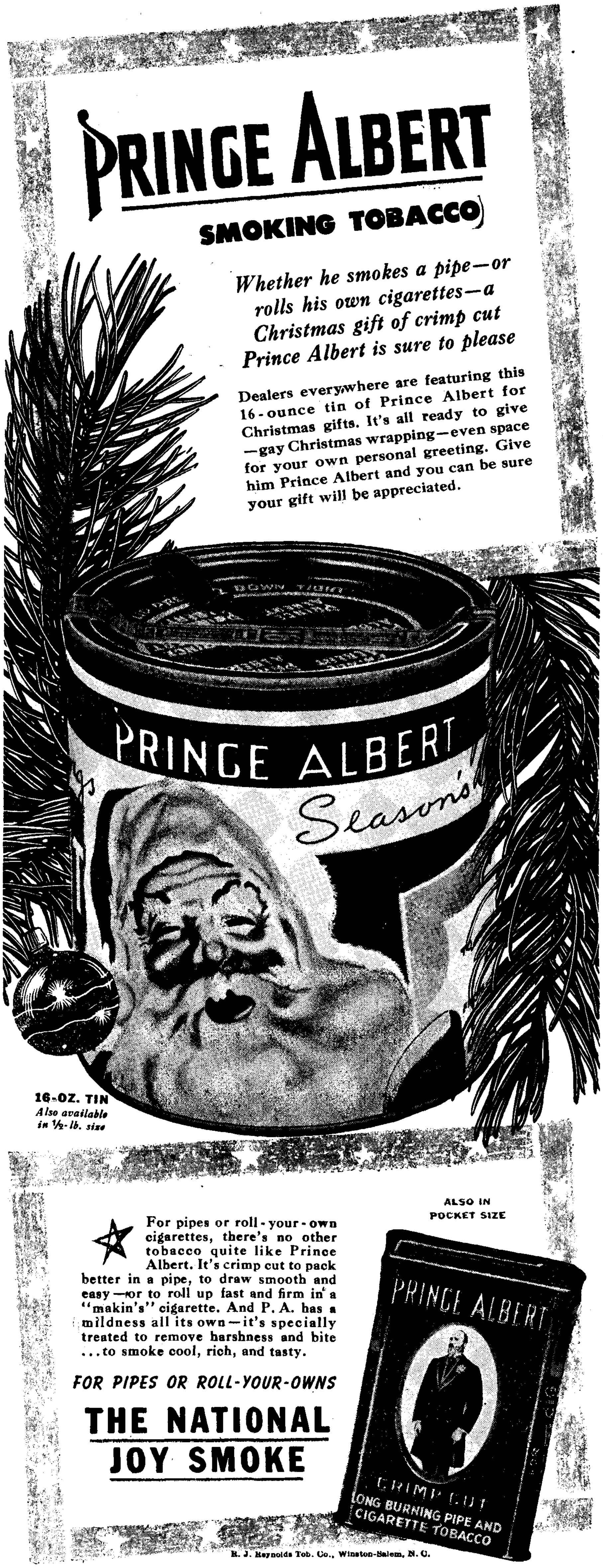
Get the Fountain Pen that Gives You

THE RIGHT POINT FOR THE WAY YOU WRITE

For you, no other fountain pen can perform so well as the one with the right point for the way you write. And remember, if you damage your Esterbrook point there's no delay while you are waiting for repairs—simply duplicate your point by number and screw it into the barrel yourself. The Esterbrook Pen Company, Camden, N. J., or The Brown Brothers, Ltd., Toronto, Canada.



Esterbrook
RENEW-POINT FOUNTAIN PEN



PRINCE ALBERT
SMOKING TOBACCO

Whether he smokes a pipe—or rolls his own cigarettes—a Christmas gift of crimp cut Prince Albert is sure to please

Dealers everywhere are featuring this 16-ounce tin of Prince Albert for Christmas gifts. It's all ready to give—gay Christmas wrapping—even space for your own personal greeting. Give him Prince Albert and you can be sure your gift will be appreciated.

16-OZ. TIN
Also available in ½-lb. size

For pipes or roll-your-own cigarettes, there's no other tobacco quite like Prince Albert. It's crimp cut to pack better in a pipe, to draw smooth and easy—or to roll up fast and firm in a "makin's" cigarette. And P. A. has a mildness all its own—it's specially treated to remove harshness and bite ...to smoke cool, rich, and tasty.

FOR PIPES OR ROLL-YOUR-OWNS

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

ALSO IN POCKET SIZE

R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

scraper or super hot dog stand costs him. The more the better. He gets a percentage (anywhere from 2 to 10 per cent) above the cost price, whether it's a million dollars or a few thousand.

What this does to their home-building competitors showed up dramatically in Los Angeles. There, small builders couldn't afford cement for foundations. The 55-cent bags which they use cost from $3.50 to $7.00 on the black market. But in Beverly Hills there was plenty of cement for $10,000 swimming pools. We saw three in the movie moguls' community, all built in recent weeks. We also saw big, expensive houses, the kind that are supposed to be illegal, under construction in Beverly Hills. One, a 12-room house with a three-car garage, the inevitable swimming pool, bathhouse patio and other appurtenances of luxury, plus a brick-and-cement-block wall around the property, will cost from $100,000 to $150,000, depending on how high materials will go on the black market.

The Southwest's black market in building materials had, in fact, practically become the open market. A chamber of commerce official in Houston candidly admitted that all of the plumbing fixtures and 90 per cent of all other materials going into the town's new buildings were obtained from black-market dealers.

Black Market Lumber for Schools

Despite the abundance of lumber in Los Angeles, one Civilian Production Administration official told me, even contractors working on school projects had to dip into the black market in order to finish their jobs on time and avoid serious losses.

When, for one month, price control was suspended while the life of the Office of Price Administration was being decided by Congress last summer, fifty Los Angeles contractors received mysterious telephone calls offering nails, plaster, cement and scores of other scarce building materials for sale at ceiling prices plus "finder's fees" ranging from 15 per cent upward. The callers, believing that prices would come down if the OPA were killed by Congress, didn't want to be caught with all that merchandise on their hands. When a new and rickety OPA was authorized by Congress, the telephone calls stopped. Now that all price controls are off, probably they'll start again.

Materials continued to flow into the black market in spite of Washington's best efforts to plug the leaks. There's a gaping loophole in the regulations governing commercial construction. Anybody can build a structure costing $15,000 or less without obtaining a CPA authorization. Builders of such projects obtain materials where they can, competing against one another for available supplies. Often the $15,000 projects absorb $30,000 and $50,000 worth of materials before they are finished.

Here's one way in which dealers accumulated materials for the black market as described to me by a CPA agent: Theoretically only veterans holding priority certificates can build homes. The vet is supposed to be able to present his priority papers to a dealer (wholesaler or retailer) and get what he needs. But there's nothing to prevent the dealer from saying "Sorry, chum, but we're just out of everything." Every time the dealer says no to a customer he stashes away just that much lumber, brick, cement or whatever, for sale on the black market. Because the dealer doesn't have to show any priority papers to *his* supplier in order to get materials.

The law of supply and demand seems to operate perfectly within the black market. Some months ago nails were offered on the Los Angeles market in carload lots of $75 a keg, nearly $70 over the ceiling price. As they became more plentiful in normal channels (and before in the black market) the price dropped to $25, then to $17.50. Recently they've gone up again. Home builders couldn't afford to buy at black-market prices. Result: They didn't build.

Here and there energetic and imaginative characters like California's Fritz Burns and Texas' Frank Sharp are building homes. But they're the exceptions. They're big fellows with abundant capital. Burns draws on the resources of wartime shipbuilder and partner Henry J. Kaiser. Sharp is a business associate of Benjamin Taub, wealthy Houstonian who is a director of Jesse Jones' bank.

When men like Burns and Sharp run short of materials they have no need to run to the black market. They manufacture their own or they buy up the entire outputs of mills which make the items they require. Both have developed ways of mass-producing houses similar to the techniques used by the manufacturers of automobiles. Both have had new and difficult problems to solve.

Burns, a youngish, handsome former real-estate developer, promoter and salesman, is producing about 20 houses a day and in six months hopes to make 40. At the time of writing he had finished about 200 homes this year, had another 1,000 in various stages of construction and hoped to complete 2,000 by the end of the year. At one point, recently, Burns' production line stalled for lack of gas furnaces. The furnace manufacturer had run out of steel.

"Well," said Burns, telling about it, "we got steel from Mr. Kaiser's Fontana plant, shipped it to one rolling mill to make it up into plates and to another to roll the plates down to the proper size and then to the furnace maker to be processed into furnaces. And that was that."

A Texan's Building Venture

Sharp, a tall, rawboned plainsman who was a mule skinner not so long ago, has had even greater difficulties. Sharp heard Wyatt's appeal to build low-cost houses for veterans, and with the financial backing of Taub, he set out to do so. He ran into trouble almost at once.

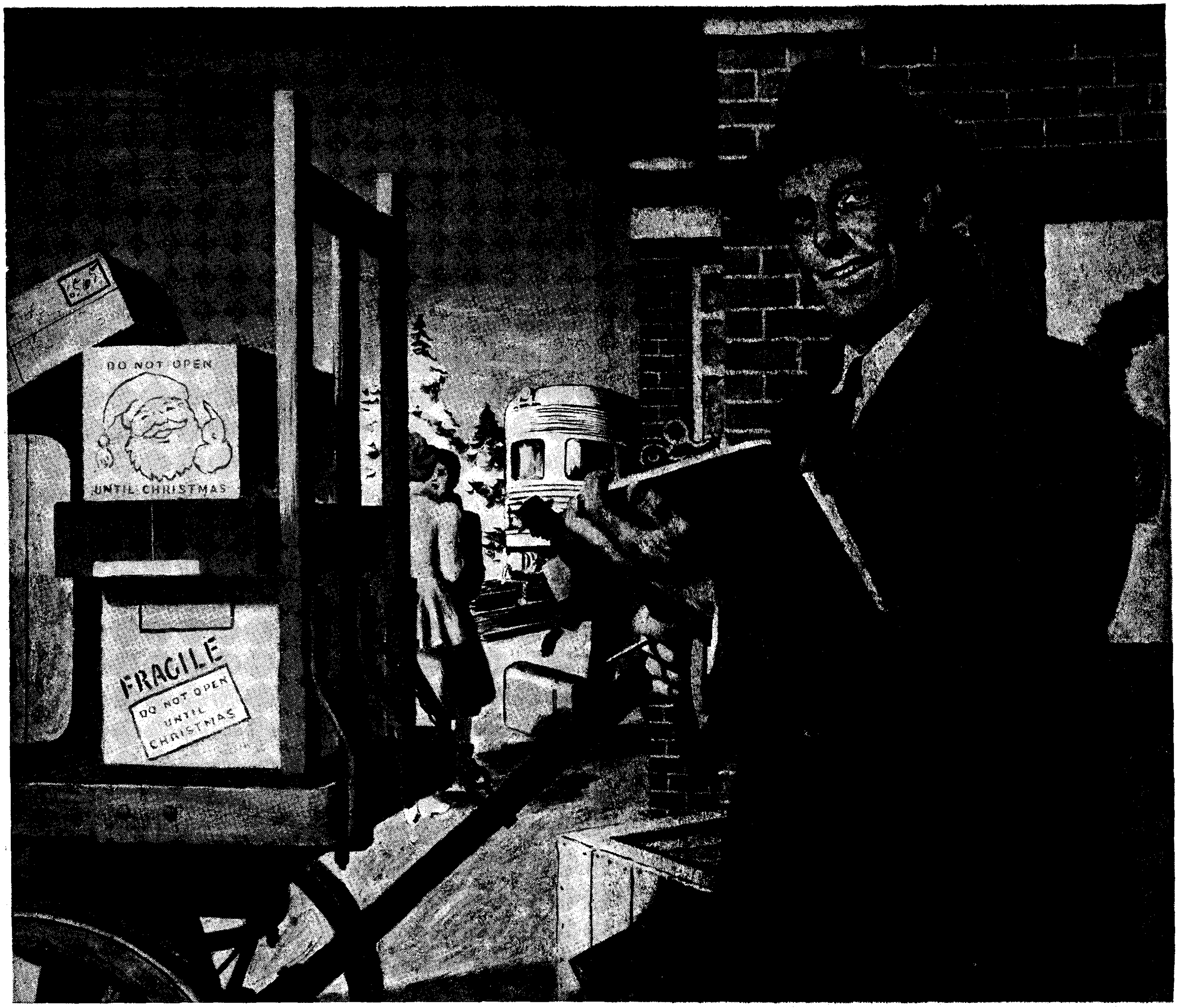
"Our first problem," Sharp said, "was getting lumber. We solved that one by buying a sawmill up in Oregon and by acquiring the total output of two others. Once our lumber supply was assured we had to think of millwork—doors and window frames. Manufacturers told us they couldn't supply us. They said that the OPA's ceilings were too low to allow them a decent profit.

"I did some figuring and saw that they were wrong. I bought a couple of woodworking shops here in town. Now I'm making all of the doors and windows I need and show a neat profit on the operation."

Similarly Sharp was obliged to buy an asbestos mill in New Jersey in order to manufacture his own roofing material, shingles and sidings for house exteriors. Sharp hasn't, however, been able to beat the gypsum people who denied him gypsum board with which to line the interiors of his houses. Frank lines his houses with low-grade lumber, covers the lumber with canvas and then with washable wallpaper, paint or whatever the customer desires.

"It's a makeshift," Sharp says, "but it'll do. I can't get hardwood flooring so I cover the floors with carpet stuck to the concrete underneath with mastic (a moistureproof glue), and the ladies love it."

It's clear from Sharp's experiences that politics caused part of the shortages of building materials. There was a *real* scarcity due to the consumption of materials in not-always-essential commercial construction and to the black market. But there was also, as is obvious from Sharp's experiences, an *artificial* scarcity created by some manufacturers who



"Our railroads help make Christmas merry"

"You know, a railroad agent is in a better position than most folks to see how railroads make Christmas what it is. We know how railroads carry Christmas packages and Christmas cards to every corner of the country. What's more, they bring millions of people home for the holidays.

"Our passengers travel in comfort—and the cost is mighty small. When they start home for Christmas — or on any other trip by rail — they know they'll get there.

"Railroading is a busy job at Christmas, but it is the kind of job that makes you feel you're in partnership with all America. And that's a good job to have. And a good feeling to have, too—not just at Christmas, but all year round."

Getting passengers to their destinations, safely and on time, is a year-round job with railroads.

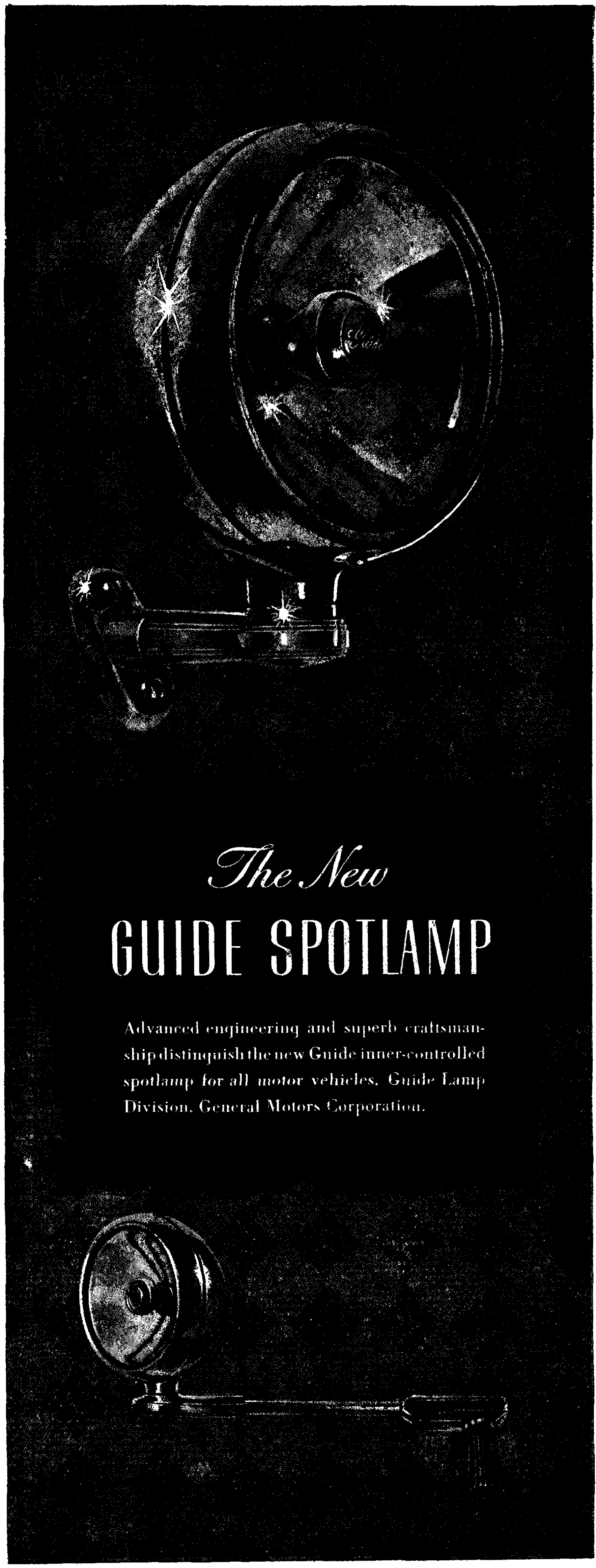
It's a job that takes a lot of doing. An infinite capacity for detail. An enormous amount of specialized equipment. And a backlog of operating experience that goes all the way back to the days when trains were actually pulled by horses.

Today, railroad tracks link all cities and towns in America. And the railroads themselves are linked in a closely knit partnership with the communities they serve. For the railroads employ local people, buy supplies locally, own local property, and pay local taxes on it.

No other form of transportation is so intimately a local, home-town partner with so many communities throughout America.

ASSOCIATION OF **AMERICAN RAILROADS** WASHINGTON, 6 D.C.

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH ALL AMERICA


The New

GUIDE SPOTLAMP

Advanced engineering and superb craftsmanship distinguish the new Guide inner-controlled spotlamp for all motor vehicles. Guide Lamp Division, General Motors Corporation.

fought the Administration's method of meeting America's greatest national emergency, the housing shortage.

The pressure of certain building materials manufacturers to break OPA and other government controls—now virtually accomplished—was exerted chiefly through the Producers' Council. But Council policies weren't always approved by its members. Some of its leaders objected to the organization's efforts to kill controls instead of concentrating on production. One of them, Russell Creviston, of Chicago's Crane Company, a founder and former president of the Council, quit in open disgust.

Big builders like Burns and Sharp can scale down the high construction costs which these shortages and black-market prices combine to produce. But most builders are small operators and cannot follow suit. All but fifty to seventy-five of the approximately 1,000 members of the National Home Builders Institute are little builders, capable of constructing from one to three houses a year. They can't build at present costs and make a profit and most of them are going fishing.

Not Exorbitant—But Enough

The high cost of home construction is further compounded by the increasing costs of labor. The plasterers' unions in Southern California, for instance, severely restrict their memberships. Consequently there's a shortage of plasterers, and they receive as much as $20 a day. At this rate of pay it costs a contractor from $1.50 to $2.00 a square yard for plastering which once cost no more than $1.25 to $1.75. This is an increase of about 20 per cent—not exorbitant, but it still adds to the final cost of the house.

"Buyers are obliged to pay an over-all price of from $6.25 to around $6.85 per square foot for an average house of 1,000 square feet," said Mason Noice, loan guarantee agent of the Veterans Administration in Los Angeles. "This square-foot cost includes the builder's profit but is for the net house and doesn't include porches, walks or any other improvement."

The building cost Noice cited however, is possible only when builders have all of the materials and labor on hand and can go ahead without interruptions. Today this seldom happens and builders frequently have to pay full wages while their men sit idle, waiting for more materials to be delivered. So actual costs range from $8 to $9 a square foot. Normally about 40 per cent of the cost of a house represented the cost of labor. Today it's 60 per cent.

As of January 1st, home building in Houston will be cut by 80 per cent or possibly cease altogether, due to the rise in production costs. The city's hopes of erecting 700 to 800 homes a month for veterans have gone aglimmering. Sharp said they'll be lucky to build 100 a month. And B. F. Sturman, president of the Pasadena Building Company, stated that "building here will come to a standstill due to the astronomic heights of building costs."

The high cost of construction is not only restraining builders from building, but it's driving G.I.s out of the market. Clarke Ewing, of the G.I. Home Loan Service, maintained by a Pasadena building and loan association, declared that 20 per cent of the veterans who have applied for loans are canceling their applications. Since August 1st, moreover, veterans' inquiries for loans have decreased by 50 per cent. The situation is almost identical in Texas. Veterans Administration officials from General Omar Bradley down are discouraging G.I.s from buying in the present inflated market.

All the signs in the Southwest point to wild inflation in the real-estate business and the building industry. Building costs, according to Federal Housing officials' estimates, are up from 110 to 190 per cent over 1940. Land values have risen phenomenally. I saw lots worth only $700 and $800 before the war selling for $3,000 to $3,500. Three real-estate operators, whom I can't name, have invested only $20,000 and stand to clean up, according to their own conservative estimate, $3,500,000 by the end of 1947.

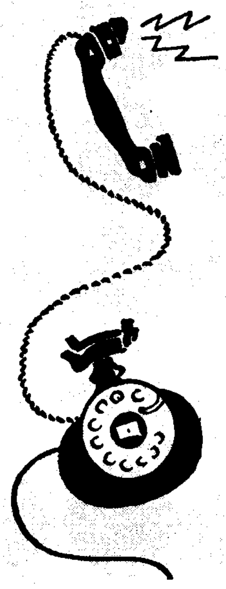
Everywhere I found men—contractors, subcontractors, builders, promoters and bankers—who wondered just how long the Southwest's boom will last. Most of them foresaw a crash within 16 to 18 months.

Some believed that the abandonment of government price controls on building materials would loosen the supply sufficiently to meet the demand. Others predicted that with controls gone the cost of homes will rise to perhaps $15,000 and $20,000 and that commercial construction will continue unabated.

Veterans' leaders unanimously howled at Wyatt to pool all materials, cut out all but the most essential commercial construction and channel materials thus saved into home building. In Los Angeles, when Wyatt personally visited the area recently, he was handed a majority report by the local Mayor's Emergency Housing Committee recommending a return to the "war allocation system of 100 per cent control of materials as formerly exercised under the War Production Board."

But Wyatt stood virtually alone in trying to maintain controls over housing in an Administration which had set the U.S. economy free. Yet it was clear to anyone who cared to look that unless the housing shortage were regarded as a crisis as great as war itself, lots of Americans were going to be without homes this winter and next.

THE END



GUESS WHO THIS IS!

Lansing to Houston, and Frisco to Coney
Phone conversations are frequently phony:
"Yes, dear, I'd love to—we should get together,
But at this moment I'm under the weather."

Over a private or party-line hookup
Strange are the fibbing excuses they cook up:
"Darling, I'm office-bound—don't delay eating;
Twenty directors are here for a meeting."

Phones are the busiest things in the nation;
Phones run the gamut of faked conversation:
"Kate is my visitor. Yes, uninvited.
Sure, with her brood, and I'm simply delighted."

Telephones, handy wherever we dwell,
Make lying easier—thanks, Mr. Bell.

—William W. Pratt

This Year—
she's got me up a tree!

All *I* said was "Darling, how can a mere woman know how to buy men's shirts?" Came Christmas, and all *she* did was buy me the best-looking, best-fitting shirts I'd ever owned!

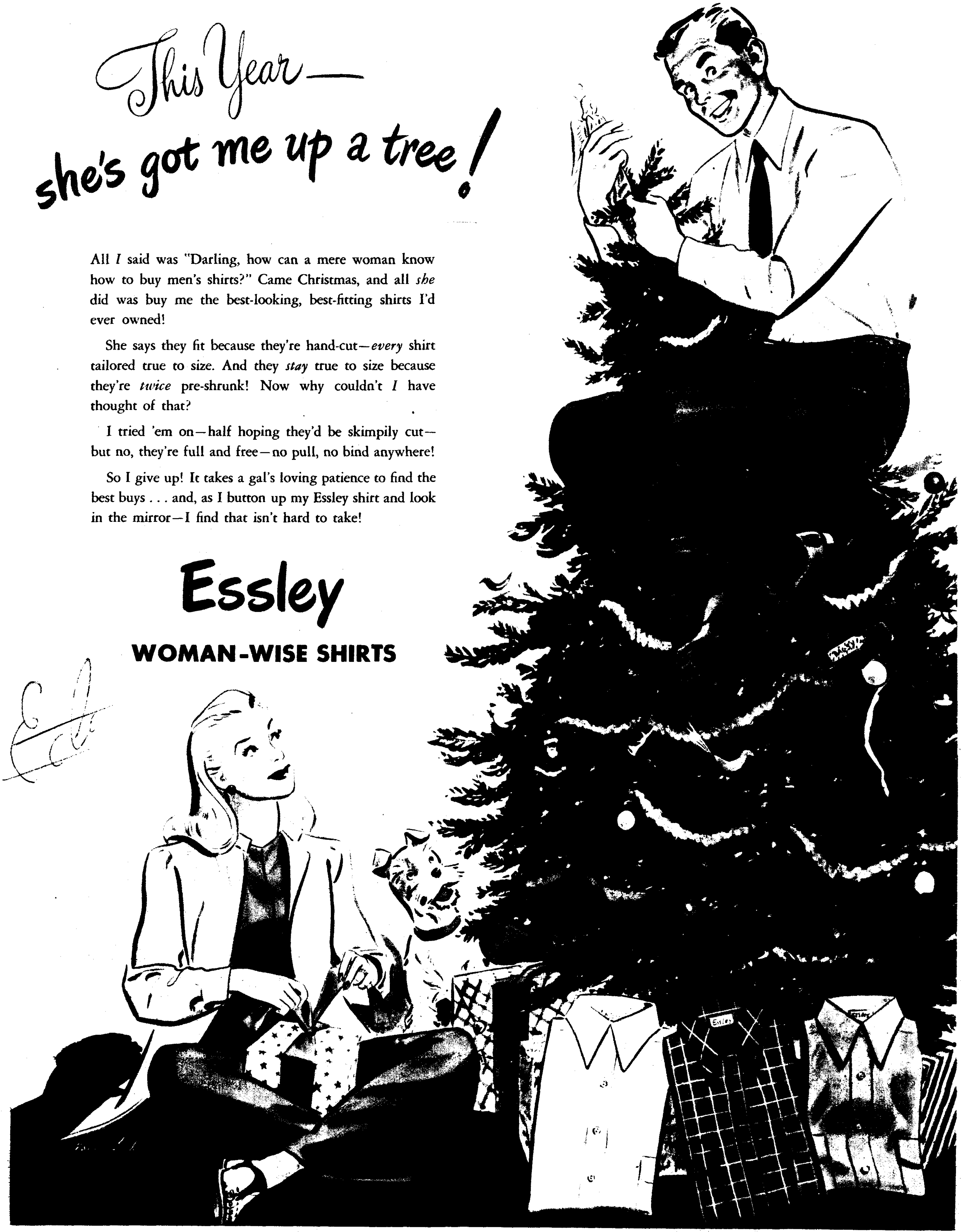
She says they fit because they're hand-cut—*every* shirt tailored true to size. And they *stay* true to size because they're *twice* pre-shrunk! Now why couldn't *I* have thought of that?

I tried 'em on—half hoping they'd be skimpily cut—but no, they're full and free—no pull, no bind anywhere!

So I give up! It takes a gal's loving patience to find the best buys . . . and, as I button up my Essley shirt and look in the mirror—I find that isn't hard to take!

Essley

WOMAN-WISE SHIRTS



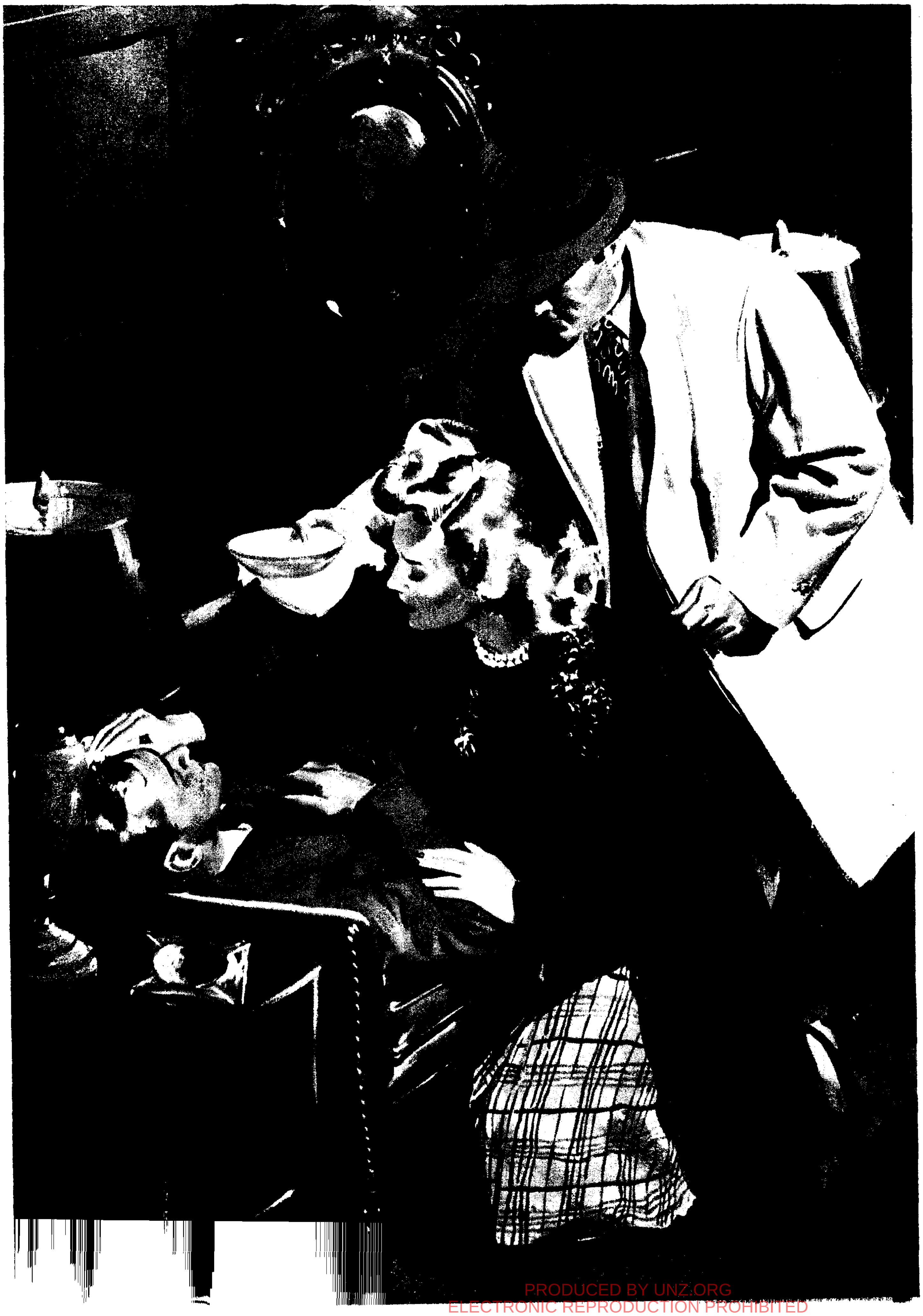
ESSLEY SHIRT CO., EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, N. Y.

No better gift than Essleys!   Smart whites and distinguished patterns.

DON'T EVER LOVE ME

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



Lynn and Alan worked over the unconscious figure of Larry Anderson. "He seems to be coming around," said Lynn

The Story:
ALAN GORDON is worried because two attempts have been made to kill his fiancée, LYNN SHERIDAN. A rifle shot killed STEWART TRENT, Lynn's boss, while he was taking her home; and once Lynn was struck down and stabbed in a hotel suite, and was found by members of a theater party arranged for an important client of Trent's firm by Trent's son-in-law, LARRY ANDERSON. Suspects in the mystery are GLORIA and FLOYD CLAYTON and LEW MURRAY. Floyd has always loved Lynn, wants her to marry no one else. Gloria, his wife, is jealous. Murray, a Trent employee, claims to be Lynn's friend, but because he warns Alan against poking into the case, Alan and MAX GOLD, detective, think that Murray may be in the employ of the Claytons. To find out more about Gloria, Alan persuades NITA, his sister-in-law, to employ her as hairdresser. When Nita is found murdered, the clues point to Gloria and Murray. After Nita's death, Alan and Gold find she has left a collection of strange clues, none of which seem to add up. But when Floyd Clayton is blown to bits by a bomb intended for Alan, Alan realizes that the murderer is closing in fast on himself and Lynn. Alan moves to the hotel where Lynn was stabbed. While walking down the corridor with Lynn, he suddenly decides to try a mysterious key of Nita's in the door of the room where the stabbing occurred.

Conclusion

ALAN telephoned Homicide and asked for Lieutenant Gold. "Look, Max—I'd like to drop by there and borrow something."

"What?"

"The key that was in Nita Gordon's package."

"What's on your mind?"

"I'd rather play this my own way. It's a crazy idea. I'll come right over. Lynn is with me."

"That'll make you more bearable."

Twenty minutes later they were with Max. He said, "Look, if you got something, hadn't you better tell me?"

Alan said, "I'm not holding out. What I've got isn't even a hunch. It's an idea. If it works out, I'll let you know—but quick. Can I use your name?"

Max smiled at Lynn. He said, "Is that safe, Miss Sheridan?"

"I think so."

The lieutenant handed over the key. "Best of luck, sonny. I'm tired of having hunches blow up in my face." . . .

They entered the lobby of the Rossmore. It was a small, unpretentious lobby, giving no hint of the lavishness of the apartments in the building. Alan gave his name and let it be understood that he was representing Lieutenant Max Gold of the New York Police Department. He explained that he knew the Apex apartment was vacant, that he wanted permission to go up there.

Alan and Lynn rode upstairs. They went to the door of 1105, which was the apartment in which Lynn had been attacked. He took the key from his pocket and said, "Abracadabra." He fitted it into the lock and turned it.

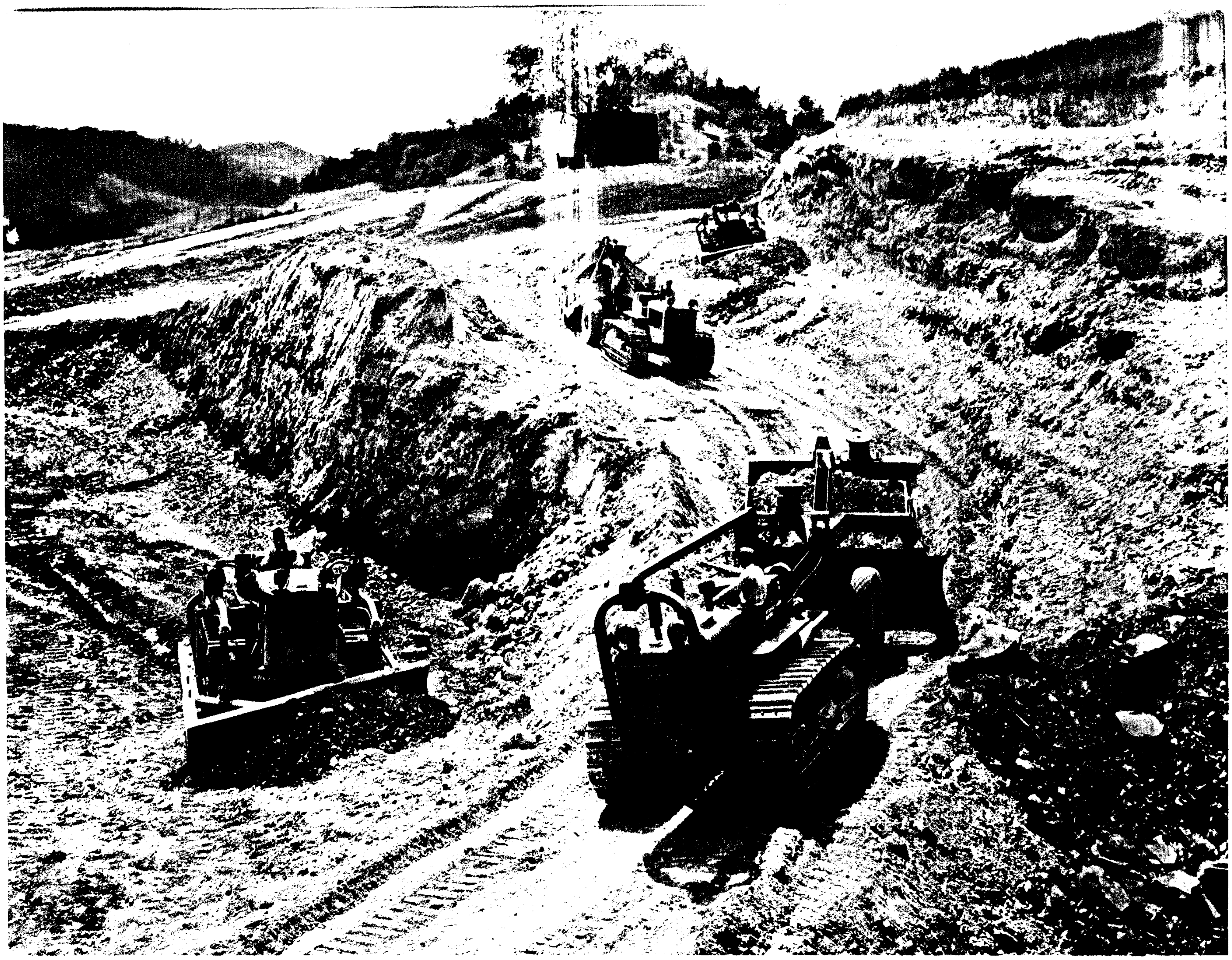
The door opened!

They stepped inside, closed the door and looked at each other. Alan said softly, "Our first step in the right direction, honey."

She said, "What's the answer?"

"I don't know."

Alan was experiencing an odd exultation. His bewilderment was no less, but he had the feeling that this



Moving ten tons of earth to get a ton of coal!

Coal to Burn–

Thanks to INTERNATIONAL Diesels

Off with that mountain of clay and rocks! There's a thick vein of coal beneath, more than 50,000 tons.

The tractors stripping off this heavy cover are powerful International Diesels that are geared to the ground with endless tracks. They move the earth! With bulldozer blades and great wheeled scrapers they set the stage for increased coal production at lowered cost. And when the digging is done, they'll push back all the earth they've carried . . . to repair the landscape.

In the scene above, the bulldozer at your left is cleaning up debris on the level surface of the coal deposit. All the material that rises above it, to the right, will be removed to uncover a new plateau of coal!

The whole operation bears eloquent testimony to the matchless performance and operating economy of International Crawler Tractors. Wherever you find them – building highways, airports, railways or waterways; throwing up dams and levees or earthworks for irrigation; working in oil fields or logging the forests—you can be sure these tough jobs are being done economically!

Industrial Power Division
INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue **Chicago 1, Illinois**

Other International Harvester Products:
Farm Power and Equipment
Motor Trucks
Refrigeration

Tune in James Melton on "Harvest of Stars" every Sunday; NBC Network.

And My Sister Wants a Mister!
COURSE, SIS IS PARTICULAR—SHE WANTS ONLY DON. BUT DON DOESN'T COME TO OUR HOUSE ANY MORE
WELL, I KNOW DON, AND YOUR SISTER. AND IF SHE'LL JUST SEE HER DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH—I'LL PROMISE TO HAVE DON AT YOUR HOUSE BY CHRISTMAS!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
SANTA CLAUS DID IT, ALL RIGHT! SIS GOT HER MISTER—AND THE RIGHT ONE, TOO!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM twice a day and before every date!

might be the beginning of the answer to something. He said, "That hall maid back at my new hotel . . ."

He found a hall maid. He invited her into the apartment. He pulled out his wallet and took from it a small but clear snapshot of his brother and Nita. "I want you to look carefully at the young lady in this picture. Has she ever—so far as you can remember—occupied this apartment?"

The maid was frowning. "No, sir. Not as I know of, sir. But I think I recognize her."

"You do!" Alan tried to keep the excitement out of his voice. "What's her name?"

"I'm sure I don't remember, sir. But she was here for a few days a little more than a month ago. I was on day duty then. She had a single apartment right on this floor."

Alan realized that at last they were making progress.

"A little more than a month ago," the maid had said. That *might* be—it certainly *could* be—just about the time that Lynn had been attacked. Alan said, "Look—I believe you're right, but I've got to be sure. You have lots of guests here, and you might be mistaken."

"Not about that lady, I ain't." The maid was positive. "She was terrible kind to me when I was sick."

"Let's have more of that. Try to remember everything . . . please."

"Well, that wouldn't be hard, sir. That young lady in the picture, she wasn't like some others I could name. She treated us maids like human beings. Always a cheerful good morning, and a joke or something. She was real nice, sir."

"And about your being sick . . . ?"

"Well, one morning I went into her apartment and started cleaning up. She talked along with me, nice as you please. She gave me some candy. Some chocolate mushmellers. I love chocolate mushmellers."

Alan asked, "What did you talk about?"

"Oh, this and that. But we didn't talk much because all of a sudden I started feeling sick. Honest, for an hour or so, I like to have died. And that lady, she took care of me like I was her own sister. She made me lay down and she put cold towels to me. She wouldn't leave me call nobody else . . . just took care of me as gentle an' sweet . . ."

"You were sick about an hour?"

"Not much longer, sir. After it was over, I felt awful drug out. She wanted to order me some coffee, but I said, no, I'd imposed on her enough. I sure wish there were more people in the world like her."

Alan was excited. He was beginning—just beginning—to piece things together. He said, "That key at your belt, maid . . . does that open all the doors on this floor?"

"Oh, yes, sir. That's so we can get in to clean up when the people ain't there."

"Would that key open every door in the hotel?"

"No, sir. Only the master key down at the desk would do that. I think this is what they call a semimaster. We speak of 'em as floor keys."

"And when you go in a room to clean it . . . ?"

"Well, you see, at the end of this chain is the sign saying Maid. It's the house rules that we got to leave that in the lock while we're inside."

"Good." Alan took a five-dollar bill from his wallet and pressed it into the maid's hand. "One more thing. Is there a vacant apartment on this floor—now?"

"Well, not vacant, sir. But there's two or three that the people who are in 'em ain't in 'em. They're out."

"Take me to one. Please."

WALKING down the hall, Alan asked the maid, "That day you ate the chocolate marshmallows and were sick . . . did this young lady stay with you all the time?"

"Yes, sir. Every single instant. If she had of been my own mother, she couldn't of been more devoted."

She paused in front of a door, and said, "Ain't nobody in there, sir."

Once again Alan produced the key which Nita had left with her oddly assorted possessions. Prayerfully, he slipped it into the lock. It worked. He successfully tried one other door on the hall. He thanked the maid and dragged Lynn into the elevator. His excitement had communicated itself to her.

They walked down the block and then he steered her into an armchair restaurant to escape the cold. They took coffee, and Alan said, "Just so we could talk . . ."

Lynn said, "I get part of it, Alan. Not all. The key Nita left was a maid's key—it would fit any door on that floor."

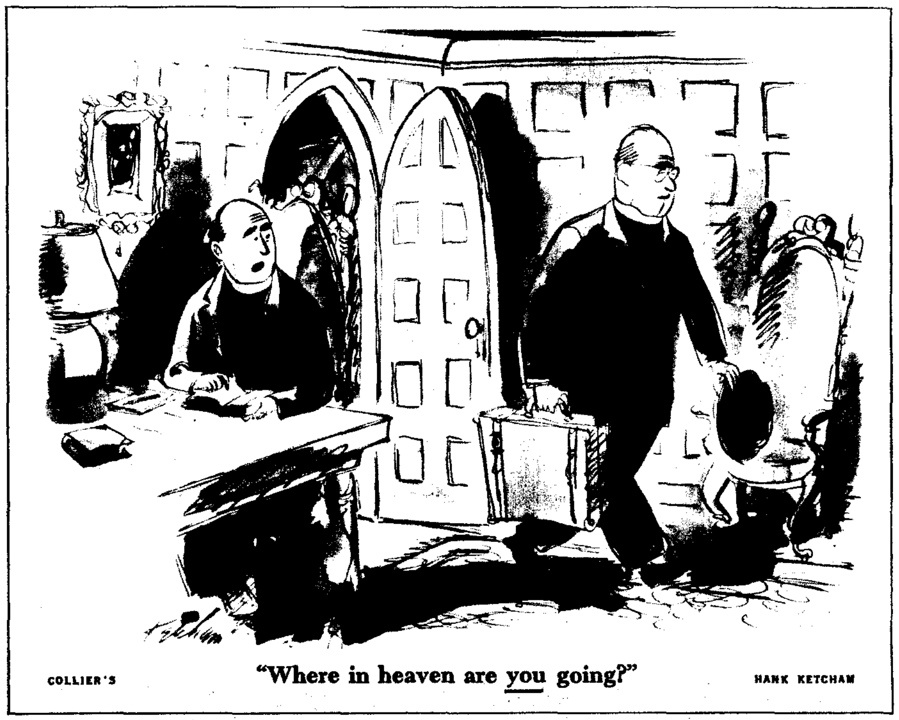
"Including 1105, the Apex apartment door. Anyone having that key could have let himself—or herself—into the apartment and waited for you. The telephone call was a fake. But we're certain that it came from someone who knew the office routine. What's more . . . Good Lord! It's incredible."

"What is?"

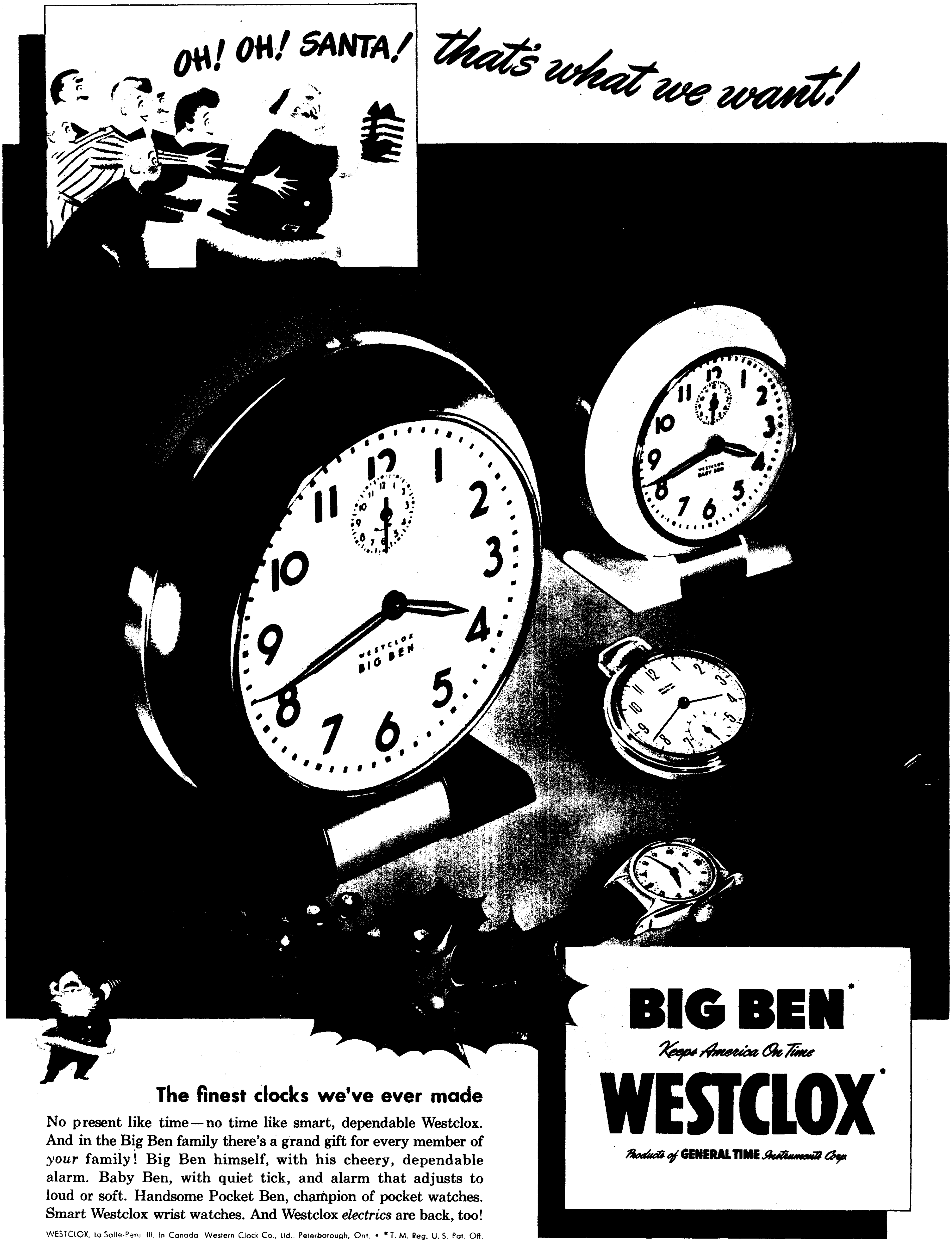
"The chocolate marshmallows! The maid eating them and getting sick. Nita nursing her."

"You're miles ahead of me, Alan."

"I'm ahead of myself. Remember my telling you that one of the things in Nita's package was a box of pellets that



COLLIER'S "Where in heaven are you going?" HANK KETCHAM


OH! OH! SANTA!
that's what we want!
WESTCLOX BIG BEN
WESTCLOX BABY BEN

The finest clocks we've ever made

No present like time—no time like smart, dependable Westclox. And in the Big Ben family there's a grand gift for every member of *your* family! Big Ben himself, with his cheery, dependable alarm. Baby Ben, with quiet tick, and alarm that adjusts to loud or soft. Handsome Pocket Ben, champion of pocket watches. Smart Westclox wrist watches. And Westclox *electrics* are back, too!

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru Ill. In Canada Western Clock Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont. • *T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BIG BEN*

Keeps America On Time

WESTCLOX*

Products of **GENERAL TIME** *Instruments Corp.*

this engineer doesn't mind stresses and strains!

TIMELY CLOTHES

longer

Stresses and strains are important in clothes as well as engineering. That's why the gentleman above is wearing Timely Clothes. For he knows that Timely Clothes alone, have Balanced Tailoring* — a scientific combination of hand tailoring for soft shapeliness, plus machine sewing for extra strength. And he also knows that they are moderately priced, $45 to $75.

Write for the name of the dealer nearest you. ***TIMELY CLOTHES****, Inc., Rochester 2, N. Y.*

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

the police laboratories analyzed as apomorphine hydrochloride?"

"Yes."

"That's a violent emetic. It's customarily used to rid the system of poison . . . but, poison or not, it's still an emetic. Remember also that there was a hypodermic syringe and some needles among Nita's souvenirs? Well, just suppose she had made a solution, injected it into the chocolate marshmallows, and had then fed the candy to the maid. It would make the woman ill, just as she described."

Lynn said, "But why?"

"Suppose Nita had a confederate outside, someone who knew what would be happening. Suppose that confederate waited until he heard sounds of the maid being sick. Why couldn't that person then take the maid's key, carry it to a neighborhood locksmith and have one or more duplicates made? The maid's key could be returned long before she'd be recovered from the illness . . . and someone would have a key that would unlock every door on that hall."

Lynn said, "I can't believe that of Nita."

"You've got to believe it of her. Oh, I'll check with a doctor . . . but I'm certain it'll figure out that way. And right now we're going over to tell Max Gold what we've run into."

Once again they were in a taxi, whirling across to the West Side of town.

Lynn said, "Suppose it *was* that way, Alan. Why would Nita want to kill me? Why would she be mixed up in it? And if she was . . . why would *she* have been killed?"

Alan felt suddenly deflated. He said, "Maybe Max can figure some of those answers. I can't. But I guarantee this much, darling, we've gotten somewhere. And that's an awful lot better than being nowhere at all."

Fortunately, for his own elation, he couldn't read Lynn's thoughts. Because she turned his statement over in her mind, and said to herself: "Is it? I wonder!"

ALAN GORDON picked Lynn up in the lobby of the Zenith Building. Odd, he reflected, as he looked at her, how the kick of meeting her never grew less. Her beauty always impressed him as something he'd never really seen before. He grinned down at her and said, "You're so lovely, Lynn—you make me want to do something about it."

"Can you wait until we get home?"

His eyes brightened. "Is that where we're going?"

"What's your vote?"

She knew the answer. She slipped her hand in his and they stepped into the street. The footing was tricky, the traffic heavy . . . but they didn't care.

They headed east. On Madison they went into their favorite place, which was a combination market and delicatessen. There they had a great deal of fun selecting their menu: two small T-bone steaks, spinach (the frozen kind), a can of cream of tomato soup, half a dozen rolls, a can of green peas.

Alan said, "Will it always be this kind of fun—after we're married?"

"Always," she promised. "I'll even teach you how to cook."

The snowfall was heavier. It came down steadily, relentlessly. The edges of roofs were beginning to pile high with snow, the ruts in the street became deeper and uglier. Alan said, "It's the kind of night that it's fun to get out of."

Then they went to Lynn's apartment. Magically, they were enjoying themselves. Just a young man and a young woman in love, playing the domestic game. Their conversation was casual and inconsequential. They deliberately kept it light, and there was an almost tangible feeling of relief that it could be that way.

After dinner Lynn snuggled into the crook of Alan's left arm. He put his hand under her chin and tilted her head back. She looked astonishingly young, disturbingly desirable. He kissed her.

"Nice," he said.

"Awful nice."

"More?"

"Yes."

The telephone rang. The jangle of the bell was sharp, penetrating, disturbing. Lynn stiffened in Alan's arms, her lips drew away from his. He looked down at her and saw—for the first time that night—an expression which he had hoped never to see again.

Once more the telephone rang. This time it was louder, longer, more imperious. Lynn picked up the phone and said, "Hello . . ."

She held out the phone toward Alan. "Lieutenant Gold. He wants you."

Alan said, "Hello."

"Gold talking. Something interesting."

"How interesting?"

"Dunno. You want in?"

"What do you think?"

"Good idea. Never can tell what pops up. Miss Sheridan very sleepy?"

"I wouldn't think so. But look . . ."

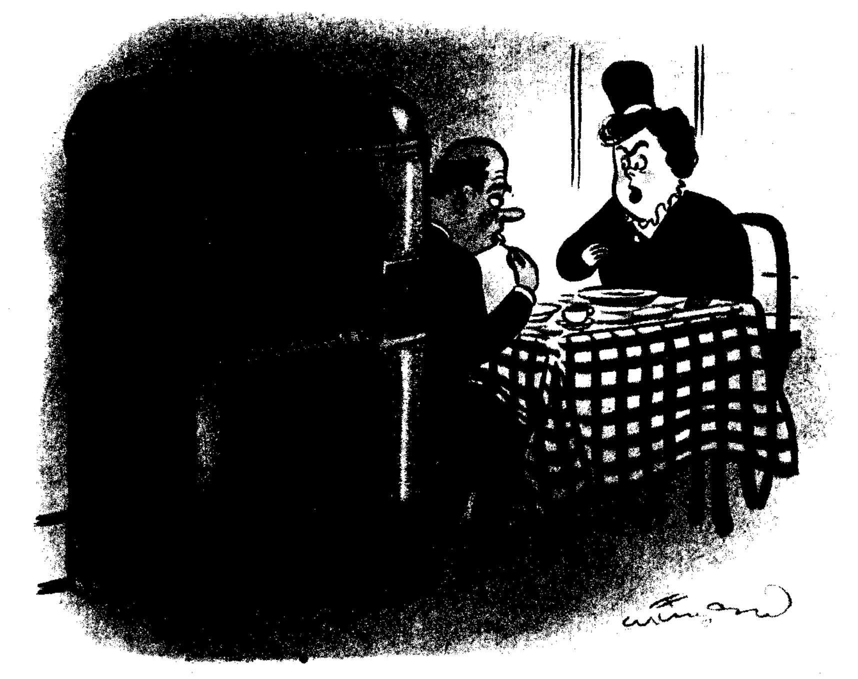
"It'll be okay for her. I got reinforcements. Andy Sullivan and Vic Orlando."

Alan said, "Where are you?"

"Lobby of the Zenith Building. How long it take you to get over?"

"We're on the way."

They put on their galoshes again;



"Put another nickel in the juke box, I can't see my food!"

COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON

Make it a Buxton Billfold!

for dad . . .

The Buxton Stitchless—one piece of leather, self-interlocked. Guaranteed not to give out in normal use before the leather itself wears out . . . or we'll replace it free! 3-Way Model with the Secret Pocket, from **$5.50** + tax. Partition Model, from **$4** + tax.

for mother . . .

The 3-Way Lady Buxton—invert the separate innerfold to make a Secret Hideaway, use it right-side-up to form 3 full-length compartments, or carry it as a separate, slim billfold. Choice of 6 color combinations, from **$4.50** + tax. Partition Model, from **$2.75** + tax.

for sister . . .

The Lady Buxton Bigfold, extra-roomy with handy snap-tab closing. Like every Lady Buxton, the Bigfold has the detachable Magic Purse. Morocco-grained Sheepskin, **$4.50** + tax.

for brother . . .

The Stitchless Buxton* Zip Model. Patented "Zip-Guard" closing won't *ever* jam . . . papers and bills will *never* catch in it. From **$5** + tax.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
BUXTON, INC.
SPRINGFIELD 1, MASS.

Not a single stitch to rip or rot! 3-Way Buxton Stitchless in polished pigskin ——— $10.

Magic Purse can be detached. 3-Way Lady Buxton in Grained Sheepskin ——— 4.50

3 large windows! Bigfold in Grained Sheepskin ——— 4.50

Patented "Zip-Guard" closing. In Morocco Goat. ——— $6.

Lady Buxton
Magic Purse

All prices subject to 20% federal tax

CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE

*F-N TEST?

*F-N the famous Finger Nail Test

1. It's F-N, the test for men! The "Finger Nail Test!" Scratch your head and see if you find dryness or loose, ugly dandruff. If so, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Buy the large size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. Only a little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps your hair well groomed all day long without a trace of that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN!

3. LANOLIN is an oil resembling the natural oil of the human skin! No wonder 4 out of 5 users in a nation-wide test preferred Wildroot Cream-Oil to other preparations formerly used. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

IMPORTANT: *Smart women use Wildroot Cream-Oil for quick grooming, and to relieve dryness. Also excellent for training children's hair!*

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
FORMULA
for the hair
contains LANOLIN
NON-ALCOHOLIC
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
WILDROOT CO., INC.

TUNE IN . . . 2 Network Shows! "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Sat. afternoons, NBC Network.

Alan felt a premonition of something vital. Gold wasn't the sort to go off half cocked.

They rode down Fifth Avenue. The Zenith Building stretched up interminably, its tip lost in the snow.

Now, at 1:30 in the morning, the Zenith lobby was oppressively silent. All of the elevator banks except one were roped off. An old man, looking bewildered and uncertain, presided over a table, and back near the functioning elevator, Max Gold, Andy Sullivan and Vic Orlando were talking to him rapidly, arguing.

When Alan and Lynn started forward, Max came to meet them, smiling in a hard, businesslike manner. "I think we got it."

Alan waited.

"It started an hour ago—just about. People going up in this building after eight o'clock have to check with the watchman. They got to sign in. Couple weeks ago, Ellsworth Morley and Larry Anderson both started worrying about what might happen to Trent Advertising if this thing kept rolling. They left word with the watchman that when anybody—no matter who—checked into their office after hours, they were to be called. Well, two people checked in tonight. The watchman says he couldn't get Morley on the phone. But he did get Anderson."

Alan said, "Two people went up to the office?"

"Together." Gold didn't attempt to conceal his elation. "They're the two people we've been trying to tie together, the two people who couldn't be made to fit. But they fit now. They got here together. They went up to the Trent offices together. They're up there now."

"Who?"

"The two who *had* to be connected if my theory was right. Lew Murray and Gloria Clayton!"

MAX was still talking, his words close-clipped and precise: "Ever since Mrs. Gordon was knocked off, we had a tail on Lew Murray. Tonight it was Orlando. Tell 'em what happened, Vic."

The broad, swarthy man was pleased with his moment of spotlight. "I was standin' across the street from the joint where this Murray lives. I was all over snow, and plenty cold. I was thinking there wasn't no percentage in bein' a cop. Anyway, just as I'm about to turn into an icicle, comes Murray. He's movin' fast.

"I pick him up an' tail him to the subway. He hops a local an' gets off at 50th. He heads for this building. He walks inside an' I stay out, making like a snow man. I see him start talkin' to a babe." Detective Orlando gave a brief demonstration of what, coming from a civilian, might have been interpreted as a wolf call. "Wotta dame! If I'd been off duty I'd maybe of tried to muscle in. I think it's this Gloria Clayton, but I ain't sure. I'm on the outside, lookin' in.

"Anyway, he's handin' her a fast line. She doesn't seem very happy, but she ain't sayin' no, either. Finally they walk over to the watchman and start giving him the business. Then they sign the book and go up in the elevator. I come in and see from the book who it is: Lew Murray and Gloria Clayton. The elevator comes back about that time, and the boy tells me they got off at the 48th floor. The setup looks hot, so I give Lieutenant Gold a call. He says to hold it, an' see they don't get out, he's on the way over."

Orlando looked quite pleased with himself. So did Max Gold. He said, "You see what this means, don't you?"

"What?" Lynn asked.

"What we needed all along was a tie-up between Murray and Gloria Clayton. She had all kinds of reason for doing everything that's been done, but we couldn't figure any contact she had in the Trent office. Murray stacked up as the best answer. He worked in the place. He could hear what was going on. Only we never doped out an angle for him. Now that we got those two tied up . . ."

Lynn said, "That still doesn't give Lew any motive for wanting to kill me."

"None that we know of. But that doesn't mean there ain't any. A gal that's got what Gloria Clayton has, she can make a man say 'Uncle' any time."

"Lew is old."

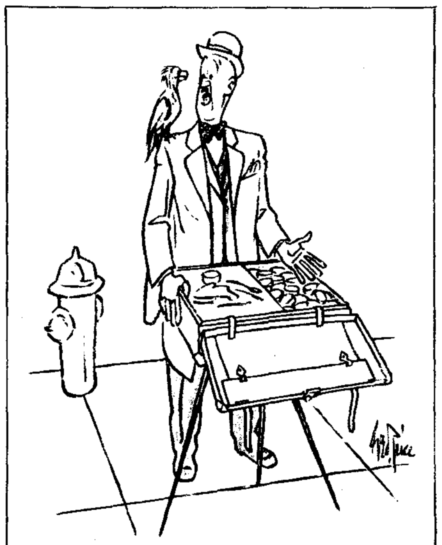
"He ain't *that* old, Miss Sheridan. Anyway, they're up there. Right now. It ain't just to look at the snow falling. So maybe we go visit 'em, huh?"

The elevator glided smoothly up and up and up. Lynn shook her head. "I can't believe it, Alan. I simply can't."

Because he couldn't tell her that he thought she was too sentimental for her own good, Alan couldn't say anything.

Anything might happen when they barged in on Lew and Gloria, Alan knew. He'd always believed that Murray was tough, not just tough-talking, but really hard. His eyes held no more warmth than those of a dead fish.

The bomb. The more he thought about the bomb, the less likely it appeared that Lynn had been the intended victim there. The method was too roundabout. It looked as though the would-be murderer wanted him—Alan—out of the way. If Lynn went, too . . . that would be just so much gravy.



"Understand, now? All through my sales talk you keep murmuring, 'How true, how true!'"

COLLIER'S GEORGE PRICE

Nita and himself. Why? Because they'd been too interested in tracking down the danger to Lynn? That had to be the answer.

The elevator door opened with a soft, swishing noise. Gold said, "Take her down, son. Don't answer any calls from this floor or the 47th unless I give it two shorts and a long. Got that?"

The tremendous reception room of the Trent Advertising main offices was lighted by one forlorn ceiling light. Behind all of the doors except one there was darkness.

But that one door was brilliant. The light behind it was on full, so that you couldn't miss the sign: TRANSCRIPTION ROOM.

A woman's scream pierced the silence.

Alan wrapped his fingers around Lynn's arm, and kept a half step in front of her.

Three seconds, four. The door of the transcription room burst open. Lew Murray backed out, jamming something into his overcoat pocket.

He still had his hand on the butt of the gun, when he sensed their presence. Then he moved, fast, leaping for the doorway leading to the fire steps. Lew Murray went through the door before anyone could move.

Alan Gordon was the first to follow.

Almost before the fire door had finished closing behind the fleeing figure, Alan reached it. He heard the others pounding after him, heard Lynn's voice, urgent with warning: "Alan! Careful! He's got a gun!"

Down the three short flights of concrete steps which doubled back on one another Alan raced. Halfway down he heard the door of 47 close. That was the utility floor: storerooms, accounting department, packing and shipping room. That was where Lew Murray worked, and Lew knew every nook and cranny.

Alan put his hand on the knob of the fire door, opened it swiftly and flung himself on the floor, half expecting to hear a shot. He crawled to the shelter of a double line of shelving which stretched from floor to ceiling, then clambered to his feet and stood motionless, listening.

Something moved. Lew Murray. It had to be. Alan eased forward. Back of him somewhere a door opened and closed. That would be the cops. And Lynn.

Murray must have heard the distant sound, too. Alan saw a movement of the overcoat.

Alan moved fast, swinging around the corner of the high shelving. His arms closed around the figure of Lew Murray.

LEW fought viciously, with amazing strength. He twisted and turned and kicked and bit. Alan pinioned his arms, using his superior weight to force the man back and back and back, back against the shelves. Then he brought the top of his head full against Murray's face.

Murray collapsed. He hit the floor hard. Alan was on him, holding him down. Lew's eyes blazed up at him. But still the little man did not speak.

Max Gold and Andy Sullivan grabbed Lew Murray and yanked him to his feet. Vic Orlando ran expert fingers over him, and took out a gun. It was an ugly, businesslike .38 Special.

Gold wasted no time starting for the fire stairs. He said, over his shoulder, "Bring him along. Make it snappy."

They ran back to the 48th floor. Alan could hear Lynn follow him in, then the heavy movements of Sullivan, Orlando and Lew Murray.

One person was in the reception room. Gloria Clayton. Her eyes were big with fright. She stood staring at them, one hand pressed against her lips as though to choke back another scream.

Then she saw Lew Murray, saw the handcuffs. She closed her eyes, held them shut for a moment and opened them again.

Max Gold started toward her, walking lightly on the balls of his feet. Alan could almost hear what he was thinking: This dame is in it with Murray. Maybe she's got a gun, too.

Gloria stood where she was, staring, making no move. She waited until Gold got close. Then she pointed to the door of the transcription room. Just pointed, saying nothing. Gold grabbed her arm, and said, "Come along, sister . . ."

There was a brown leather couch against the far wall of the room. A man was sprawled out on it. He was wearing an overcoat and gloves, but no hat. The hat was lying in the middle of the floor.

The man was unconscious. There was a deep, ugly gash over his left eyebrow. Blood ran down over the steel-gray suit, over the expensive shirt and necktie. It dripped onto the floor.

Gloria said, in a hard, harsh voice, "Murray hit him—with the gun."

Lynn and Alan ran across the room to the couch. Andy Sullivan was right beside them. He looked down at the bleeding figure and then up at the others. "Who is it?"

Lynn said, "It's Larry Anderson. The son-in-law of Stewart Trent."

Max Gold told Orlando to call a doc-

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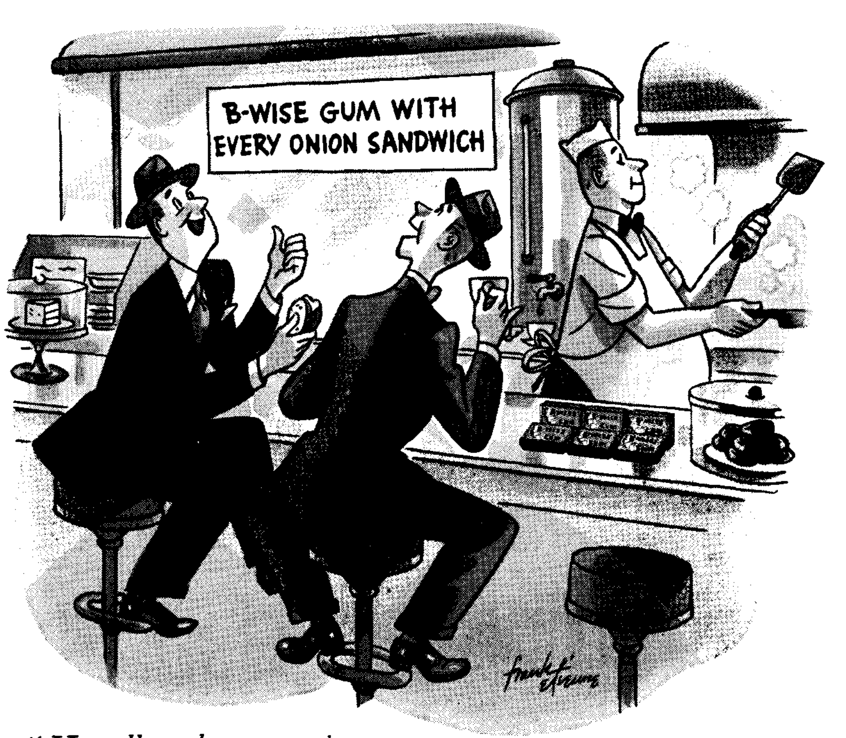
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tor. He felt Anderson's pulse, listened to his breathing. "I don't think he's hurt bad . . ."

Then Gold turned to Lew Murray.

"Now," he said, "is where we start hearing a little truth." He put his hands on Lew's shoulders and shook him. "All right, birdie," he said grimly, "start singing."

Gold began: "First, where'd you get that gun?"

Lew moistened his lips. "It belongs here. They keep it in the cashier's cage," he explained.

The lieutenant jerked his head toward the figure of Larry Anderson. "Did you slug him?"

Gloria broke in: "I told you once. Murray hit Mr. Anderson with the gun."

"That right, Lew?"

Murray said, "Yes, I hit him."

"Why?"

"He walked in, and—"

"He was going to murder me!" Gloria's voice was shrill. "He pulled the gun on me. Then Mr. Anderson walked in. He started for Murray. That's when he was hit."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Clayton—Murray was gonna murder you?"

"He said he was. He said if I didn't do what he told me, he'd kill me."

"That's a lie," Lew said hoarsely. "I just said she'd better, or else."

LYNN had vanished into another office. Now she came back carrying towels and cold water. She and Alan started working over the unconscious Larry Anderson. A shudder passed through his body. Lynn said, "Mr. Anderson seems to be coming around, Lieutenant."

"Keep workin' on him." Gold turned his attention back to Murray.

"Come on, you. Give! What were you doin' here? Why'd you sap Mr. Anderson? Why'd you get the gun outa the cashier's cage and threaten to kill Mrs. Clayton? What's the tie-up between you two?"

"Listen, you gotta do one thing. Just one thing."

"Oh, I do—do I? So *you're* telling *me* now, huh?"

"It's important, Lieutenant. It'll explain everything." Lew pointed across the room. "Play that record," he said. "Play it."

"Music we gotta have . . ." Max was angry.

Lynn followed the direction of Lew's pointing finger and saw the recording machine. The turntable was moving, turning a record . . . a record that was still being cut.

"Play it!" Lew whined. "Please, Miss Sheridan, make him play that record."

Lynn said, "Why not, Lieutenant?"

Max didn't think much of the idea. "Who knows how to run that contraption?"

"I do," said Lew. There seemed to be a trace of hope in his voice. "I help out in the transcription room a lot." He moved swiftly to the machine, switched it to playback, held the needle poised over it. He looked around the room, and said with desperate earnestness, "You gotta listen . . . you all gotta listen. Careful."

Larry Anderson was stirring. Alan put a hand on his shoulder and said, "You're all right. Just take it easy."

Anderson said something which Max didn't catch. He wasn't much interested, anyway. It seemed to him that they were wasting a lot of valuable time. "Play it, Murray."

The little man placed the needle carefully on the record. There was a scratching sound as the huge wax disk moved under the needle. Murray held up his hand as a signal. Then it came. A woman's voice, unsteady, but clear:

"Is this the Homicide Squad? Well, listen carefully. Send someone right away to the Wallace Arms Apartments. Number 18-A. The young lady who lives there is named Lynn Sheridan. She has just been murdered."

There was a moment of incredulous silence. Then Gold said, "I'll be damned! That's the exact call we got the night I walked in on Miss Sheridan . . ."

Lynn was looking at Lew Murray. He put the needle back to the beginning and played the words again. They became more forceful, more incredible, for their very repetition.

This time he didn't lift the needle. Again there was the sound of scratching. Then the same voice, calling another number. Gold said, "The ambulance service."

From the machine there came the sound of a door opening and closing. Then Larry Anderson's voice: "Hey! What's going on in here?"

From Gloria: "Help! This man . . ."

Murray's voice: "Keep out of this, you." The "you" was obviously Larry Anderson.

Gloria: "He's trying to kill me."

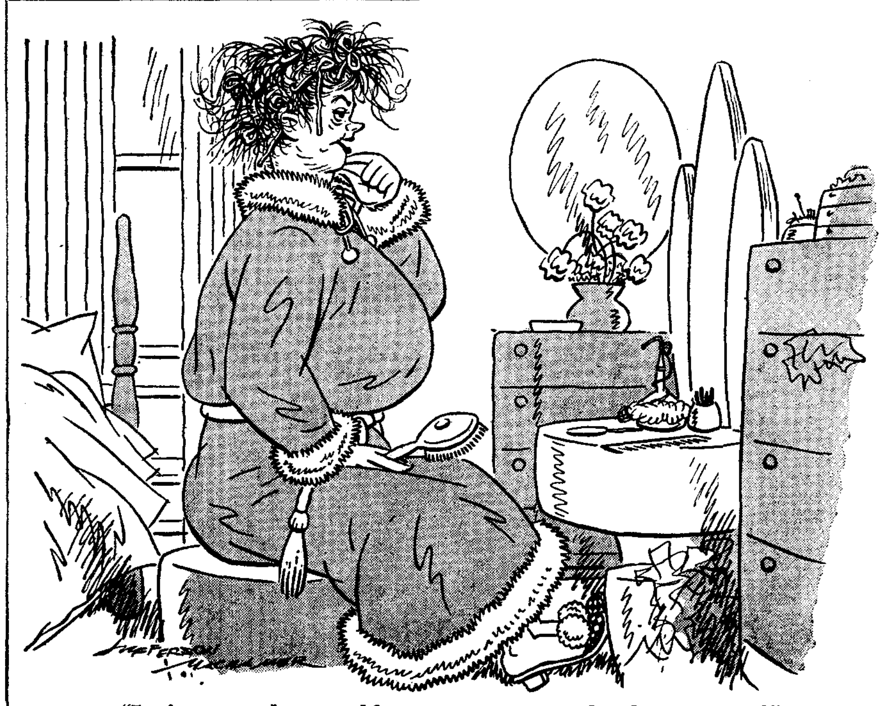
Anderson: "Get away from that girl or I'll—"

Murray: "Keep your nose outa this. Stay right there."

Anderson: "Stand back, miss."

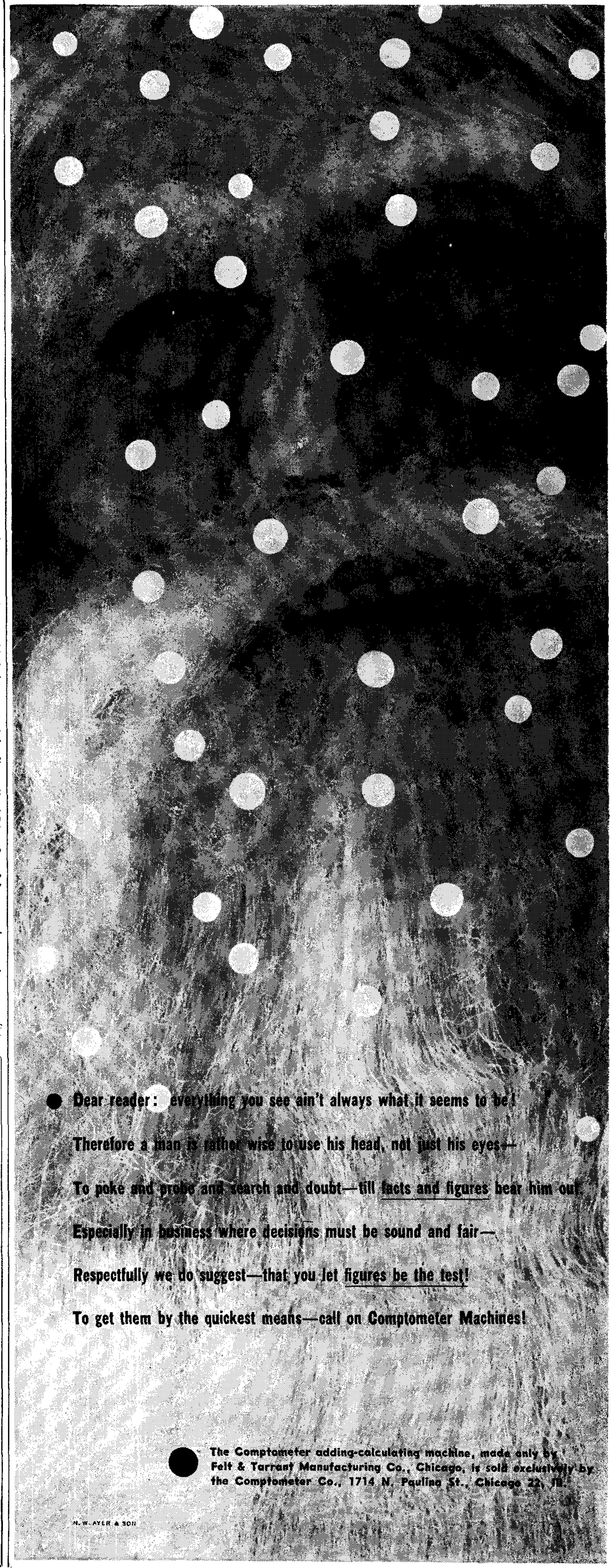
Murray: "I warned you!"

Then the record played the sound of



"Let's see—what would I guess my age to be this morning?"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER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metal on human flesh, a piercing scream from Gloria Clayton, the sound of racing feet, and the opening of a door. Then a confused murmur.

"That's where we came in," Max said. "That's when Lew slugged Mr. Anderson." He looked reverently at the transcription machine. "Evidence! What beautiful evidence!"

Lew lifted the needle. "Don't you get it, Lieutenant? Doesn't it mean anything to you?"

Larry Anderson struggled to his feet, and wrenched himself away from Lynn's grasp, toward Lew Murray. "So you slugged me, did you? Why, you—"

Max stepped in his path. "Hold it, Mr. Anderson. No use jumping the guy now."

"But that record!" Anderson was shaking with fury. "Don't you realize it's a frame-up? That isn't her voice."

Gold forced Anderson back toward the couch. "But it *is* her voice, Mr. Anderson. She made the record just now." He turned to Gloria. "That *was* you talking, wasn't it, Mrs. Clayton?"

"Yes."

"You were making the record when Mr. Anderson walked in?"

"Yes. Murray was holding the gun on me. He was going to kill me . . . !"

"Look," said Max, "we're going around in circles . . ."

"The record!" Murray was insistent. "That voice on the record, Lieutenant . . ."

Larry Anderson said, "I get it now. Murray has been doing the killing. The woman was helping him—"

"That's a lie!" screamed Gloria, but Anderson went right on:

"—He forced her to make this record. He intended to throw it in your lap, Lieutenant. He wanted to saddle her with the whole blame."

Gold said, "What did you see when you walked in, Mr. Anderson? We heard what you said, and what happened—but what did you see?"

"I saw Murray holding a gun on the woman."

"Did you notice that the recording machine was going?"

"No!"

"You went over to take the gun away from him . . ."

"You heard it. He hit me." Larry winced as he touched the wound on his forehead.

Gold whirled on Lew Murray. "Why'd you do it, Murray?"

"The voice! Gloria Clayton's voice!"

"What about it?"

"You cops are so damn' dumb. I knew she was the one did the telephoning. I thought if the man who took the calls heard the exact words, he'd recognize the voice. So I made her cut the record—"

"How long have you known Gloria?" Gold asked.

"I never met her before."

"Don't give me that. Lying ain't gonna help."

"Look, Lieutenant . . . I never met her. I knew about her—sure. Miss Sheridan told me. I heard gossip around the office. I figured you'd let things go on and on until finally she'd get Miss Sheridan like she started out to do in the first place."

"You're accusing Gloria Clayton of the murders?"

"Of course, Lieutenant," Murray said. "It had to be her. Maybe her and her husband together."

GLORIA started to say something, but Gold put his hand over her mouth. "You'll have your inning, sister. Let this guy keep on talkin' himself into the electric chair."

He turned again to Lew. "So, never having met the dame, you called her up, and she came right out to meet you. Is that what you're asking me to believe?"

"Yes. It's the truth. I made up my mind to do this thing. I knew I was sticking my neck out, but that didn't seem to matter. Miss Sheridan is the only friend I got. So I called Gloria Clayton and told her who I was. I said I worked at Trent Advertising. I said I thought I had some positive dope on who killed her husband, and how it was done. I figured that would get her either way. If she was guilty, she'd come down here to find out what I knew. If she was innocent, she'd come for the same reason."

"And then?"

"I met her in the lobby. We checked in. I brought her up here. I had snitched the gun from the cashier's cage during the day. I got her up to the microphone and gave her the papers I had written out."

"What did she do?"

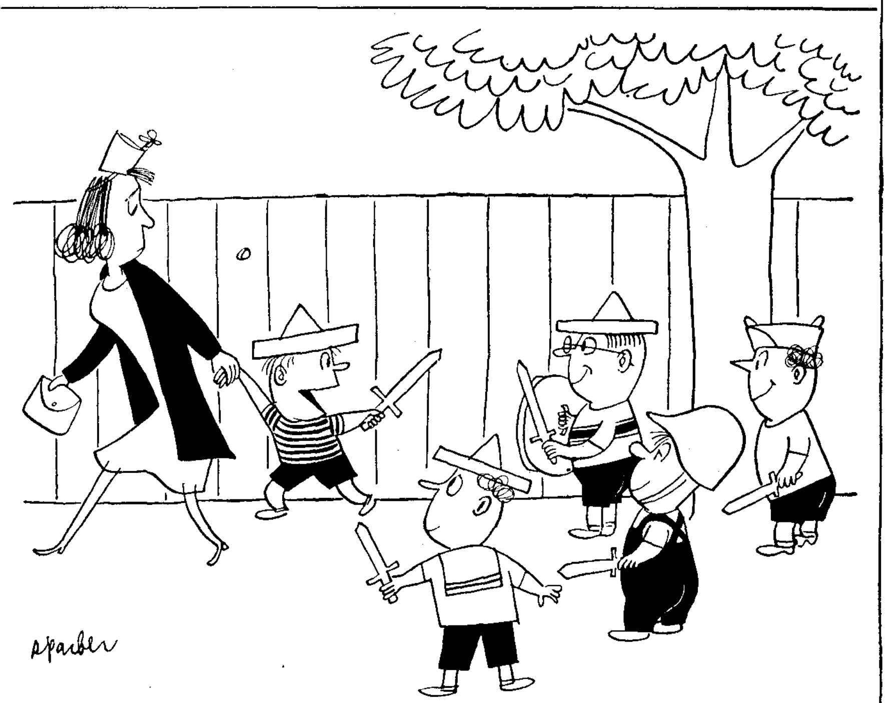
"She flung a fit."

"So you threatened to kill her?"

"Yes." Lew wasn't holding anything back. "A little thing like a threat wasn't stopping me when I'd gone this far. I wanted her voice on the record . . . speaking those exact words."

"You wouldn't have thought of bring-

TIMMY by **HOWARD SPARBER**



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ing that nifty little idea to us, would you?"

"A fine chance I'd have had. You knew I was an ex-con. From the first you've thought I done the murders . . . because that was the easiest way to think. I had to lay it right in your lap." He pointed to the record. "And there it is."

Gold shook his head. "You figure we'll fall for anything, don't you, Murray?"

"I'm telling you . . ."

"You told me enough. I don't want any more out of you. I got other people to talk to." Max's eyes moved to Gloria's drawn face. He said, "Murray didn't play any lone hand in this. You're in it with him. All I want is the details. You're in a spot, sister. What Mr. Anderson said is true: Murray knew he didn't have long to go. He figured to put it all on you, and then throw you to the wolves. So let's have your side of it."

Alan put his lips close to Lynn's ear. "I want to make a couple of phone calls," he whispered. "I'll be right back."

"How long has Murray been your boy friend?" Gold asked Gloria.

She didn't answer.

"What was the angle, sister? What did you and him figure to win?"

Still no answer.

"It was cute enough," Gold went on. "Those telephone calls—scaring Miss Sheridan. That'd make it look like your husband. Anybody who took the trouble to investigate could find out what a bum he was—and how he was cut in the head over Miss Sheridan. So you elected him the patsy. You tried to kill Alan because we'd be certain to think Floyd did it because he was jealous. You murdered Nita Gordon because she'd been asking too many questions."

Gloria's eyes burned into those of the detective, silently.

"The only other way I can dope it," continued Gold conversationally, "is that the three of you were working together: you, Floyd and Murray. Why, I still don't know. Then the bomb kills your husband. That wasn't expected. You don't like it. You get hysterical. Murray can't trust you any more. So he decides to wrap you up and hand you over to us."

GOLD looked at the others. They were trying to fit the pieces as neatly as he had indicated they could be made to fit Yet, Max wasn't elated. This hadn't come off quite as brilliantly as he had anticipated. "Well, what's wrong with that?"

"Everything is wrong with it, Lieutenant. I didn't have anything to do with any of it. Neither did Floyd."

"And, of course, Lew Murray didn't, either. Everybody that was killed is still alive. That's wonderful, sister."

She said, "I don't know whether or not Lew Murray did the killings. I think he did. But I wasn't in with him."

Alan came back into the room and stepped forward quietly. "Just a moment, Max. May I say something?"

"Okay, sonny. But make it snappy."

"I will. I'm not a detective, Max. But something just hit me."

"Why not?" inquired Max. "Everybody around here is lousy with ideas. It's time for you to come up with one."

"This is a different sort of idea. Right from the beginning you've been trying to figure a motive, haven't you? You've been wondering why anyone would want to murder Lynn Sheridan."

"Sure. I still am. Ain't you?"

"No. I'm convinced that nobody ever wanted to."

Gold stared.

"I think I've got it now," said Alan. "We've been on the wrong track from the beginning, Max. Someone planned to commit a murder. He did it. And he got the person he planned to get."

"You mean . . ?"

"Exactly. I'm positive that the intended victim was the man who actually was killed. Stewart Trent." . . .

Snow, drifting downward from bleak

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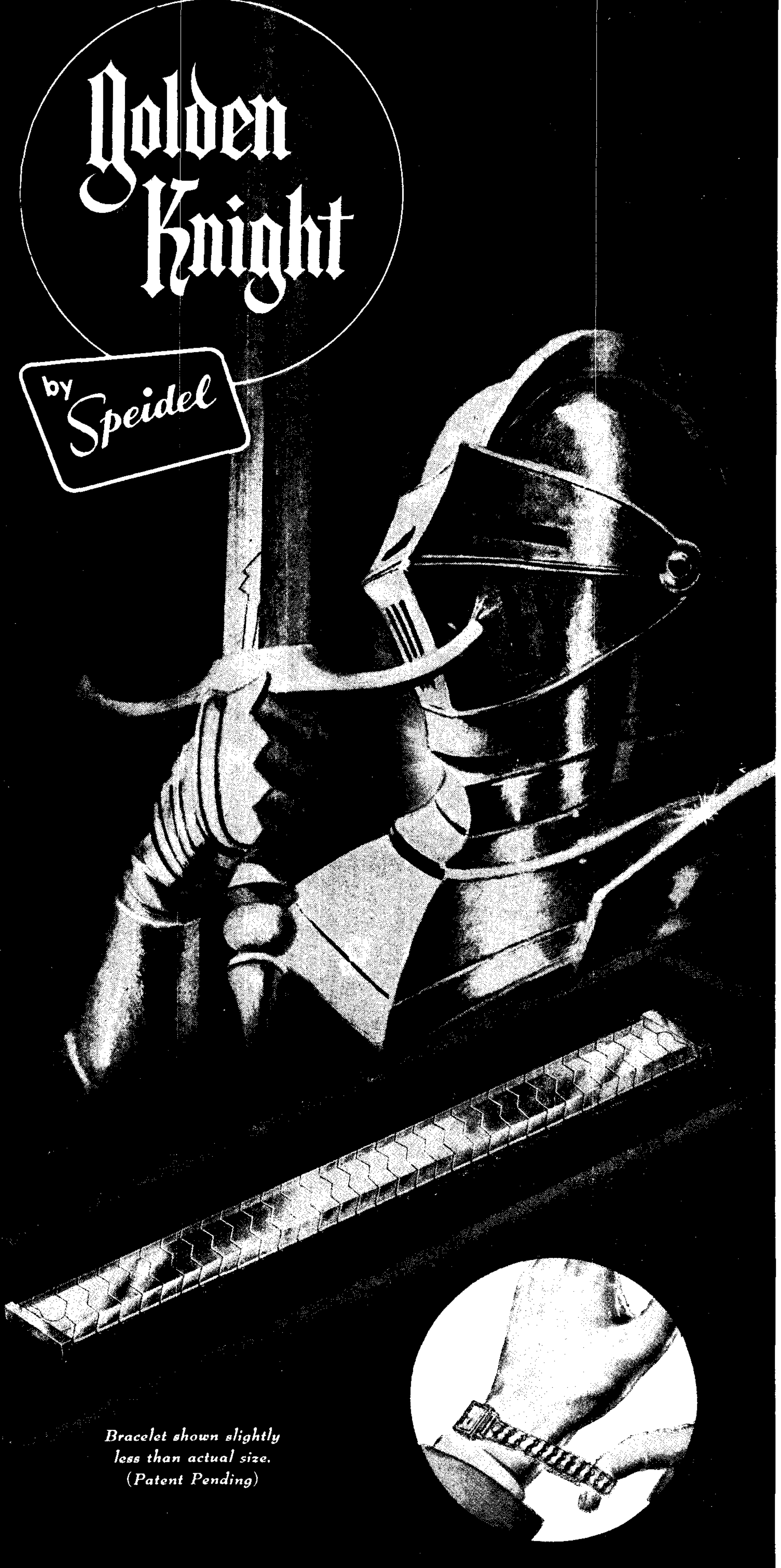

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early morning skies, patted against the windowpanes. Soft as was the sound it made, Lynn heard it during the few seconds of silence which followed Alan's statement.

Max Gold exhaled audibly. "You sure do toss monkey wrenches around, Alan. But you gotta have something to go on. You can't just pick a thing like that out of the air."

"I've got enough to go on."

"You mean that somebody set out to murder Stewart Trent? That they pulled all that horseplay with Miss Sheridan—the telephone calls and everything—just so when Trent was killed it would look like an accident?"

"Yes."

"That doesn't make sense. What would anybody gain by that?"

Alan said, "He'd gain plenty. He almost gained his freedom."

"What does that mean?"

"Right from the beginning you were looking for people who had motives for killing Lynn Sheridan. Right?"

"Yeah."

"But you never thought to ask why anybody would want to kill Stewart Trent, did you?"

"Well, no. On account . . ."

"Don't you see how slick the idea was? You could investigate the attacks on Lynn indefinitely and never get anywhere near the truth. You took it for granted—and so did everybody else—that Mr. Trent just happened to be in the path of a rifle bullet that was intended for Lynn. Which is precisely what the murderer wanted you to do."

Gold asked skeptically, "How come you got this brain wave all of a sudden?"

"I'll explain that in a minute. The important thing is that once the idea hit me, everything else fell into place. The whole story is so straight and simple, it's amazing that one of us didn't catch onto it long ago."

"Or so straight and simple," amended Max generously, "that it's a wonder anybody grabbed it." He took his time lighting a cigarette, then smiled thinly through the smoke. "What's the use kidding, Alan? This cigarette routine—that's just a stall for time. I know you're tossing me the ball. Thanks for the effort, sonny. Only trouble is, I still don't get it. If you've got this all so clear in your own mind, Alan, you must know who the murderer is."

Alan said, "Yes, I do." His face was grim.

"The murderer is Larry Anderson."

There was a moment of tense silence. Then Lynn said sharply, "Alan! You don't know what you're saying."

"I know what I'm saying, all right. Anderson killed Mr. Trent. He attacked you at the Rossmore. He murdered Nita, and tried to murder me."

Max focused his attention on the tall, powerful figure of Stewart Trent's son-in-law. Ridges showed on the sides of Larry's jaw, his eyes had narrowed.

Then Larry said, "Gordon is insane. He doesn't know what he's talking about."

Alan spoke calmly: "I've got it pegged, Larry. You came within an inch of getting away with it. Too bad your bomb killed the wrong guy."

Anderson rose. "I don't intend to take any more of this."

Gold's eyes flicked brief warning to Andy Sullivan and Vic Orlando.

Lynn's gaze had been shifting from one person to the other. "Even if this were so, Alan—someone must have helped him. Those telephone calls were made by a woman."

"Yes." Alan hesitated. "Nita Gordon."

"*Nita?* But that's incredible."

"Why?"

"She was your sister-in-law. My friend—"

"Nita was the woman," Alan said steadily. "She probably had no idea at the beginning what she was getting into. Then when Stewart Trent was killed, she found herself set in the role of accessory. She got scared, and—"

"And so," said Gold, picking it up, "she wrapped up a lot of stuff that looked like junk. She gave it to you for safekeeping. She told you she was afraid something might happen. Brother! How right she was." He turned to Lynn. "I think the kid's got something, Miss Sheridan. I don't know how he grabbed it, but it begins to make sense."

LARRY ANDERSON took a belligerent step toward Alan. "This is a damned outrage!" Vic Orlando grabbed his arm. "I'm the one this accusation is being thrown at. It's got to come up something more than words."

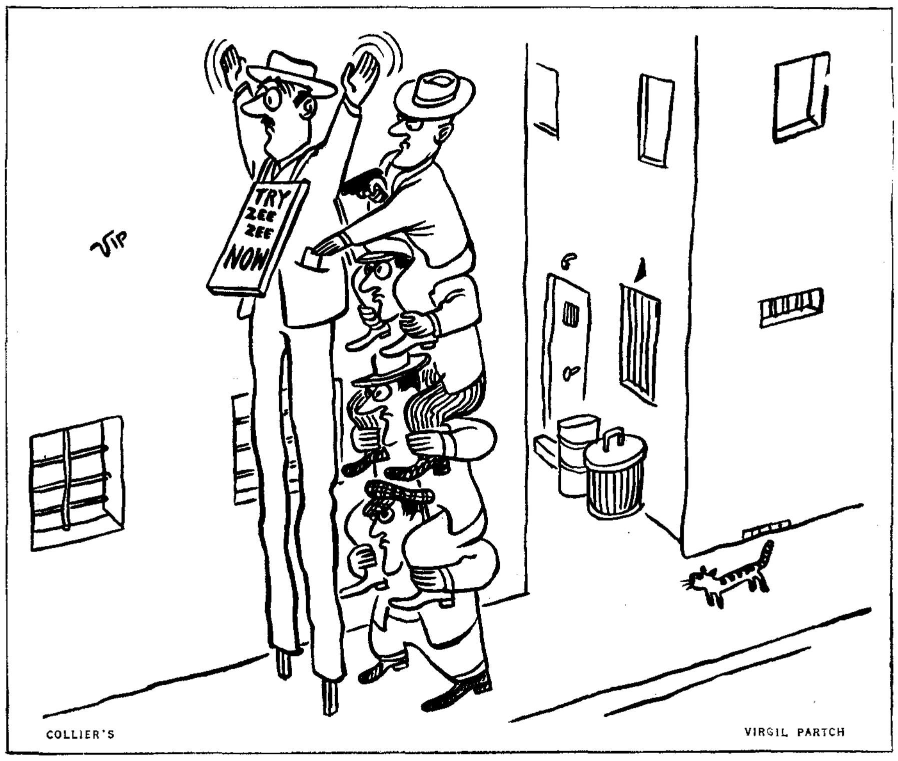
"It will," promised Alan. He stepped quite close to Larry. "Quite a playboy, aren't you, Anderson? A fast spender. You needed money."

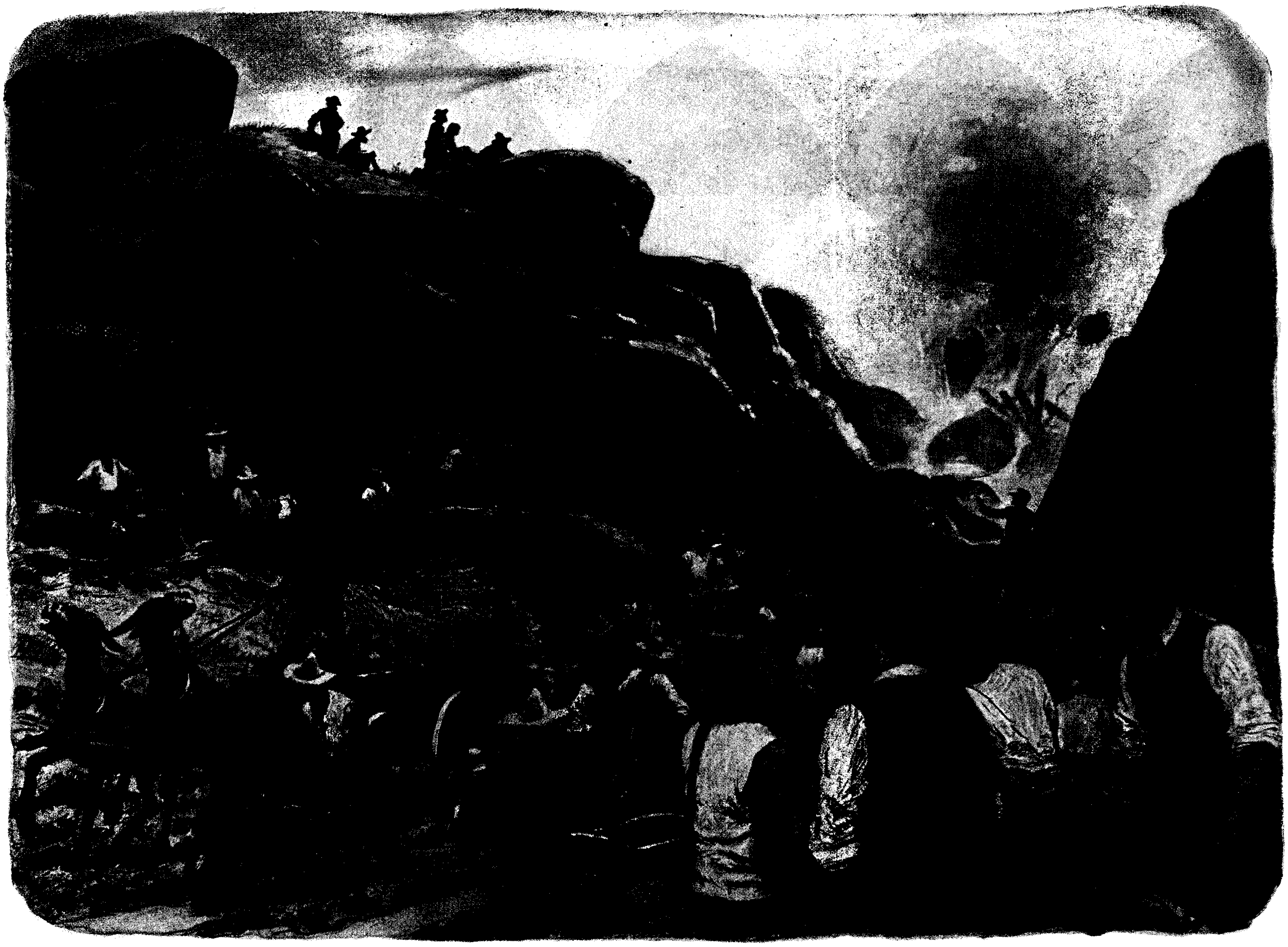
Larry laughed shortly. "That's one for the books. I'm married to Trent's daughter. Sooner or later, she would have inherited from him."

"Later. A lot later. Trent was in excellent health. He was a man of exemplary habits. You needed money right now."

Gold picked it up again. "How much salary are you getting, Anderson?"

The man hesitated. Then he answered,





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knowing that this was a matter which could be checked. "Two hundred a week. But Carol, my wife . . ."

"How much allowance did her old man give her?"

"Plenty."

"That's not true," Lynn said. "I suppose Mr. Trent gave her presents, but they weren't in the form of large sums of money. And there was no allowance."

"How do you know so much?" snapped Larry.

"Mr. Trent told me. He said he didn't believe in supporting other people."

"The old boy told you a lot, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"On account you had your hooks into him pretty deep yourself, didn't you?"

Lynn's face flushed. She saw Alan move, and stopped him with a word. "Let him talk, Alan," she said. "Maybe it's the best way to learn things."

Alan looked at her. "You're beginning to believe me, aren't you?"

"I don't know. At first, I thought it was absurd. Now, I'm not so sure."

Max Gold put his hand on Andy Sullivan's arm and drew him into the corner. He talked swiftly and earnestly to the big, florid detective. Every few seconds Andy would nod. Twice he said, "Sure . . . sure . . . I got it." Finally Andy started for the exit. At the door he called over his shoulder, "I'll pick him up right away, Lieutenant."

Gold said, "And bring him here. But quick."

THE door closed behind Sullivan. Gold said to Alan, "How's about handing us a little more of this?"

"I'll do my best. It's all new to me, remember. The hunch hit me just a few minutes ago. I'm still confused on some points.

"Anderson's got personality. He's smart. Lynn has told me he's not a good businessman. In fact, he told me that himself."

"When?"

"One night shortly after Stewart Trent's death. His wife, Carol, wanted to make him president of the firm. He laughed it off. He was very charming. Of course he didn't want to be president. Sooner or later someone might get the idea that Trent had not been killed by accident; that he had been the intended victim—"

"—And then," Gold interrupted, "we'd begin figuring who could benefit from Trent's death. We'd find out that Larry Anderson was suddenly stepping high, wide and handsome. Being president, he'd stand out like a sore limb. Simply benefiting as the husband of Trent's only natural heir . . . yeah, sonny—so far it fits."

Anderson said, "I can't figure what this is all about. You have this woman and Lew Murray, but insist on inventing things about me . . ."

"And tell me this," Gold said. "Were you having an affair with Mrs. Gordon?"

"So what? I wasn't the first. Her smart brother-in-law knows that."

Alan nodded. "Nita was wild. She was unmoral. Yes, she was having an affair with Anderson."

"I'm not a wooden man," stated Larry. "She was pretty and attractive—"

"—And expensive," Alan added. "Much too expensive for your income." He turned back to Gold. "Nita had the habit of falling in love. Her affairs were always deep and serious . . . which is another way of saying that however unmoral she may have been, she wasn't promiscuous."

"Enlightening discussion of ethics," snapped Larry. "It doesn't mean a thing."

"Maybe it does," Lynn said quietly. "The point Alan is making is that Nita was probably pretty thoroughly under Larry's influence."

"Exactly." Alan was talking swiftly. "I'm positive Larry was over his ears in debt. He wanted money quickly. And he was suddenly afraid."

"Of what?" asked Anderson.

"That Stewart Trent would marry Lynn. That could cut you out of everything. An older man marrying a young wife might neglect his daughter in his will. True or not, you could believe it. You could make Nita believe it. The fact that there wasn't a chance of that happening doesn't alter the possibility."

Max stepped in. "So he sells her the idea of busting up any chance of marriage between Trent and Miss Sheridan. He gets Mrs. Gordon to do the telephoning—"

"Thinking that I will get frightened," said Alan, "and insist on marrying Lynn right away. But he was probably planning to kill Trent anyway—whether or not I married Lynn. He needed some fast money. Oddly enough, he'd been a devoted husband—despite the fact that he was playing around. He could have gotten anything he wanted from Carol. She's the person I'm sorry for. She deserved a better break than this."

ALAN paused briefly, and then went on: "Look, Max—the only person who could have known everything that it was necessary for the murderer to know was Larry Anderson. I believe Lew Murray's story that he never met Gloria Clayton before. We still haven't the faintest shred of motive for him to have done any of this. Hell, I admit I was suspicious of him.

"But that's water over the dam. Anderson gets Nita to do the telephoning. She doesn't think it's leading to anything except scaring Lynn and myself into a quick marriage. She doesn't know that murder has been planned.

"But the minute Trent is killed, she knows. She's terrified. And she's still in love with Anderson. I can figure easily enough how he worked on her. She didn't go to the police right away, which was her only chance. She was an accessory, practically a principal in the murder. He undoubtedly threatened her. She knew he would kill. She had every reason to be afraid. God knows we found that out."

"You think," asked Lynn, "that Larry finally killed her because he was afraid she'd break?"

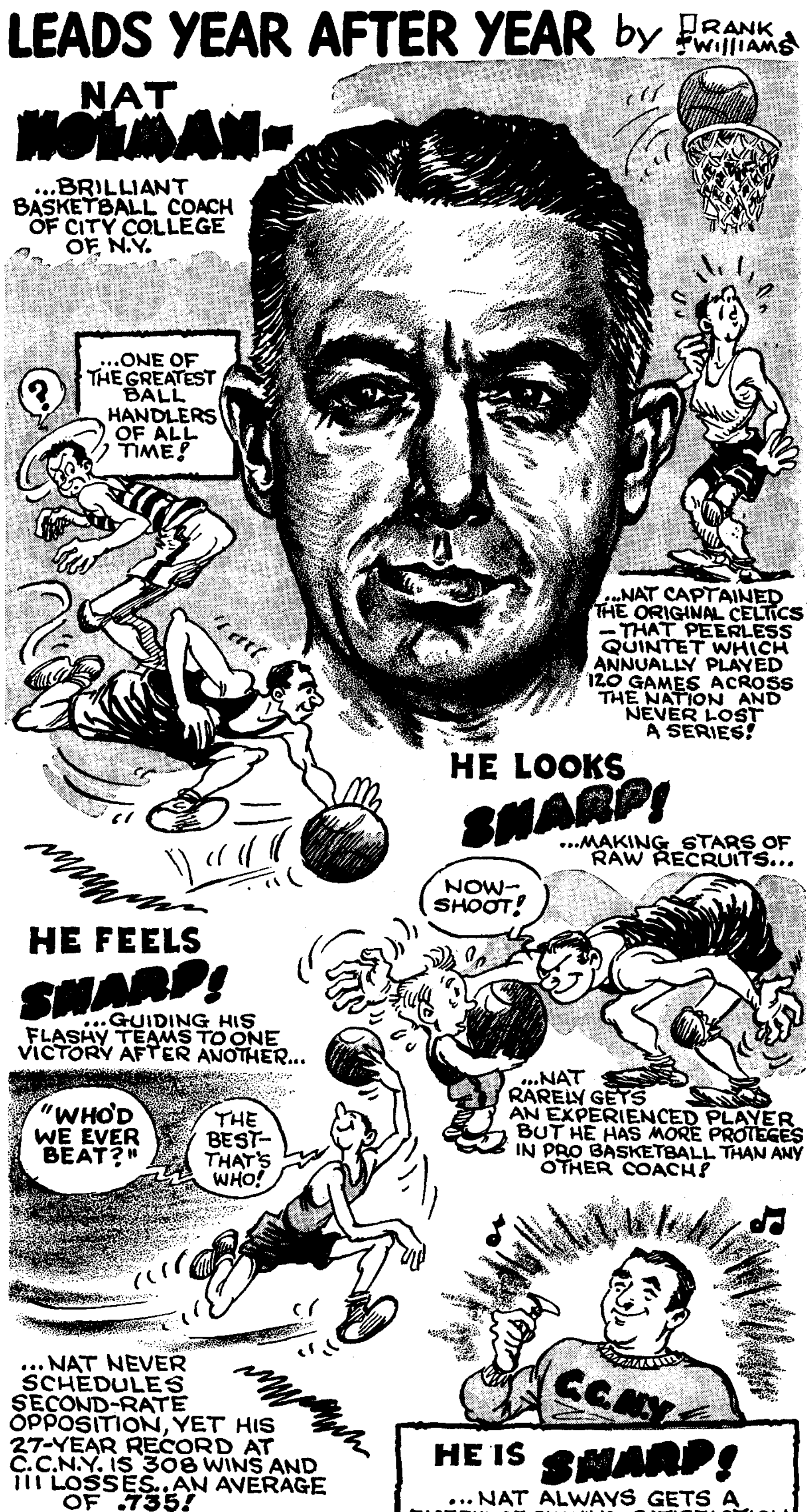
"Certainly."

Anderson said, "Oh, for God's sake, hasn't this farce run long enough? Smarty pants here overlooks something. Miss Sheridan was knocked on the head *after* Trent's death. Would anybody be sap enough to lead with his chin that way?"

"Yes, he would," Alan said, "if he was shrewd and courageous and playing for big stakes. It's in line with your refusal to put yourself in the spotlight by accepting the presidency of the firm. You knew that if everything stopped happening as soon as Stewart Trent was dead, somebody might ask why. So something had to happen *after* he died. Another attempt to frighten or kill Miss Sheridan. That was the cutest idea of all, Larry. Any investigator would have to think then that Lynn was the intended victim. It was the ultimate artistic touch. I don't think you ever meant to kill her. You were just trying to put across the idea—once and for all—that Lynn was the target and Trent's death an accident."

Lynn looked into his eyes. "You're making me believe you, Alan, but I'm trying to be fair. The night I was struck down . . . Larry was with the Conrad party the whole evening?"

"Who says so? They attended a big musical. He sat on the aisle. Nita was next to him. And the way I know is this. In the package Nita left were two theater ticket stubs. I'm sure they were for that show, that night. The stubs were D-1 and D-3. Those are aisle seats. Nita probably knew what was going to happen. The attack on you came just about in-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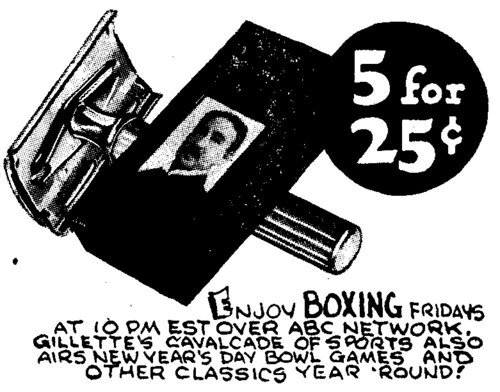

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termission time. If Larry left before the end of the first act and returned right after the last act started—and it's a long intermission—nobody would have missed him, especially. Except Nita. And she could cover up for him—you know what charm she had."

Lynn said, "Why did he try to kill you, Alan?"

"He probably suspected that Nita had told me something. Maybe he even knew about the package she gave me, and he probably thought I knew a lot more than I did. He knew I had ordered the Superba radio for you—anybody in the office could have known that. He made the bomb for me. If the explosion also got you, that was okay, too. The fact that Floyd Clayton was killed was merely incidental."

GLORIA had risen, staring at Anderson. Gold held her firmly and gently. "Easy does it, sister. No sense blowing your top."

Lynn put her arms around Gloria and led her to the window. She stood with her arms around the sobbing woman, trying to calm her.

In the middle of the room Larry Anderson stood silently, his eyes hard and deadly. Vic Orlando hovered at his shoulder, anticipating a break. But Anderson didn't move; instead, he spoke: "You all through, boy scout?"

"Yes."

"It was fun while it lasted. And one of these days I'll take pleasure in kicking your teeth in. Meanwhile, it seems as though you haven't offered any proof. The story doesn't mean a *damned thing*."

"All right." Alan stopped to light a cigarette. "For one thing, Nita told us the whole story. We knew the answer was in that package she gave me before she was killed. By itself that's almost enough."

"Yeah," said Max. "Tie one murder on a guy, and you don't need any more."

Outside, an elevator door opened and closed again. There was the sound of footsteps, then the transcription-room door opened and two men walked in. One was Detective Andy Sullivan.

The other was a hard-faced, wiry man in the ill-fitting uniform of an elevator boy. It was a maroon uniform, faced with gold and the words "Chelton Manor Apts." were embroidered in tarnished gilt on the collar.

Sullivan shoved the man to the middle of the floor. "Whadaya know, Lieutenant. The lug tried gettin' tough. He didn't wanna come."

"Why not?"

"Said he wasn't gonna get mixed up in no mess. Said there wasn't nobody else there to run the elevator. Said to hell with me. So I brung him."

Gold faced the newcomer. "What's your name?"

"What's it to you?"

"Look, feller—this ain't no time to get hard. You better string along. It'll make things easier all round. Besides, I know your name anyway."

"You just like to ask questions, huh? You cops are all the same. You should of been actors."

Gold consulted a little notebook. "Steve Miklos, ain't it?"

"So what?"

"You're an elevator boy at the Chelton Manor Apartments."

"It says so on my suit."

Vic Orlando said pleadingly, "This guy could use a little working over, Lieutenant."

Miklos shied away. "You lay offa me, mug."

"You're askin' for it. An' you'll get it unless you play ball."

Miklos uttered a single profane word. "It's your party, flatfoot. What's it you want to know?"

Gold mentioned a date. "You were working at the Chelton then?"

"Yeah."

"Day or night duty?"

"Day."

"Were you on all afternoon?"

"Yeah. Them cheap skates don't give you no relief."

"You knew Mrs. Nita Gordon?"

"And how!"

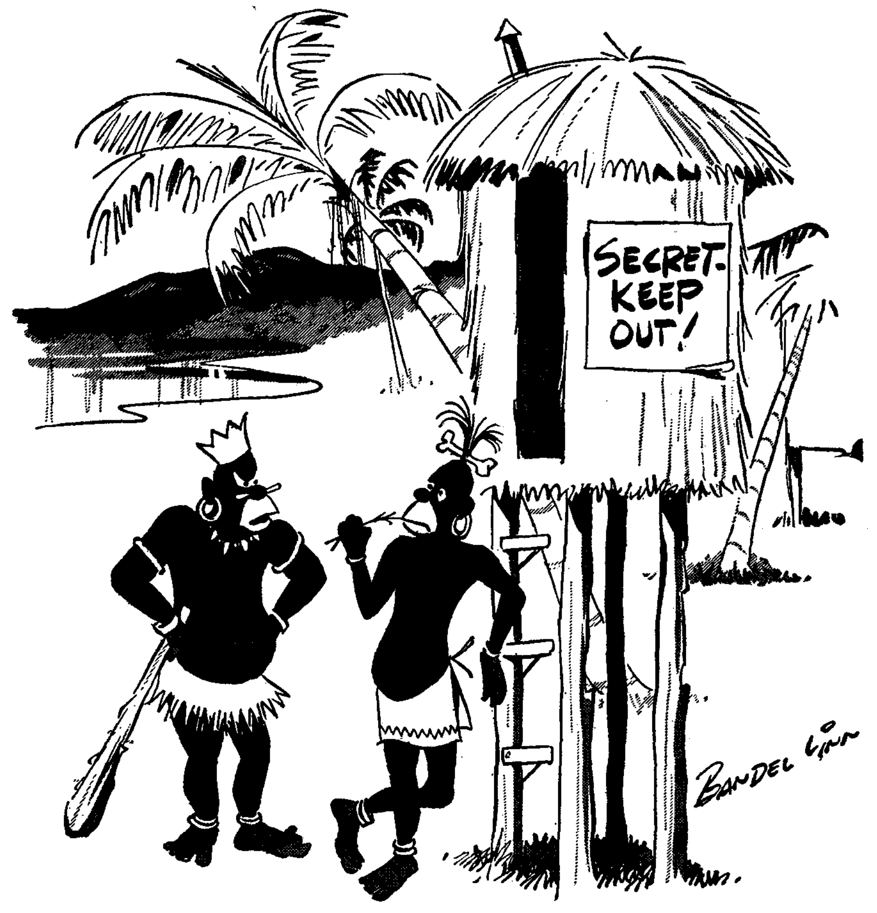
"What does that mean?"

"It means yes. It means she was a swell dame."

"She was giving a party that afternoon—you're sure you remember the day?"

"Sure, I'm sure. It was the day somebody knocked her off."

"Before the party—during the afternoon—did she have any visitors?"



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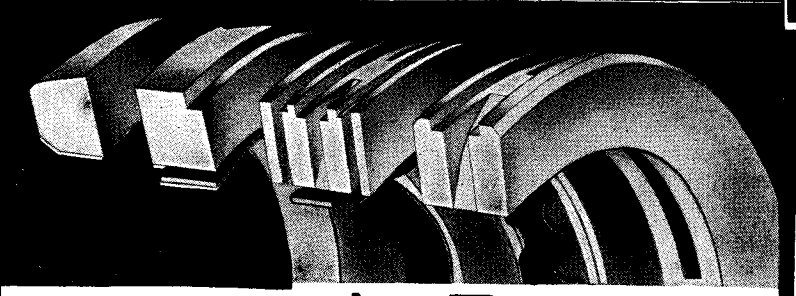

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"Two that I know of."

"Are either of them in this room?"

"Yeah. Both. One was that broad yonder." He pointed at Gloria Clayton. "I figure she was up there from about three until maybe half past four."

"Did you see Mrs. Gordon after she left?"

"Not after. Just *when.*"

"Let's have that clearer."

"Mrs. Gordon come to the elevator with her. Told her goodby. Said something about she'd see her next Wednesday."

"Then Mrs. Clayton left."

"If that's Mrs. Clayton—she left."

"Who was the other visitor?"

Miklos hesitated. Then he pointed at Larry Anderson. "That guy."

"You sure?"

"Hell, yes."

"What makes you so certain?"

"I'd seen him before. Lots of times. I figured him and her was sorta playin' around."

"I didn't ask you that. You just answer my questions."

"Okay, Chief—okay. But that's what I thought."

Anderson was coiled tight. Watching. Listening. Steve Miklos avoided his eyes.

"What time did this man go upstairs?"

"Right after the blonde left."

"How long was he there?"

"I wouldn't know exactly. Twenty minutes maybe."

"Did you notice anything when he came down in the elevator—anything unusual?"

"Nothing that meant anything then."

"What did you notice?"

"That he had a gun in his pocket. I seen the bulge."

Anderson leaped forward. His face was contorted. He said, "That's a dirty, rotten lie. This is a frame-up."

"It ain't no frame-up," said Miklos surlily. "I seen the gun in your overcoat pocket when I brought you down in the elevator."

"You're lying! I didn't come down in the elevator."

"You walked down?" asked Max Gold quietly.

"Yes, I . . ." Anderson's face turned white.

Max said softly, "So after you killed Nita Gordon you walked down. You didn't take the elevator. Is that the way it was, Anderson?"

Larry Anderson looked around the room. He was caught, and he knew it. He passed his hand wearily in front of his eyes.

JOE'S Coffee Pot was at all times an informal place. At six o'clock in the morning it had the additional advantage of being almost empty.

A dozen hard-faced gentlemen occupied broad-armed chairs in the lunchroom. They drank coffee and munched pie which had been flung at their trays with uncanny accuracy by the man behind the counter. In Joe's you paid when you were served—or you didn't get served. It was that kind of place.

Outside, the streets were white. If you looked up to the roofs and cornices of the apartment houses and ancient red-brick tenements, you might even find something pretty about the way the snow clung to the edges.

Three people entered the Coffee Pot, and visited the counter where they were served with coffee. In the front part of the restaurant they settled themselves in three armchairs, and Max Gold pulled his around so that he was facing Lynn Sheridan and Alan Gordon.

All three people looked tired. But it was an unnatural tiredness—the tiredness that comes after the exhaustion point has passed—and which carries with it a false stimulation. One job was done: Larry Anderson had confessed. There was still another job to do: to visit Carol Anderson, and tell her the truth. That was going to be tough. But meanwhile, they could relax for a moment, just a moment, and try to piece together the fantastic developments of the night.

Max smiled at Alan Gordon. "I gotta hand it to you, sonny. But I still don't see how you figured it."

Alan said, "I was lucky. And then Larry practically told us—"

"When?" Gold asked.

"When he first recovered consciousness. He hadn't known what was happening in the transcription room. Later he said that he didn't know a record was being made. When we came in he was unconscious. Then he came to, and the first thing he heard was a woman's voice repeating the words of that telephone call to Homicide. Do you remember what he said?"

Gold and Lynn shook their heads.

"He said it was a frame-up. He said, as nearly as I remember it, 'That isn't her voice.'"

LYNN looked puzzled, but Max nodded. "I get it. When Anderson said *it* wasn't 'her' voice, you started figuring what 'her' he meant."

"Exactly. He didn't mean Gloria or Lynn because it *was* Gloria's voice, and, as far as he knew, it could have been Lynn's. Anderson didn't make that remark until after the record had played past the point where he entered the room. That told him it was a new record—that it had just been made. There wasn't any break in the sound track as there would have been if the first part of the record had been made six weeks ago and the other part tonight.

"There was only one other woman vitally concerned in this mess. That was Nita Gordon. Of course, he might have meant any other woman, but no other woman fitted. Nita did. He was saying, 'That isn't Nita's voice.' Which would seem to indicate that he knew Nita had used those exact words."

Lynn said, "Were you sure of it then, Alan?"

"No. It was a new idea. It was fantastic. But once it got planted—it explained a lot of things. For one thing, it meant that Nita must have known about what was happening; she must have been tied up with Larry from the beginning—because that call to Homicide was the beginning. And it would explain why he would want to kill her."

Max grinned at Lynn. "Looks like you're getting yourself too smart a husband, Miss Sheridan. That ain't good."

Alan shrugged. "A man isn't smart because he gets a hunch."

"I've got the hunch now," stated Gold. "I even know it's true, on account Larry Anderson confessed. But I still don't carry on from there." He sighed. "Nobody but my old lady ever figured I was right bright, anyway."

Alan said, "The thing that clinched it for me was the killing of Nita. Remember the compact we found under her body?"

"Sure, I remember it."

"From the outset that seemed to prove that the murderer was a man."

Max said, "Are you kidding?"

"No. I believed it was a planted clue. I thought it was put there to throw you off the track."

"I'm still groping."

"It was a cheap compact. It was brand-new. Remember you commented that it had no powder in it? You were disappointed because there wasn't any you could have analyzed?"

"I remember."

"It certainly didn't belong to Nita. I've done some investigating on the question of female make-up—powder particularly."

Lynn leaned forward, her eyes shining. She said, "I see what he's driving at, Lieutenant. Nita used pancake make-up exclusively. A woman who uses that

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doesn't also use loose powder, and the compact you found was a loose-powder compact. The other women there all still had their compacts. So it didn't belong to any of them."

Gold said, "I'm beginning to function. If a dame knocked off Mrs. Gordon she wouldn't just have had a compact in her hand. And it wouldn't have belonged to Mrs. Gordon, so its being there wasn't just an accident. It was bought and planted by the murderer, just to trip us."

"Right. And that's why I figured it had to be a man."

"Why?"

"First, a woman would have known more about compacts and powder. She just does, that's all. If a woman had killed Nita, and if she wanted to throw you off the track with a false clue, it seemed pretty illogical to me that she'd plant any clue that would point to a woman."

"Check!" Gold gathered up the three coffee cups, visited the counter, had all of them refilled, and returned to the conference. "That package Mrs. Gordon left with you—that's had me wondering."

ALAN said, "I don't know what order to take them in. The hypodermic needle and the little box of pellets, you know about. That was probably used to dope up the chocolate marshmallows Nita fed to the maid in the Rossmore to make her sick. While she was sick, Larry Anderson took the master key for that floor out of the lock, had some duplicate keys made, and returned the master to its place in plenty of time. He knew just how much leeway he had. I figure that he had two keys made and turned one over to Nita for safekeeping, in case he lost his. It could be that her refusal to give him back that second key led directly to her death.

"Everything in Nita's package had a meaning. She was terrified of something going wrong. She and Larry could be arrested for murder. I knew Nita well, and I'll bet that she figured to produce the contents of that package in court, if it ever became necessary to prove that she was dragged in."

"What about the photo from the Chicago night club?"

"That's fairly simple. The important thing about that photo was the date one of the men had written on it. That was Nita's alibi. It proved that she was in Chicago on January eighteenth—which was the night Stewart Trent was killed."

"Date!" Max Gold slapped his hand against his thigh. "That explains the bills she included. Anderson was taking care of her. He was letting her run up a lot of debts. She got dunning letters for months. She didn't pay anything. But she settled all accounts in cash right after the first of February."

"Right. The Trent estate hadn't been settled, but the executors were letting Carol have whatever money she needed. She was giving it to her husband. We can check that easily. He turned it over to Nita, and she paid her bills. By itself that isn't important. Taken in conjunction with everything else, it means a lot."

"I'll say it does. But I'm still over my head. There must have been something else . . ."

"You're right, Max. There were two more things. Remember shortly after Larry recovered consciousness, I left the transcription room for a while?"

"Yes."

"I hunted around until I found an open phone. I put in two calls. One was to a doctor friend of mine, and the other to a man I know who is both a horticulturist and a botanist."

Gold said, "And what does that mean?"

"It means he knows flowers."

"Those tops off the florist boxes. Is that what you're hitting at?"

"Yes." Alan looked at Lynn. "Nita may have thought the florist could identify the man who sent her flowers regularly. Or she may have had this in mind—if you remember the night we had dinner at Carol's apartment, she had a vase of flowers on the corner table."

"Yes. Lady-slippers."

"Right. That's what she called them. Unusual striped green-and-white flowers. You don't see them too often. She said they were her husband's favorite flower, that he always kept her supplied with them."

"I remember the remark—now."

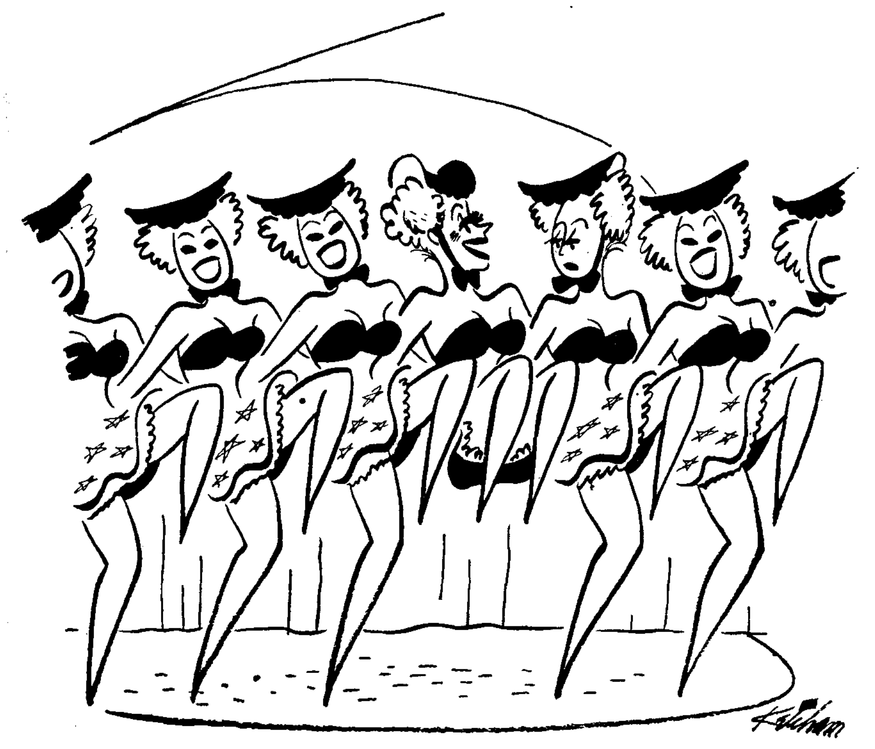
Alan turned back to Max Gold. When you and I visited the swishy gentleman in the florist shop, you may recall that he told us he couldn't remember the customer, but that he always sent one kind of flowers."

"Orchids," said Max.

"Yes. Orchids. But what he actually said was 'cypripedium orchids.' "

"So what? That guy was trying to show us how much he knew, is all."

"Right. But that was one of my two telephone calls tonight. My botanist friend says that lady-slippers and cypripe-



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dium orchids are the same thing. They were Larry Anderson's favorite flower. The kind he invariably sent his wife and his girl friend."

"I'll be damned. So *that's* what Mrs. Gordon meant by putting in such a slew of the labels."

"Yes. She was trying to show that it was a regular thing."

Max said, "There ain't no killer so smart he doesn't slip somewhere. Now about that call to the doc."

"This also goes back to the night of the dinner at Carol's apartment," said Alan. "Anderson wasn't looking well. His wife said he was just recovering from a migraine headache."

"He's had them for years," said Lynn. "I've seen him with one. They're pretty bad."

"It's about as intense pain as a person can have," Alan stated. "And if a sufferer from chronic migraine knows a cure, he's going to keep a supply of it in any place where he's in the habit of spending long periods of time. Do you recall, Max, the day Nita was killed, we looked through her medicine closet?"

"Yeah. Looked to me like the same bunch of junk you find in anybody's medicine chest."

"There was a little box containing six ampules. Each was marked D.H.E. I asked my doctor what that was. He said it was dihydroergotamine tartrate." Alan spelled the words out from a slip of paper he took from his pocket. "It seems that is a slightly different form of ergotamine tartrate which is recognized by the medical profession as a virtual specific for migraine. D.H.E. is not yet generally on the market and is still in the experimental stage. However, doctors can get all they want . . . and I think you'll find that Larry's doctor kept him supplied with it.

"Nita expected something to happen to her—she wanted us to know where to look. The flowers, the medicine . . . those things were intended to tell us that she was tied up with Larry."

"Why didn't she tell you right out?" Lynn asked.

"I'll answer that one," broke in Gold. "She was scared. Scared of the law and scared of Anderson. She probably didn't intend to take a step unless she had to. She didn't mean for anybody else to have to figure those things out. Nobody ever really thinks they're gonna get murdered. Maybe she thought nobody could figure 'em. She was holding 'em in reserve to prove her points in case she and Anderson were ever charged jointly with murder."

Alan lighted two cigarettes and gave one to Lynn. He drained his last half cup of coffee.

Max Gold said generously, "I'll hand it to you, sonny. You're okay."

"I suppose my worry about Lynn helped a lot."

"And me," went on Max. "What do I do? Nothing. Not a thing but run around shooting off my mouth . . . and now I'll probably get credit for being a hot-shot sleuth."

Lynn said, smiling, "You did the most important thing, Lieutenant."

"Such as?"

"You found that elevator boy from Nita's apartment house—"

"That was a surprise to me, Max," Alan interrupted. "You never mentioned finding an elevator boy who saw a man with a gun that afternoon."

MAX chuckled. "Well, we needed a confession. We needed it bad. When you started giving, I got the hunch you were right. But what you were saying, we'd have a hell of a time making it stand up in court against a smart lawyer. So I figured we might as well trot out the elevator boy and have him put the finger on Anderson. I thought if Anderson was innocent, it wouldn't do any harm. If he was guilty, it would break him. So we did and it did and he did."

"The boy certainly recognized him."

"Nope. He never saw Anderson before. In fact, he ain't even an elevator boy. That's what I was talking to Andy Sullivan about before I sent him out. He went down to the Chelton and got a uniform. Then he found a detective who could wear it."

"Detective?" Lynn's eyes were wide. "You mean you tricked Larry into a confession?"

"Why not? The confession is what counts—not how you get it."

Gravely, Alan held out his hand. "You win, Max. When it comes right down to cases, you New York cops are really smart."

Max was pleased. He tried to shrug it off, but the grin stayed right there. He got up and started buttoning his overcoat.

"I'm gonna hit the hay," he said. "I've enjoyed knowing you two. I hope this won't be the end."

"It won't." Alan laughed. "You'll be at the wedding as extra special guest of honor."

"Well, thanks. I'll come up and see you sometime."

"That'll be wonderful." Lynn smiled. "But you'd better make sure in advance that I'm not taking a shower."

THE END

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

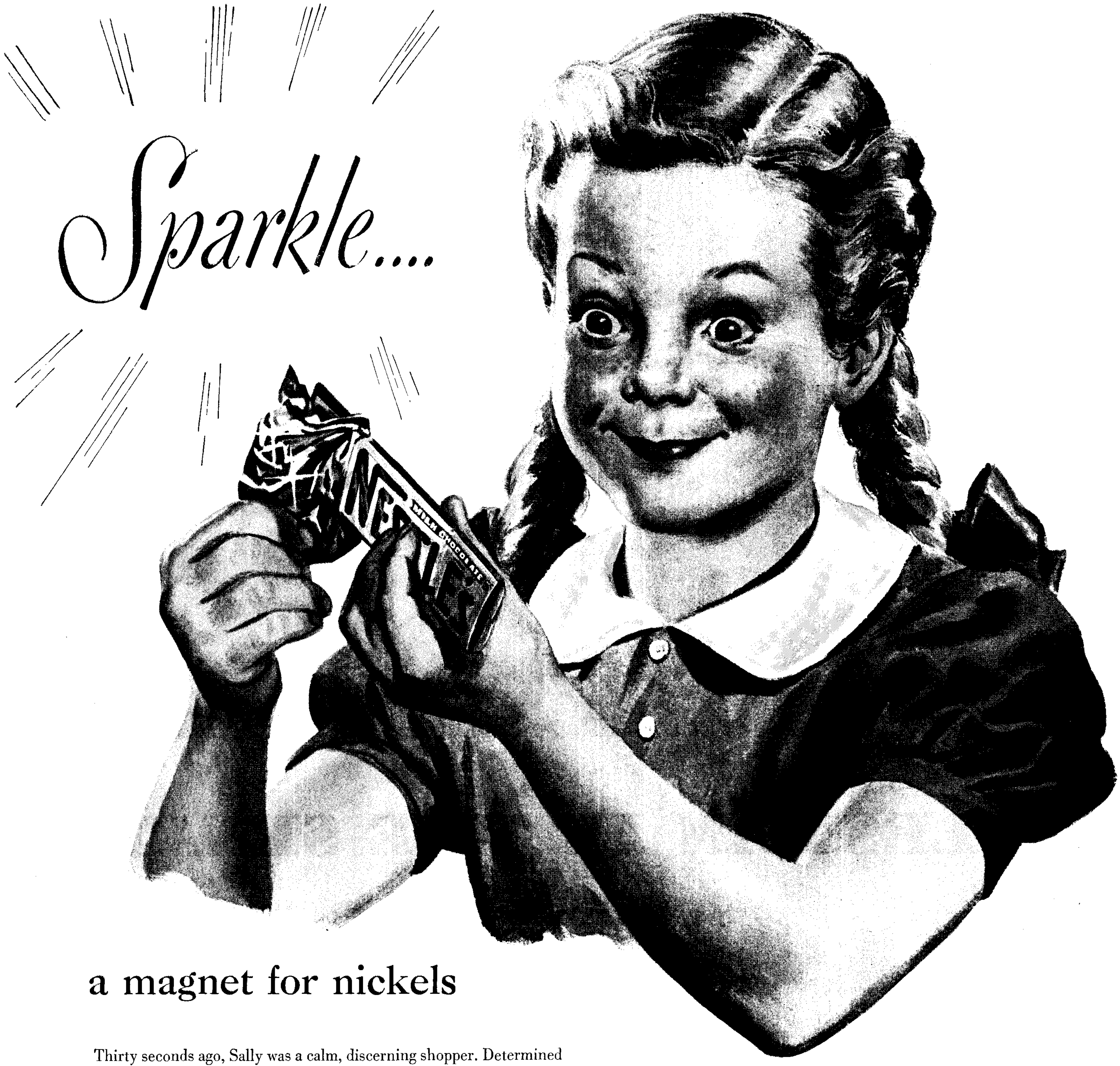
An extraordinary story of a woman's deliverance from a strangely tragic bondage

SLEEPING BEAUTY

BY FAITH BALDWIN

The story of Carla, who possessed a gentle yet fierce integrity and the curse of flawless beauty. Carla, who feared she would never know the freedom to love

Sparkle....



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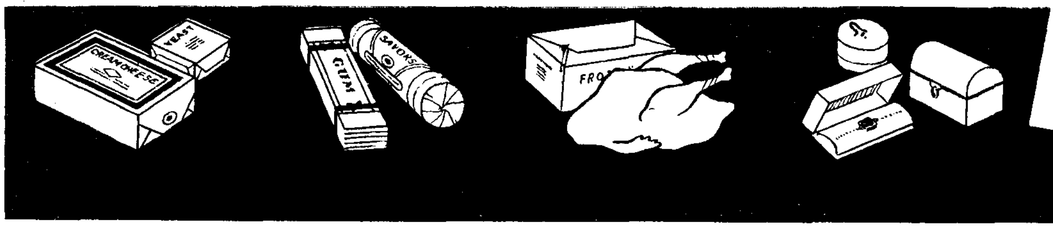

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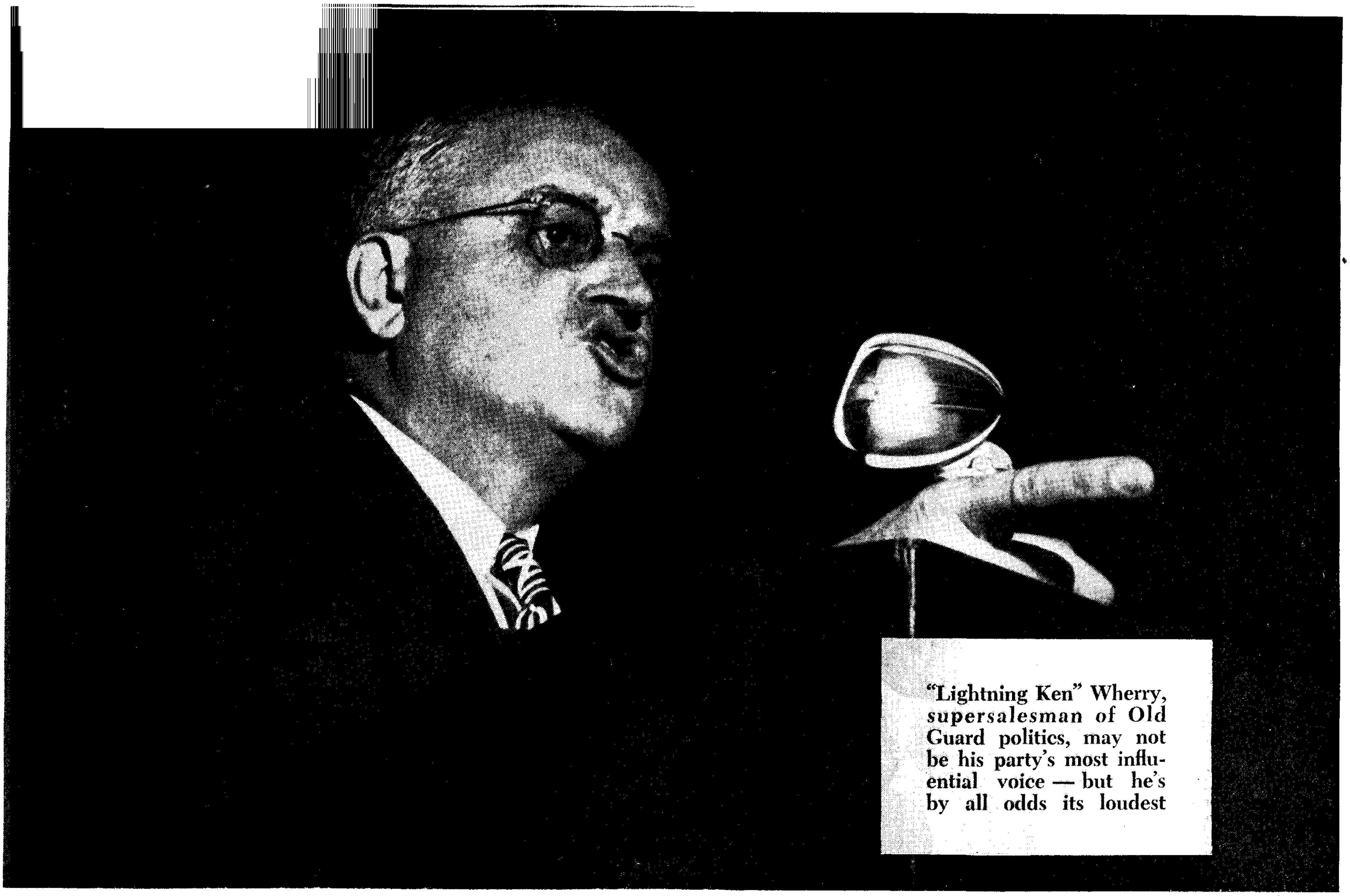


"Lightning Ken" Wherry, supersalesman of Old Guard politics, may not be his party's most influential voice — but he's by all odds its loudest

SALESMAN IN THE SENATE

BY MILTON LEHMAN

BACK in Pawnee City, Nebraska, "Lightning Ken" Wherry is known as a supersalesman. In the little village on the shores of Turkey Creek, the Wherry Brothers Furniture Store is the biggest establishment in town; the next biggest is the Wherry Ford Agency, just across the block; the third biggest is the Wherry Funeral Parlor and Casket Showroom. In these establishments through forty years, Lightning Ken has sold furniture, farms, Fords and funerals. A lawyer and licensed embalmer in four states, he is probably the only salesman in the country who can set an over-all price for probating your will, providing your casket and burying you all at the same time.

In the Senate chambers of Washington, Kenneth Spicer Wherry at 54 is still a supersalesman. As United States senator from Nebraska, the stocky, high-domed statesman with the beer-hall voice has lately been selling another combination offer to the American people. As Republican Party whip, he has been vending the Grand Old Party all the way from the Senate floor to businessmen's conventions from Atlantic City to Portland, Oregon. This time his sensational offer is isolation and free enterprise, lower taxation and a balanced budget. It includes the slaughter of OPA at home and a hands-off policy abroad, mixed with pity for starving Germans.

In four years with the Old Guard, Wherry has made an astonishing rise, passing most of his elders. As party whip, high Republican strategist and a spokesman for Republican policy, Wherry dates his ascent to 1940, when he was made Nebraska chairman of the Republican State Central Committee. In that year, the Republican elephant and Kenneth Spicer Wherry were both struggling to their feet. After eight years of Democratic rule, the elephant was lean and hungry. After six years in the political doghouse, where he'd been sent as a "dangerous radical" by the standpat leaders of his state, Lightning Ken was a reformed man.

Bringing Candidates Close to the People

As the loudest Republican salesman in the entire Middle West, Wherry had suddenly found himself in agreement with the Grand Old Party. That year, in time for the Nebraska primary, he set up a political caravan, designed to bring the Republican candidates to the people. Gathering the hot-breathed politicians together like members of a choral society, he announced that Republicans, from that day forward, would think only of the good of the party, would tour the state to rebuild the G.O.P. machine and give the voters a chance to meet them.

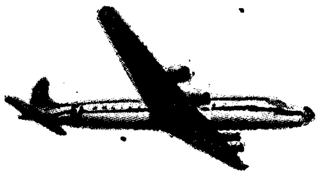
The caravan was a howling success. For two months, the Republican rivals toured the state in a half-dozen hulking busses. Sitting shoulder-to-shoulder were four would-be U.S. senators, six applicants for Congress, several for governor and nineteen avid candidates for railway commissioner. Bouncing in their seats from Ogallala to Westpoint, from Pilger to Chadron, they visited 200 Nebraska towns and covered 6,000 miles of Nebraska highways.

Beaming on the voters, they praised party solidarity and never took their eyes off the chairman, who always sat in the front seat of the first bus and was always first on the platform when the caravan stopped for a speechmaking. While the primary rivals outdid one another slamming the New Deal, hammering at That Man and urging the farmers to come out from under the Democratic thumb, Lightning Ken always got the most attention. He talked louder and funnier and longer than anyone else. He introduced all candidates for a "brief word" in his booming huckster's voice that invariably stopped the show.

"I can't get a word in edgewise," said one sensitive candidate for senator, as he watched the chairman introduce him, clapping his hands over his head, shouting, "C'mon, give the boy a hand! *A great big hand!* A GREAT BIG HAND!"

In 1942, on the heels of Republican victory, Kenneth Spicer Wherry was elected United States senator from Nebraska. In the historic caravan, his voice had carried from the feeder lots of eastern Nebraska to the livestock ranches in the west, where he made many friends. It was quite enough to give him a thundering majority over the aged Senator George W. Norris, who *(Continued on page 76)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF–PIX



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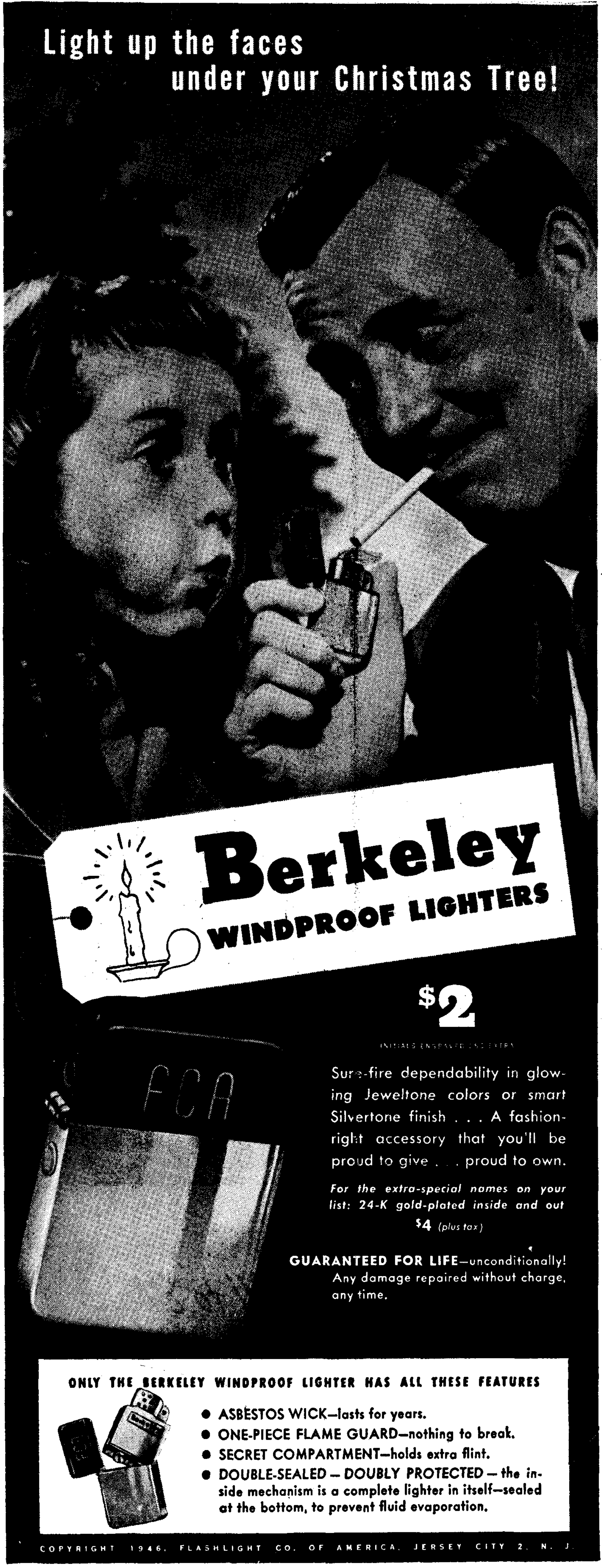
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WE USED TO OWN THAT TOWN

Continued from page 18

tried quickly to decide what minimum of frankness, of revelation, Marge would be satisfied with.

She ignored his answer. "Why are you going to San Francisco?" she repeated.

"I told you. I'm very fond of the town and I just want to see it again. I'm getting stale in this town and I think a week end away will do me good."

"All right," Marge said quickly. "Take me with you."

Whalen shook his head slowly. "No," he said. "I want to go alone, Marge."

Marge turned away and looked thoughtfully out the window. "I'm asking you to tell me," she said quietly, "why, really why, you want to go. Honestly, to the best of your ability, why. I think it's very important to me . . ." she was choosing her words carefully ". . . and to our marriage, that you do that." She kept looking out the window, her hands clasped tightly across her knees.

"I did!" Whalen said. "I told you! I just want to see the place again. Is that so mysterious?"

MARGE sat there, looking away, waiting. And all of a sudden Whalen found himself wanting to talk, *needing* to talk, needing to tell about San Francisco and the way he felt about it, needing from his own lips to hear some strange assurance.

"Okay," he said. "I'll tell you about it." He lay back against the chair and talked to the ceiling. "I'm in love with San Francisco—that's the only way I can explain it. I've never known anything like the place. You see," he said, "we used to own that town." He looked quickly over at Marge, as though afraid she might contradict him.

"We really did—all the carrier pilots. We were a sort of royalty there. We had the ribbons that counted; we were the boys who were fighting the war. The town just turned itself over to us. It was our own private plaything. Bartenders, headwaiters, room clerks—they knocked themselves out to get us what we wanted. We just could do no wrong there. Even when we got in trouble, bad trouble, the Shore Patrol or the cops or the bouncers or whoever it was would just pat us on the back and look the other way. We got away with murder . . ."

He paused and shrugged. "It was our town; that's all there was to it." He went on, smiling now: "And it was such a lovely town after dark. When the lights went on and the juke-box music started coming out of the little bars on Geary Street and Sutter, you had the feeling that something wonderful was just about to happen. That's what I keep remembering about the town—that feeling. A feeling like it was on fire; there was that same desperate sort of excitement. The feeling—even when you couldn't see the Bay—that the war was there all the time, waiting outside the nets and just beyond the Fairlands."

Whalen rubbed his forehead thoughtfully. "I guess that's what made the parties so wonderful—that end-of-the-world feeling. Because they were wonderful parties. Violent. Violent as hell. Whenever we got in, the room clerks always found us a suite. The Sir Francis Drake, the Palace, the Mark—they always got us the best. And then the girls would come in, all the fine, pretty, war-crazy girls, and the party would start and it never stopped until we left. We might be there a month and the party would go on all the time; it never stopped. The girls changed from time to time, that was all."

He smiled again. "I remember once a crazy TBF pilot, a guy named Williamson, got sore at one of the girls and decided to throw her out the window. The fifteenth-story window. He was drunk and we all thought it was a good routine. We just stood there and laughed while he started to do it. And then all of a sudden we realized he meant it; he wasn't kidding. Somebody stopped him right at the window, the girl screaming bloody murder, and even then it was so close that the girl almost fell out. That was the sort of parties they were. Insane, really. One time a girl had a heart attack and almost died before anyone even noticed her. And another time two girls got to fighting and tore every strip of clothing from each other."

Whalen looked over at Marge. "They were violent parties, Marge, but somehow they were awfully fine. Once when we left the Mark we had to pay four hundred dollars for ruined furniture."

He stopped. There wasn't anything more to say. He waved his hand dismissingly. "I loved those parties, Marge. I love the town. That's all it is. I just want to look it over once more."

Marge was sitting very straight now, and suddenly her voice was pleading. "That's stupid!" she cried. "Oh, Bill, don't you see how stupid that is? How childish? Don't you see you can't go on living that stuff over and over?"

Whalen shrugged. "Childish?" he said. "Maybe. Anyhow that's the way it is."

"But, Bill. Bill, listen. The war's over. It's been over for more than a year. You can't go on fighting it forever."

"Oh, for God's sake!" Whalen said disgustedly. "Who said anything about fighting the war? Just because I want to take a week-end trip!"

"You know what I mean, Bill. It's *pathetic* to go on reliving a period of your life. That's what you're doing."

WHALEN shrugged again. He blew smoke toward the ceiling and didn't answer.

"Bill, listen. Do me a favor. Please."

"What?"

"Don't go down there. *Please* don't. For your own good. It'll be bad for you to do that."

"Oh, stop it," Whalen said harshly. "You're breaking my heart. Quit talking like it was the road to ruin."

"Bill—please." Whalen didn't look, but he knew that Marge was close to tears. "Go anywhere else you want, but don't go down there. Will you?"

He didn't answer.

"It won't be the same, Bill. You know that. It won't be the way you remember it. You'll be disappointed."

"I'm going down there," Whalen said sharply. "Now forget about it."

Marge lay back against the cushions. When she spoke again her voice was composed.

"What will you do in San Francisco?"

"How should I know?" Whalen said. "I haven't any plans. Just whatever comes up."

"What will you do?" Marge said quietly.

Whalen crushed out his cigarette. Then he lighted another. Finally he answered. "I'll find someone I know. There'll be people I know at Alameda. We'll run around town for a while. Then I suppose we'll get a party organized."

Marge waited, then she said, "There'll be girls, of course."

"Of course."

"You'll have a girl."

"I didn't say that."

"You'll have a girl."

"I suppose so," Whalen said. "But it doesn't mean anything. All I want is a party."

Marge shook her head and made a

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sound that was almost a sob. " 'It doesn't mean anything!' Oh, God, Bill, how can you say such a stupid thing?"

"It doesn't. Whether you believe it or not."

"But you'll have a girl!" Marge spoke as though she were pleading with a child.

Whalen carefully tapped the ashes from his cigarette. "I suppose I will. But I tell you it doesn't mean anything. The girl doesn't matter. She's just necessary to the party."

"Oh, God," Marge said again, and then she was crying. She turned her face into the pillows and sobbed. For a long time she lay and sobbed, and Whalen didn't go to her and he didn't let himself look at her. Once he said helplessly, "I tell you it doesn't mean anything," and after that he didn't speak. He sat and smoked and looked at the far corner of the room

AFTER a while Marge stopped crying and lay still. She got up and went into the bathroom, and Whalen heard her there, splashing water on her face. When she came out again she was composed, her face expressionless.

She arranged the pillows carefully and stretched out on the studio couch, lying on her back. She lay there quietly, one hand thrown against the back of the couch. She ran her fingers idly along the top of the cushion.

"Bill," she said tonelessly, "why don't we separate?"

Whalen caught his breath. This was worse than he had expected. "Don't be silly!" he said quickly.

Marge went on in a flat, dead voice: "We've been married how long? Ten months now, and it's no good. You know that. You're miserable and so I'm miserable. Why don't we separate?"

"You're crazy," Whalen said. "You're imagining things. It's not that bad."

"I wish it weren't," Marge said. "But I'm afraid it is, Bill."

Whalen leaned forward. "Listen, is it what I said about a girl? Because if it is, that doesn't mean a thing. I swear it, Marge. The girls don't mean a thing. Do you believe me?"

Marge nodded slowly. "Yes, I do. I believe that. The girls matter to me, but they don't to you." She paused. "And that's what makes it so hopeless, because the girls are just a symptom. Your trouble's so much deeper than that, Bill."

"Listen," Whalen said impatiently. "I'll tell you all that's the matter with me. This town's the matter with me, this town and all that goes with it. I hate this town, I hate my stupid job, I hate this two-by-four apartment. And I hate having to worry about money. That's all there is. There's nothing wrong with me that a decent job in a good town wouldn't fix."

Marge had closed her eyes. For a moment she didn't speak, then she started talking; almost, it seemed, to herself.

"I haven't known you very long, Bill. A year, that's all. That's very little. But remember I did know you for two months before you were out of the Navy. And you're not the same person you were then. When you come home now and don't talk, when you just sit and smoke and never say a word, or go off somewhere by yourself—Bill, I sometimes think I'm a little crazy when I remind myself that you were ever different. But you were. When I first knew you, I thought you were one of the most terribly alive persons I'd ever seen. You used to laugh so much, and you were interested in everything. You had so much, Bill. And then since we were married I've just had to sit helplessly by and watch all that go out of you."

Marge ran her hand vaguely through her hair, but she didn't open her eyes. "And I used to wonder," she said, "if it was my fault. If it was being married to me that was doing this. I've worried about that for a long time, Bill. But I don't think it's me. I love you, Bill; but I'm quite sure that you don't love me. I'm also quite sure that you're incapable of loving anyone, and so I don't blame myself for losing your love."

Whalen made a sound of protest, but Marge went quietly on. "You're in love with excitement. You have to have it. You had it in the war. You had it flying F6Fs, and you had it in Honolulu, and you had it in San Francisco. And now it's all gone. The war's over and everybody's gone home, and you have to work for a living in a town you say you hate. Well, maybe you do. But it's not just Seattle, Bill. It's not just your job, and it's not just this apartment. With you it will be the same in any town and any job. I don't think you'll ever be happy outside of war, Bill. I think you're in love with war."

"Oh, hell, Marge," Whalen said tiredly. "That's awful foolishness."

"Okay," Marge said. She opened her eyes, rubbed them, and stared at the ceiling. "You go down to San Francisco and when you get back we'll talk about it. But I don't think we've got a prayer. I think we're finished."

Whalen got up and walked over to the couch. He stood above Marge, looking down at her. "You're crazy," he said, "do you hear?" He wanted to reach out and touch her head, but he didn't. She looked so young, lying there, and all he could feel for her was pity. Why he felt nothing else, he didn't know.

HE STOOD there a long time, silently watching Marge, and while he did, a lot of things were just quietly finished. The trip to San Francisco was finished. Whalen felt an unchallengeable moral judgment pronounced against it. With a ruthless clarity he saw himself defying that judgment, saw himself in San Francisco, saw the town sane and oblivious and unrecognizable, saw himself drifting alone along Geary Street, sitting alone in the bars, alone trying to find a girl and a party, and finally alone, without identity, in the terrible smothering impersonality of a hotel room. The trip was finished. Other things were finished too, but right now Whalen didn't want to think what they were.

"I'm not going to San Francisco," he said.

"You go ahead," Marge said wearily.

"No," Whalen said. "I don't want to. You didn't change my mind; I changed it myself."

Marge closed her eyes and said nothing.

Whalen walked over to the closet and took down his hat. "Do you want to go out for a beer?"

Marge lay as though she were asleep.

"Marge?" he said.

She shook her head. "No! You go."

He stood uncertain at the door. "Come and have a beer."

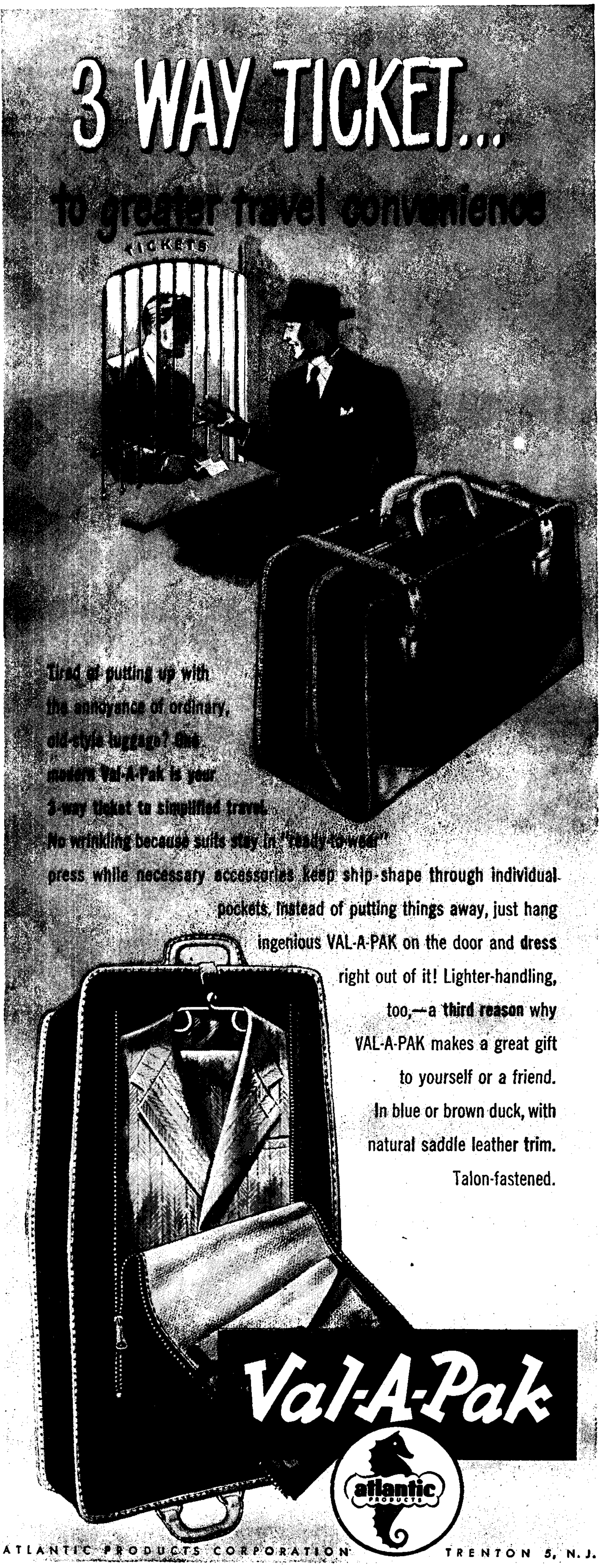
"No," said Marge. "I'd rather not."

Whalen put on his hat. "Is there anything you want?"

"No. Nothing."

He opened the door and went out. He walked down four flights of stairs, the stairs that he walked every day at eight and six. He started down the street that led to the car line, the street that was grooved with the monotony of his daily footsteps. It was a soft night, and all down the street, windows were open in the lighted houses. Whalen walked along, listening to the sounds that came out into the still night. From one house he heard radio music and loud, excited voices and the sudden, rich laughter of a girl. A party. An intensification of living. He listened, and with a dull terror, instantaneously aware of what it portended for him, he knew that Marge was right. He knew that he wished the war had gone on forever; that outside the nets and beyond the Fairlands the war forever waited.

THE END



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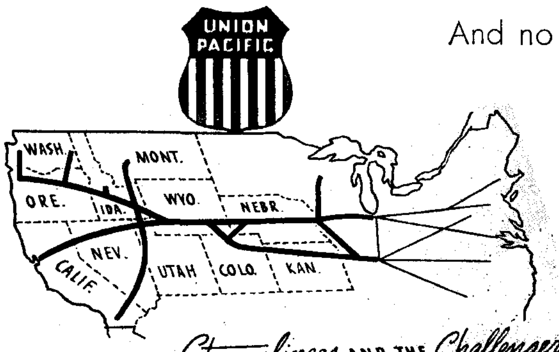


ROAD OF THE *Streamliners* AND THE *Challengers*

JOE McSWEEN'S ATOMIC MACHINE

Continued from page 17

and then I go back again and keep it up till five." He sighed. "That's my new job."

"Joe," I asked, "what happens inside that machine when you do all those things?"

"As far as I can see, Al," Joe said, "nothing."

"Well, what does the machine do?"

"I'll be damned if I know. They didn't tell me."

"Can't you hear anything inside—I mean, when you twist those dials and press the buttons?"

Joe shook his head. "Not a thing, Al."

I couldn't understand it. "There's something funny about that, Joe," I said.

"That's what I think," Joe said. "We certainly didn't have anything like that back at Krug's."

He didn't seem to want to talk about it any more, so I didn't keep up the questions. I told him about my job, which was filling out shipping forms all day long. Me, a mechanic. Forms.

JOE and Aggie were going to the movies that night; they stopped by my house for a minute on the way. Aggie is not very pretty, but there's something about her—and I don't mean her figure—which is good. It's something else. Her energy, I guess. Maybe you'd call it ambition. She's always on the go.

Aggie was really pepped up this evening. She looked swell—she was wearing a red dress that kind of set off her black hair, and she was feeling wonderful. "Joe's been telling me about his job, Al," she said to me. "It sounds marvelous."

Joe looked like he was wondering where she got that idea.

"I mean," Aggie said, "I think it's marvelous that a big place like Turnbull's will give you boys such a fine opportunity. In a big place like that, you have a marvelous chance to get ahead."

"Yeah," Joe said. "You stay five years, and they give you more dials to turn."

"One thing that bothers us, Aggie," I said, "is that we aren't sure what Turnbull's makes out there. Some kind of plastics—that's all we know."

"Everything seems to be a secret, these days," Joe said. "It's worse than during the war, almost. I was reading in the Courier tonight where they just passed that bill—what do they call it?"

"Challendor-Collander-Wingle-Wanger," Aggie said. Aggie knows things like that. She's sharp.

"Yeah," Joe said. "Well, with this new law, the Army can take over anything they need for national defense. Maybe the Army has something to do with Turnbull's, I've been thinking."

"Maybe," I said.

"I don't care what you two say," said Aggie, "I think you're going to like it there, Joe. You too, Al."

Well, Aggie is a pretty smart girl, like I said, but this was one she called way off. After the first week, Joe was lower than I'd ever seen him. When we drove to work in the mornings, he hardly said a thing. Going back in the evenings, it was the same way. It seemed to be on his mind all the time. What's more, after the second week he was worse. After the third, I decided to have it out with him.

"Joe," I said, "what the hell's the matter? This isn't like you, Joe."

"Me? There's nothing the matter with me."

"Joe," I said, "tell me about it. It's that X, isn't it?"

He was quiet a minute or two. Then he said, "Yeah, I guess it is. It's that X. I sit there all day long. I press the buttons, turn the dials, oil it, and all the time, Al, I'm just a guy at a machine. This machine doesn't make any noise, doesn't move, might not even manufacture *anything*, as far as I know. And it's so damn' big—it's seven whole stories high."

He had such a peculiar look on his face, I didn't know what to say.

"That's not all," Joe said. "There's something else. Remember back at Krug's? We had honest-to-goodness machines there, with wheels turning, cranks, belts, pulleys—the works. They were real machines that ran, and made noise, and turned out machine parts. You could look at one of those babies and you knew where you stood. When it broke down, you could fix it. When you turned it on, it ran, and when you turned it off, it stopped."

Joe paused. "With this X," he said slowly, "I don't know. Whatever it is, it's all inside. I just sit there in that little glass chicken coop like a hundred other guys. I do what they tell me to do. If the machine breaks down, I never know about it. I just make the motions, up there—hell! I'm not a man running a machine, Al, I'm part of that damn' machine. I'm just one of the levers." He looked at me. "Do you see what I mean, Al?"

"If you want to know what I think, Joe," I said, "I think you'd better get out of there as soon as you can. Why don't you quit, Joe?"

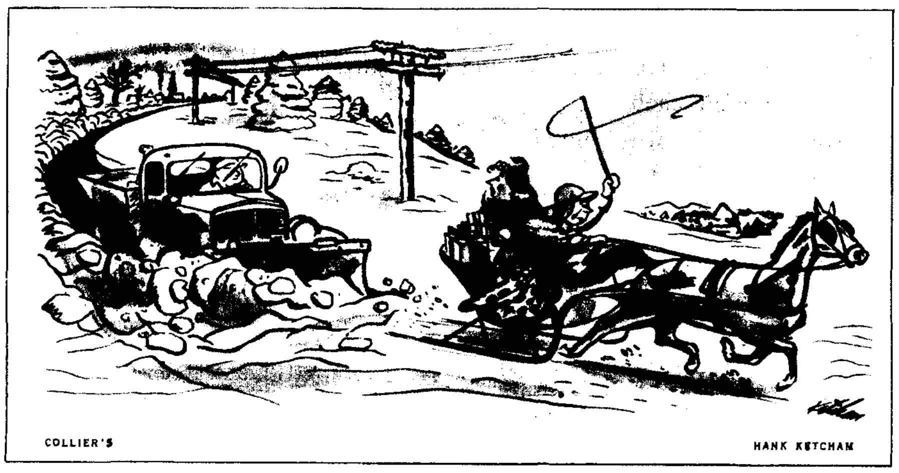
"No," he said quietly. "It's not that easy."

For a minute I didn't get it, but then I remembered Aggie. Joe told me later that he tried to explain it to her, but couldn't quite get it across. It was one night after Joe had told me how he felt about X, and the way Joe says, the conversation must have gone something like this:

"Aggie," Joe said, "I've been thinking that it might be better, maybe, if we only saw each other two nights out of the week, instead of six."

You know how women are. Right away, she got the wrong idea and gave him the coolerator. "Why, Joe," she said, "of course—of course, if that's the way you want it."

"It's just that I have something on my



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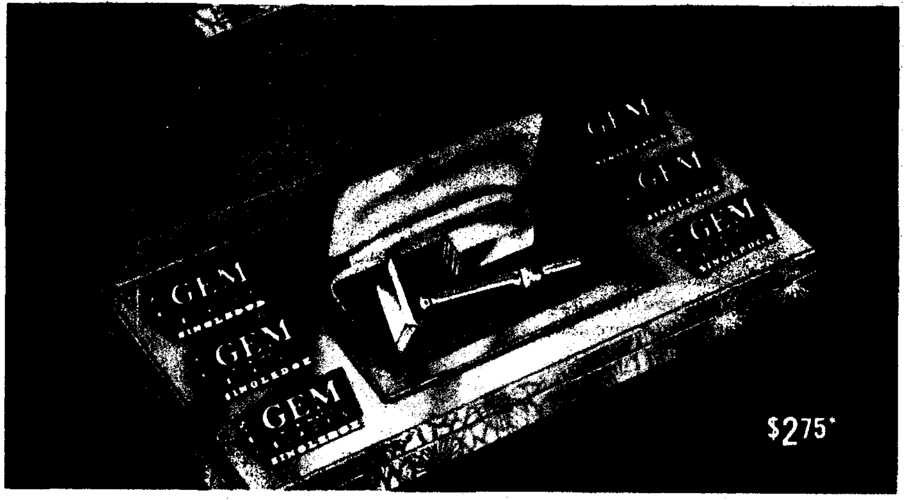
and Every Morning!



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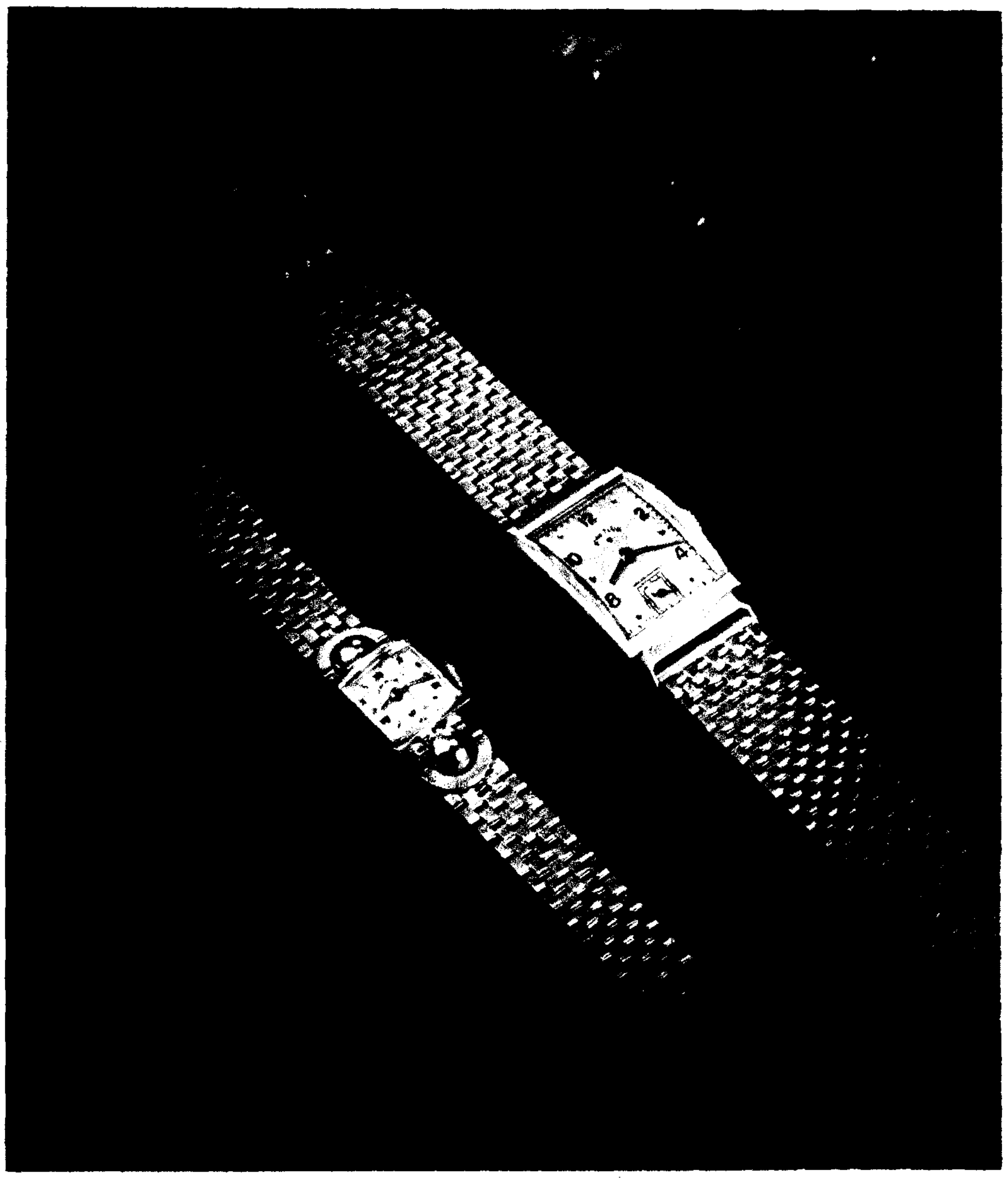
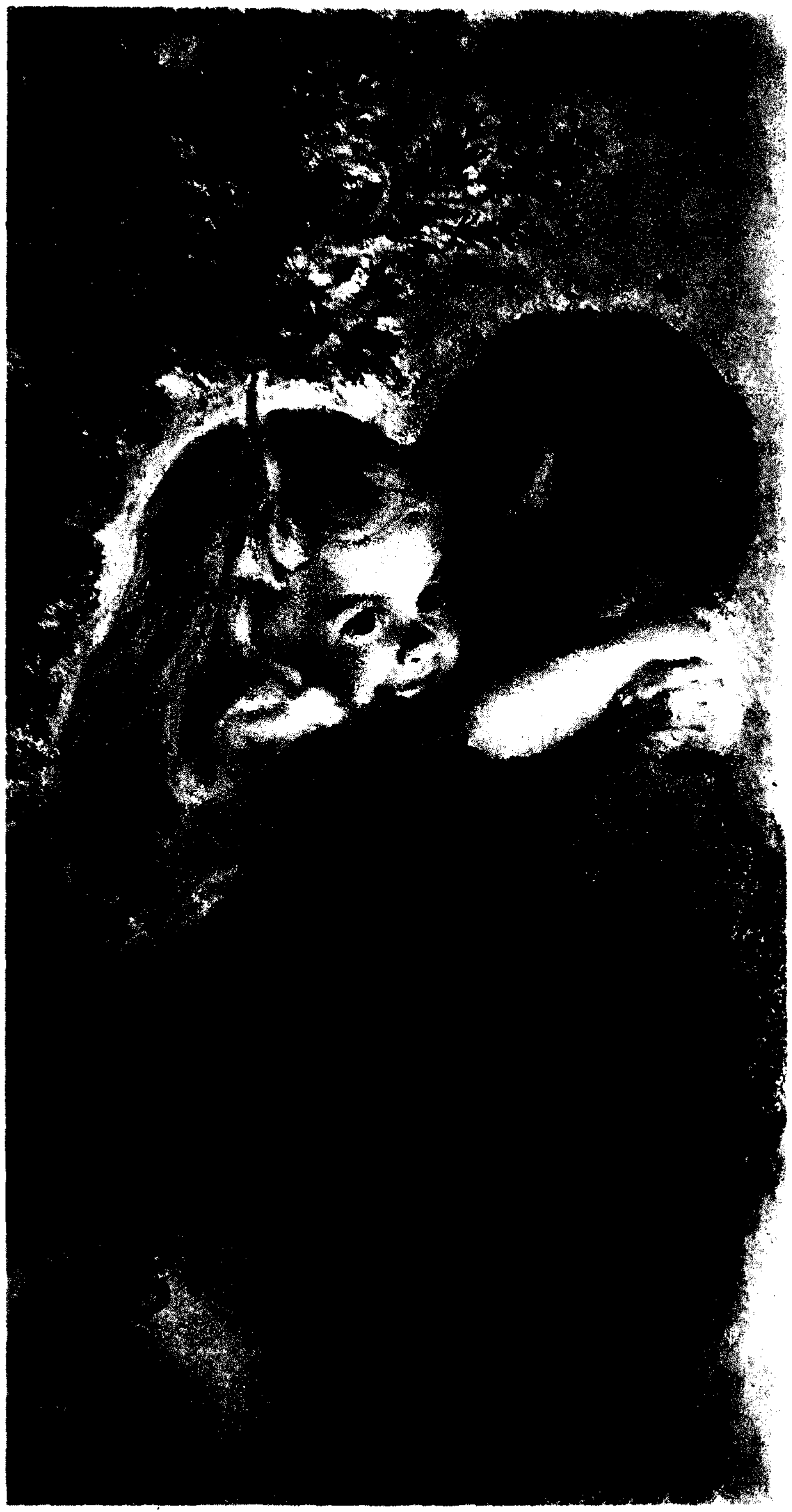


For you and someone you love—a 21-jewel Lord Elgin, a 19-jewel Lady Elgin with matching 14K gold bands in smart new basket weave design. The beautifully trim cases of both watches are 14K natural gold.



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Christmas hasn't held such exciting gift prospects in years. To make *this* Christmas more joyous there are Elgins again . . . the finest, most beautiful Elgin Watches ever to gladden a heart in all the many generations of Elgin giving.

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Made in America, each Elgin is carefully adjusted to temperature and positions. Made by *Elgin,* each one is checked for accuracy through Elgin's own observatory . . . timed to the stars!

Quantities are still limited but your jeweler will proudly show you his new models that so brilliantly carry on the tradition of an *Elgin Christmas.* The prices, including the Federal tax, start as low as $29.75 and they range from there up to $5,000.00.

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mind," Joe said. "I have this thing on my mind, and in order to get rid of it, I'm working on something else."

"If you feel that your evenings might be better spent at home, Joe," Aggie said, "why, I'd be the last person in the world to discourage you."

"Aggie," Joe said, "I wish I could explain it. But I have to have something to take my mind off Turnbull's, so I have this invention—this thing I've been thinking about. I think I have it all worked out, but I need more time. It'll just be for a while, Aggie."

She seemed to like the idea of an invention, all right, Joe told me later, but when she started to ask questions about it, he wouldn't answer them. That made her more suspicious than ever. You know how women are. There are some women who want to be in on everything. So that was what started the trouble with Aggie, that one night.

JOE hadn't mentioned his invention to me, even, at first. But around the middle of the second month at Turnbull's, his spirits began to pick up. At first I thought he was just getting used to the place, but then I decided that something had happened. He would get in the car whistling, and talk and joke all the way to work. At night it was just the same. He was getting more and more like the old Joe.

It came out one evening. Joe had a mysterious look on his face—he was whistling and grinning more than ever. When we pulled up in front of his house, he said, "Al, got a minute? Come on in. I got something to show you. I think it's terrific."

How terrific it was, I never imagined. We went in Joe's house, and found his mother waiting supper on him. "Al," she said to me, "are you in on this foolishness too?"

"What foolishness?" I started to ask, but Joe was already down the cellar, yelling for me.

"I never heard of such foolishness," Joe's mom said.

I followed Joe down to the workshop we'd fixed up when we were in high school. We had a lot of equipment there that we'd bought with money from our paper routes, and from working at the A & P on Saturdays, and it was a fine shop. Now that we were back from the war, though, we didn't go down there much any more. So, when I went down, I'd almost forgotten about it. In fact, I wasn't expecting anything more than—well, I guess I don't know what I was expecting. Certainly nothing like what I saw.

"Look at it," Joe said proudly. "What do you think of it?"

Maybe I don't use the best English in the world, but when there's something on my mind, I can say it. Most of the time. But this time I couldn't think of a thing to say.

In the center of the floor, mounted on big wooden blocks, was a machine. And what a machine. It was about eight feet square and four feet high, and it was the most complicated-looking bunch of apparatus I've ever seen. Wheels, cogs, gears, cranks, pulleys, pistons, drive belts, conveyer arms, lights, dials, buttons, valves, switches—everything. Even a whistle.

There were so many parts in that machine I can't even begin to describe it. It was the kind of a machine a mechanic might dream about.

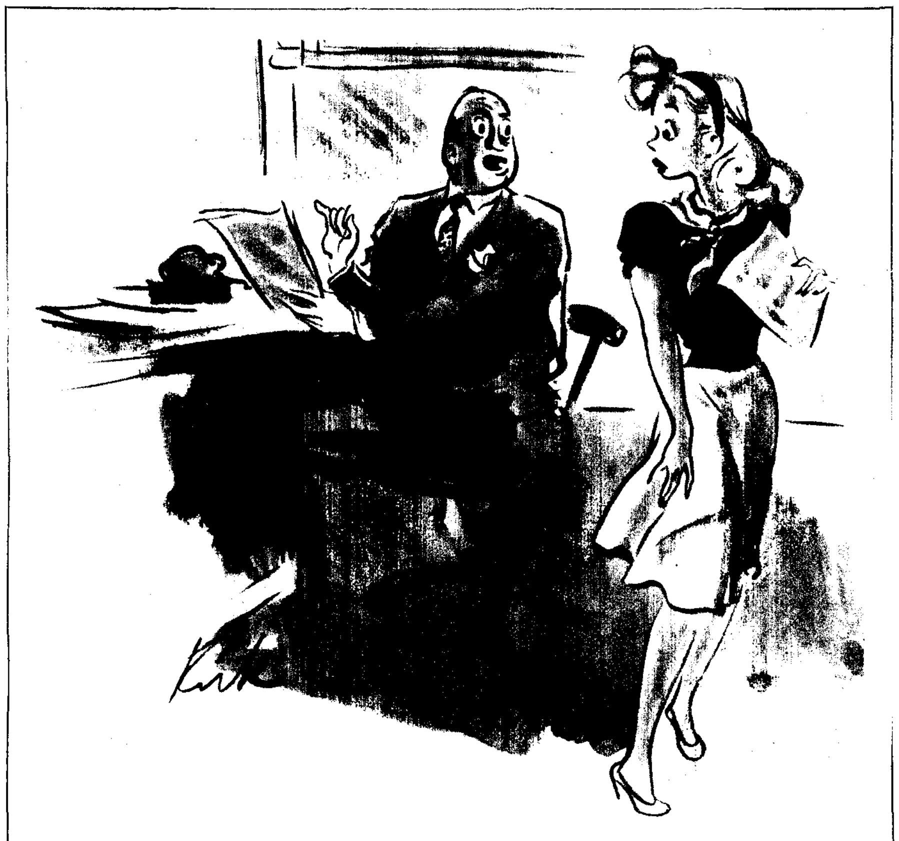
While I stood there looking at it, wondering what the hell it was, Joe pressed a button on the workbench. The two big wheels at the near end started turning, slowly gathering momentum. An arm reached out at one side, traveling to the other, picked up some lugs and brought them back. A green light flashed, then a red one. Joe walked over and turned a dial, and the thing began going faster, and faster. It made a noise that shook the whole house. A whistle blew. A shuttle began popping up and down somewhere in the middle. A greased shaft slid through the mechanism and out one end, turned twice, and slid back inside. A blue light flashed, and a needle on a dial near me started climbing toward a red mark. It was the damnedest thing I ever saw.

"Joe," I said, "what the hell is it?"

He gave me a look that told me that he thought I had the brains of a shipping-room clerk. "It's a secret," he said, grinning.

"A secret?"

"Sure," said Joe. Then he laughed. "No, Al, it's no secret. That's just what I tell people—you know, we've talked about how everything these days is secret. Like X. Well, there's no secret to this machine—but then there's really



"That one's important. File it someplace where you'll be able to find it"

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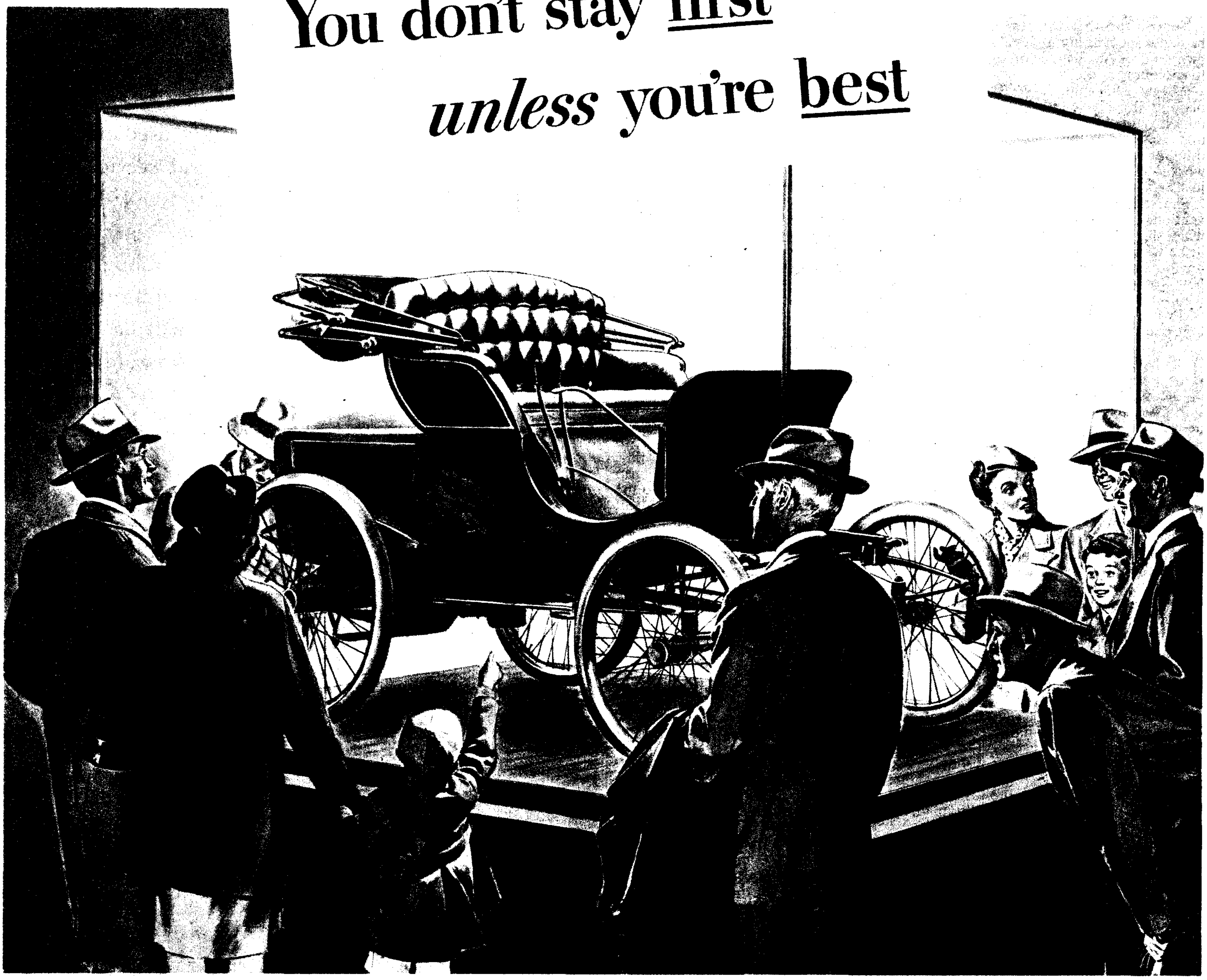


Father of 88 million! This one-cylinder Winton is said to be the daddy of all gasoline cars made and sold in this country.

Since it was built, some 88 million motor vehicles have been produced in the United States.

One company—Goodyear—has made more than enough pneumatic tires to provide every one of the 88 million with a complete set of 4 tires.

Goodyear has made and sold over 375,000,000 tires—millions more than any other manufacturer.

In a highly competitive field, you don't stay first *unless* you're best. So when you pick tires for *your* car, remember . . .

Among all the claims of greater mileage, longer life, and exclusive features, one fact stands out like a beacon: *again this year, as every year for the last 31, it's true that "more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind!"*

ANOTHER GOODYEAR FIRST!...

Goodyear tires in larger sizes are made with rayon cord.

GOODYEAR
DELUXE ALL-WEATHER

First-every year for 31 years

GOODYEAR

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind nothing to this machine. It's just a machine."

"What kind of machine, Joe?"

"Hell," said Joe. "Just a complicated old machine."

"Yes, Joe," I said, patiently. "I can see it's complicated. But what does it do?"

"Do? It doesn't do anything—it runs. That's all it does. It just runs." Then, before I could answer, Joe said, "What's the matter with all you people? You, Mom, Herb next door, all of you—'What does it do?' you ask. It doesn't do anything. It's just a machine that runs. My machine. I'm the boss of it—this machine doesn't run me, Al."

When I thought I was beginning to get the idea, I asked him some more questions. It wasn't long before I was almost as mixed up as before. Now, I think I understand—how Joe felt about X, or rather, the way X made him feel, made him want to make a machine that he could run himself. The secret business was just a gag. Well, I didn't quite get it then, so when I left Joe—he was standing there looking at it like a proud father.

On the way out, I bumped into Aggie, coming in. "Al, have you seen it?" she asked, breathlessly. "What is it, Al?"

"Aggie," I said, "I thought you were a sharp girl."

Her eyes went sort of hard. "Al, tell me!"

That got me mad, a little. "It's a secret, Aggie," I said. "I can't say anything more than Joe told me. It's a machine that runs."

She kind of tossed her head, and went on in the house. Well, I thought, that's that. I went out and got in my car and drove down the street to my house.

AS IT turned out, things hadn't even started to happen. In a town the size of Parkside, you know, things get around. Maybe Joe's mom told some of her friends, and they went to see it. Maybe some of the guys at Turnbull's got wind of it. Anyhow, the word spread. People told other people, and they told still more, and pretty soon people were looking at the house when they passed by. The next thing Joe knew, there was a reporter from the Parkside Courier there to see him and his machine.

I don't know whether Joe knew he was a reporter, or not. There were so many people stopping in, all the time, that it's ten to one that he didn't. The reporter asked him a lot of questions, and Joe gave him the stock answers: for a gag, he said, 'It's a secret,' and then he said, 'It's just a machine I made in my spare time—a machine that runs.' And he tried to explain how he felt about it, very carefully.

The reporter wasn't satisfied with Joe's answers, I guess. He made up some of his own. A little color, you know. And the headline on the front page of the Courier said:

ATOMIC POWER? IT'S A SECRET

Under that, our newspaper friend went to town:

Joseph McSween, 378 Parkside Avenue, this city, has something in his cellar that might well blow the lid off the pot of science. It's a machine—but what kind of machine, McSween won't say. All he'll admit is that it's a secret machine "that runs." This reporter's guess is that the boys at Oak Ridge and Hanford had better look to their laurels. If Parkside's own Joe McSween doesn't have an atomic machine down there, I'm William L. Laurence. His attitude about his contraption makes it all the more plausible. McSween has been working on his invention for—

That's all I have to tell about the story—the guy went on from there, for about twelve paragraphs. The story carried a picture of Joe, one they dug up in the files from when he graduated from junior high. It even mentioned me—said that I was working on this atomic machine with Joe.

You know what happened next. That story was the match that set the woods on fire. The wire services picked up the story that evening, and the next morning it was in every paper in the country. SMALL TOWN INVENTOR MAY HAVE KEY TO UNIVERSE, a New York paper said. HELP! CRIES ATOM, another screamed. If you'd have told me it was going to happen, I'd have said you were crazy.

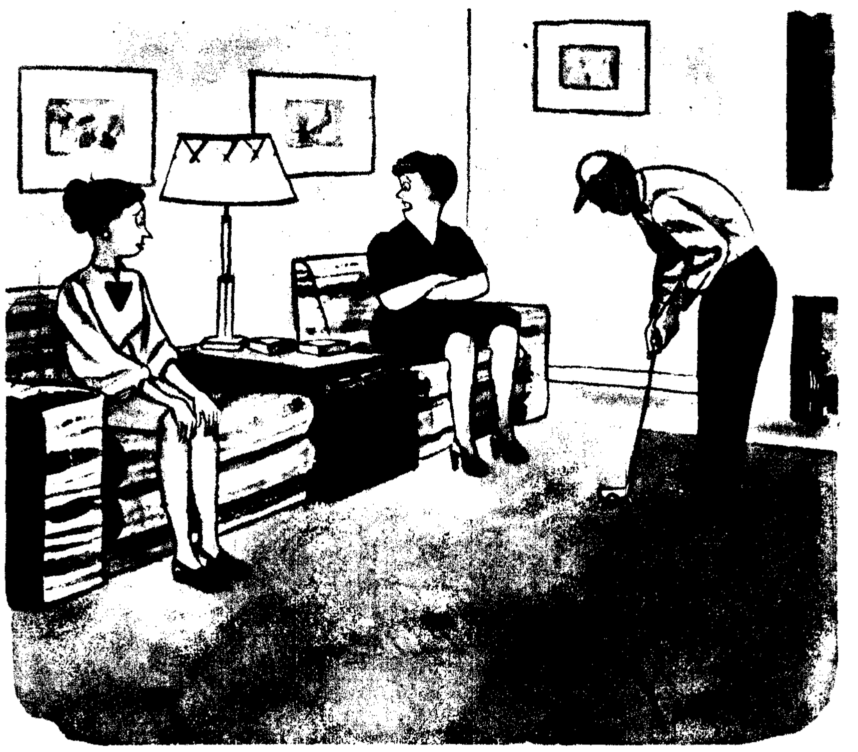
Joe called me around nine that night. "Al," he said, "did you see—?"

"Yes," I said. "And it's on the radio."

"I haven't had time to listen," Joe said. "This phone's been ringing ever since the Courier came out. Even the mayor called. Al, I'm going nuts—how could that jerk have done such a thing?"

"Joe," I said, "not everybody gets a gag. He probably thought he had a big story."

"Yeah," he said. "Boy! I try to tell



COLLIER'S "You should have seen him last winter when he thought *driving* was his weak point" CHARLES PEARSON

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A useful, decorative
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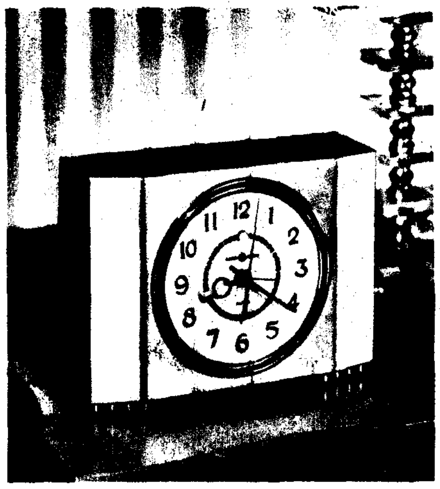

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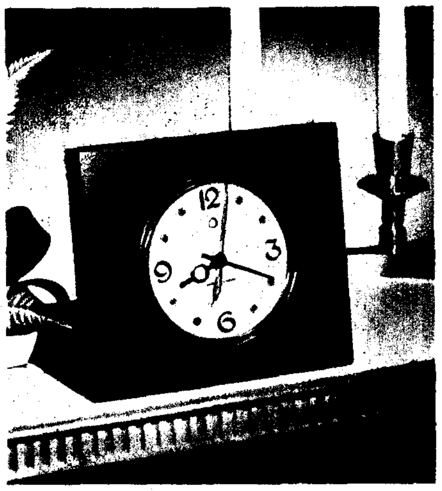

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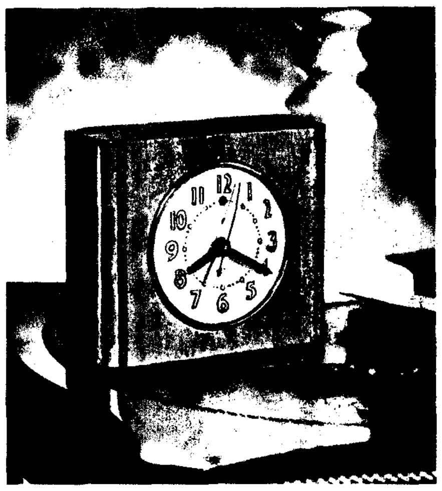
The PRISTINE—The small, inexpensive mantel clock in brown mahogany finish with white dial and black numerals. Ideal for small mantels, it is decorative—and dependable as only a G-E Electric Clock can be.



The GAY HOUR—With new "Select-A-Larm" feature—*volume control!* Light sleepers set control to "whisper." Run-of-mill sleepers set it to "call." Heavy sleepers select "shout." Every sleeper gets the "wake-up" he wants!

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Surveys show G-E Electric Clocks are the clocks *most people want*, for these reasons: (1) Self-starting—just plug in. (2) No winding. (3) Accurate, dependable, sealed-in-oil mechanism. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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Which of these four Seagram's masterpieces you will decide to give—or serve—is a matter of taste. However, of these things you can be sure:

Each is the finest of its type.

Each has the glorious flavor and matchless smoothness that come from the uncompromising maintenance of pre-war quality.

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THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
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BLENDED WHISKEY
A whiskey of distinctive character smooth, rich, full-flavored without a trace of heaviness
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Seagram's finest American Whiskey—designed for your pleasure today, tomorrow and always. Blended Whiskey, 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. 86.8 Proof.

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An "American Original"...the color of fine vintage champagne...for the world's dry-est Martini. Distilled from grain. 90 Proof.

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them that it's all a mistake—reporters keep calling up and asking me questions—but they won't listen. They ask me questions about things I never even heard of, and when I tell them I don't know what they're talking about, they think I'm being modest. Wait, Al—there's another telegram kid at the door. I've had thirty-two telegrams."

"What're you going to do, Joe?" I asked him.

"I don't know," he said. "Every time I say something, they put more words in my mouth. And I can't—Al, I have to hang up now. That kid. Call me in the morning, Al."

THAT wasn't as easy as he made it sound. I tried to call him twice around eight in the morning, but got the busy signal both times. Finally I had to leave for work, so I drove up the street toward Joe's house, thinking I would pick him up. What a thought! I got as near to the house as I could, but there were a lot of cars parked there, and a small crowd around his front porch. I got out and walked over.

"What sheet you from?" a man next to me asked.

I noticed that about half the men, and some women, were toting cameras. The papers were there in full force, all right. They'd sent them down from the big cities. "I'm just a pal of Joe's," I told the guy. That wasn't smart.

"You're a friend of Joe McSween's?" he yelled. "Hey, fellows!"

They clustered all around, and asked a hundred questions: Where is McSween now? How did he do it? Is it true that he can run a battleship with two drops of water? Did his boss really offer him three million for a quarter interest? How long have you known about it? I took it about as long as I could, then turned and ran for my car. I hopped in and drove about eight blocks down and went into a drugstore to the phone booth. Joe's number was still busy. I tried again in five minutes. No luck. Three more tries, and on the fourth I got him.

Joe's voice, very tired, said, "Well?" It was almost a growl.

"This is Al. I stopped by your house, but—"

"I know. I saw you through a crack in the blind. Al, I've been up all night. Where are you?"

I told him. "I'll try to come down," he said. "Wait there for me."

I put the phone on the hook and went over and sat down at the soda fountain. The radio was playing a dance tune, but all of a sudden the music stopped short, and an announcer cut in.

"A special bulletin from Parkside, New York," the voice said. "While the country acclaims the ingenuity and resourcefulness of young Joseph McSween, said to have invented the first real atomic machine of this atomic age, authorities in Parkside have learned that the Army will investigate McSween's project without delay. Already, Lieutenant Colonel George P. Treex, celebrated for his atomic bomb work, is speeding to Parkside by special plane. His aides are following. The—"

"The Army!" I yelled, getting up.

The soda jerker yawned. "This happens," he said.

"Why, they're out of their—" I shut up then, to hear the rest.

"—under provisions of the Chalendor-Collander-Wingle-Wanger bill," the announcer was saying, "the military forces are authorized to investigate any project they consider vital to the defense of this country. It is assumed that young McSween's machine will become a government project."

"Government project!" I couldn't believe it, and shook my head.

"What else?" the soda jerk asked. "Foolin' with atoms, you know."

"—and on the floor of the Senate this morning," the radio voice was droning, "Senator Burge Fulsome declared that he would initiate a bill to allot one million dollars for measures to guard this country's newest weapon. In the house, Representative Hayden Kratcher may introduce a bill to provide a like sum for the development of this country's security forces. 'We must protect this secret at all costs,' Representative Kratcher told reporters this morning, 'and keep it safe in the womb of democracy whence it came.' "

"What in hell—" I stopped again to listen.

"—no appropriation, thus far, for additional work on McSween's machine. A senator who refused to be quoted stated that a bill might be introduced next month, but added, 'We don't want to rush into this thing.' The invention has had far-reaching effects. In Hollywood, several firms are trying to get first rights to McSween's life story. In New York, the Stud Press has announced plans for the publication of This Is It, a story of the Atomic Machine Age. And in Parkside this morning, Mayor E. R. Risco announced he will ask the city council to appropriate thirty-seven thousand dollars for a statue to the memory of Adolph McSween, the young inventor's father. The elder McSween was killed in World War I, and the statue will show him in uniform, holding his baby son in his arms. The baby, in turn, will be clutching a full-sized atom in his fists."

I wondered if I was really sitting there at that soda fountain.

"—this network," the announcer went on, "has tried several times this morning to obtain an exclusive statement from McSween, but has succeeded only in getting a quote from the inventor's mother. 'I knew Joseph had something down there in the cellar,' Mrs. McSween said."

A WOMAN came in the drugstore and sat down beside me. "Hello, Al," she said in a deep voice. "Let's get out of here."

I jumped—my nerves were beginning to go. "Joe," I said, "what are you doing in that rig?" I looked at the big flowered hat, the dress, the coat with the fur collar. "How'd you get away?"

"I put on these clothes of Mom's and went out the back door into Herb's house, next to ours," Joe explained. "Then I went out his front door. I guess they thought I was his mother. Let's get out of here."

I started to pay my check, then remembered I hadn't had anything to drink. We went out and got in my car, but just as I was starting it I saw a girl walking across the street. "Wait, Joe," I said. "Isn't that Aggie over there?"

"Yeah," said Joe, and was out of the car and across the street like a jack rabbit. I tagged along in case explanations were needed.

They were. Aggie shook off Joe, and walked on. Joe stared after her, then went up and tried to grab her arm. "I can explain everything, Aggie, if you'll just give me a chance," he said.

Aggie turned and slapped his face.

"Aggie, please—"

"Please!" she said. "Joe McSween, the idea that you would do a thing like this to me!"

"A thing like what?"

"The idea! To think that you were working on that atomic machine all the time, and you wouldn't tell me what it was! I never—"

"Aggie, it wasn't—"

"Joe McSween, you are positively the lowest, meanest—"

A crowd was beginning to collect. After all, you don't often see a guy dressed in woman's clothes arguing in the street with a girl. And you don't often hear a girl sound off the way Aggie did.

Joe stood and listened. Then he seemed to see that it was no use. Somebody, about that time, yelled, "That's

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McSween! The atomic guy!" Joe and I dashed across the street to my car, jumped in and drove away fast. I looked back, but Aggie didn't even look after us.

Joe just sat there as I drove along. After a while he pulled off the flowered hat and unzipped the dress, and threw them in the back seat. He sat there in his shorts. "You know, Al," he said after a while, "if I *had* invented an atomic machine, nobody would've believed me."

"Yeah," I said. By this time I was ready to believe anything. I drove out toward Cedar Hill, a little town about fifteen miles from Parkside, and on the way I stopped at a general store and Joe bought a pair of overalls. It was lucky he had brought his wallet. But he didn't say anything—just sat there with his eyes closed.

After I'd gone about thirty-five miles, Joe said, "Al, I guess I've got to make one more attempt. Let's stop at the next garage." So we did, and Joe went in and called the Parkside Courier and asked for the editor. He got him. "This is Joe McSween," he said. Then his face went blank. He turned away from the phone and looked at me. "He slammed it in my ear. He wouldn't believe it was me. He asked me who I was trying to kid."

"My gosh," I said. "Want to try again?"

"No. Let's go back. I'll make them listen to me!"

As we were going out of the garage, a kid at one of the gas pumps said, "Can I have your autograph, Mr. McSween?"

"No, you can't," Joe snapped. "Let me alone."

It was the first time I'd ever heard Joe McSween be nasty to a kid. Boy, what this is doing to him, I thought. We drove slow, going back, and Joe said just one thing during the whole ride. "I can't figure out why Aggie would act that way," he said.

WHEN we'd left the drugstore in Parkside it must have been around ten or ten-thirty, and now my watch said almost two. I turned down Parkside Avenue wondering what could happen next. I didn't have to wonder long.

Off in the distance, something was going on in our block. I thought at first it was still the crowd around Joe's house, but I was wrong. If I'd have known what it was, I'd have turned around and driven like hell until we were a hundred miles away from that town. But I didn't know, so we kept on going, and as we got closer we could see that someone had erected a barrier, or road block, cutting off our street. There was a sign on this barrier, a sign we couldn't believe at first: Military District—No Visitors.

An M.P. sergeant, armed with a pistol and a club, came over to the car. "What do you want in here?"

"I live here," Joe said. "What's going on?"

"What's your name?" the M.P. asked. He pulled a slip of paper from his pocket.

"McSween. This is Al Niles."

The M.P. looked closely at Joe, and gave me a quick glance. "Let me see your papers. Identification. Both of you."

We got out our wallets and showed him our drivers' licenses, discharge certificate photostats, and Turnbull pass cards.

"H'm," he said. Then, after studying the list a little more, he said, "I guess you're all right. You better get down to your house, McSween. You too, Niles. The colonel wants to see you. Both of you."

He wouldn't let us take the car in, so we got out and walked down. "Al, what is all this?" Joe asked. "Are we really walking here on Parkside Avenue?"

I didn't answer—I was too busy looking at what was going on in front of Joe's house. There were three Army trucks parked there, and a bunch of M.P.s standing around outside. They looked like they meant business. One of them was nailing a sign to the front porch: TOP SECRET AREA, it said. Another one stepped forward as we approached.

"Identifications," he snarled.

We gave him the same stuff we'd given the first one, and he went in Joe's house. He was gone about two minutes. When he came out he said, "Well, Colonel Treex says you're all right, temporarily. You'll have to go down the cellar and wait there. He'll see you in about an hour."

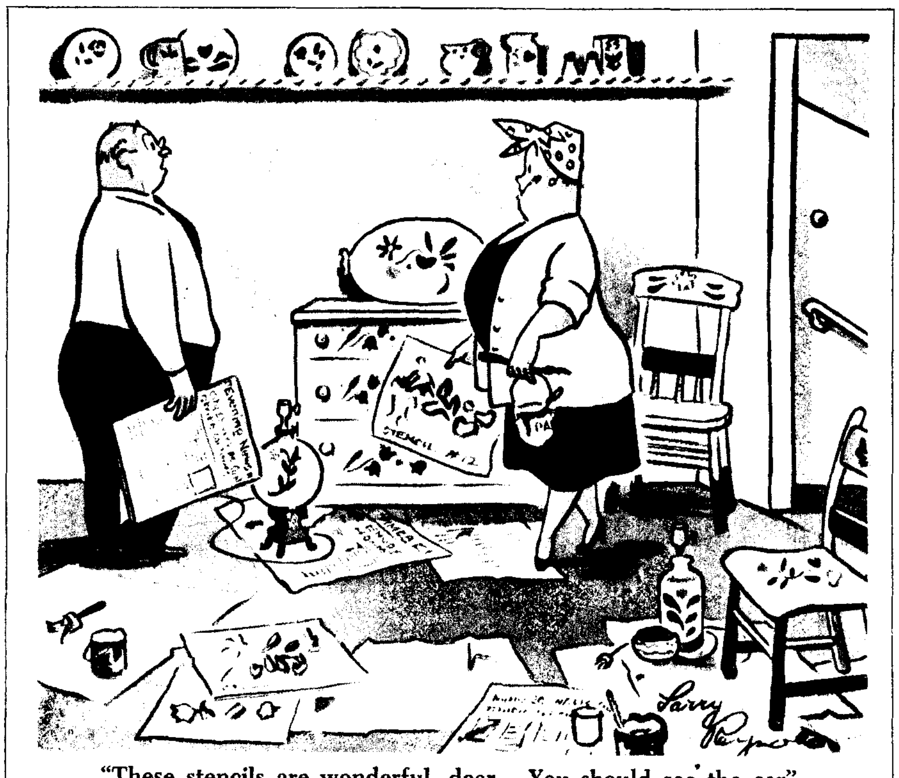
"What is all this?" Joe asked. "*What* colonel?"

"Lieutenant Colonel George P. Treex, Investigating Officer. Just go on in," the M.P. said. "Try not to make any noise as you go through the hall. The colonel is very busy."

"Is it okay to chew my gum?" I asked.

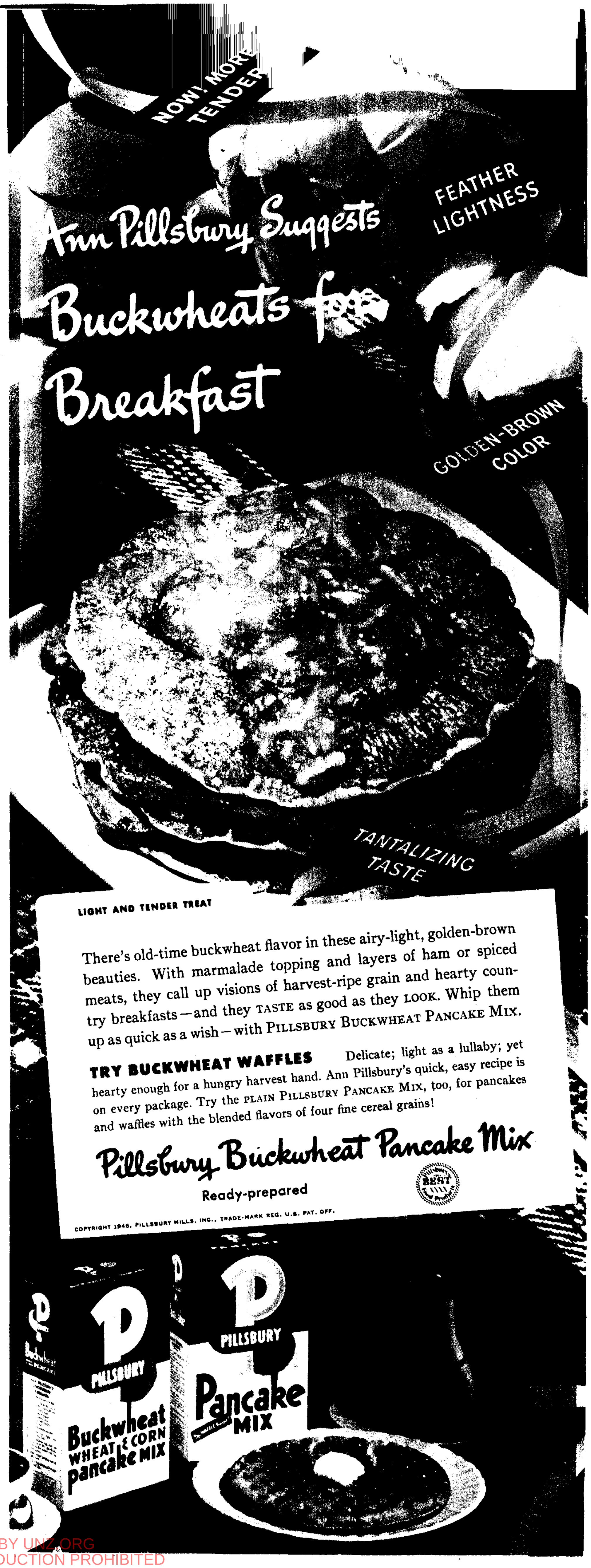
"Look," the M.P. said, "this is serious business."

So we went in the house. The door to the front room was closed, so we went through the hall to the door to the cellar, and on down—only at the cellar door



"These stencils are wonderful, dear. You should see the car"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS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we had to show our papers to another gendarme. Halfway down the steps, as though he'd just thought of something, Joe turned around. "Al," he said, grabbing me, "what have they done to my mom?"

"My gosh," I said. We turned and ran back up the stairs and banged on the door. The M.P. opened it.

"Where's my mother, you—?" Joe asked.

The M.P. wasn't bothered. "The colonel felt it might be wise for her to move while the investigation is going on," he said. "Mrs. McSween is at the Parkside Hotel—at government expense, of course."

"How nice of the government," said Joe.

"Anything else?" asked the M.P.

"Yeah. Get the Courier on the phone and tell them to send over a sensible reporter," Joe said. "One who can understand plain English."

"I'm sorry," said the M.P., "but the colonel will not permit any newspapermen."

Joe stared, shook his head, looked at me. I stared back. We turned and went downstairs.

THEY had all the lights in the cellar on, and a few more besides. The place was brighter than day. Joe's machine sat there in the middle of the floor, quiet—as though it were waiting for something to happen. We sat down on the workbench and stared at the damned thing. The trouble you caused, I thought. Oh, the trouble.

"Al," said Joe, "how can I get it across to them?"

"You'll just have to tell them again. That's all you can do. You'll have to tell this colonel."

"Al, you know how colonels are," Joe muttered.

"Yeah," I said.

How this lieutenant colonel was, we found out the next minute. A voice at the head of the stairs yelled, "All right, down there!" There was silence for a second or two, then the sound of a heavy body coming down the steps. Then we had our first glimpse of Lieutenant Colonel George P. Treex.

He was some guy, all right. He looked a little like a mountain with snow on top, only with three chins. He had about four banks of ribbons and medals, including the award for marksmanship. Joe and I got off the bench. We know brass when we see it.

The colonel turned to me and said, "Glad to see you, Mr. McSween."

"That's McSween," I said, motioning at Joe. The colonel didn't look at me from there on out. And he shook hands with Joe fast, like it was something he had to get over in a hurry. After that he stood back and looked around the cellar, like he was inspecting a barracks.

"Colonel," said Joe, "I'd like to tell you, first of all, that this whole thing is a big—"

The colonel wasn't listening. He was looking at the shelves above the workbench. "Those shelves," he said. "We must get them dusted. Dust on shelves is a safety hazard, you know."

Joe's eyes popped. I said, "Yeah. Out at Turnbull's, guys get killed by falling dust every day."

The colonel didn't know I was alive. "Now, Mr. McSween," he said, "where are your reports? I'll have to study them for the inquiry. May I have them, please?"

"Reports?" Joe said. "There aren't—"

"McSween, you needn't worry about my authority," the colonel said. "I was sent here by the chief himself, acting on orders from the Secretary. Adequate security precautions will be taken. No secrets will leak out. You can turn your papers over to me with perfect safety."

"Colonel," said Joe, "I don't care if you were sent here by the ghost of Isaac Newton." He looked strange—stranger than I'd ever seen him before.

"Please, Mr. McSween," the colonel said. "I have so many things to attend to— We must study the feasibility of throwing a radar screen around the house; we must— I'm very, very busy, you understand. Now, may I have the papers, please?"

"No, Colonel," said Joe. "And the reason is—"

The colonel's chins quivered before he interrupted. "You refuse, Mr. McSween? You defy my authority?"

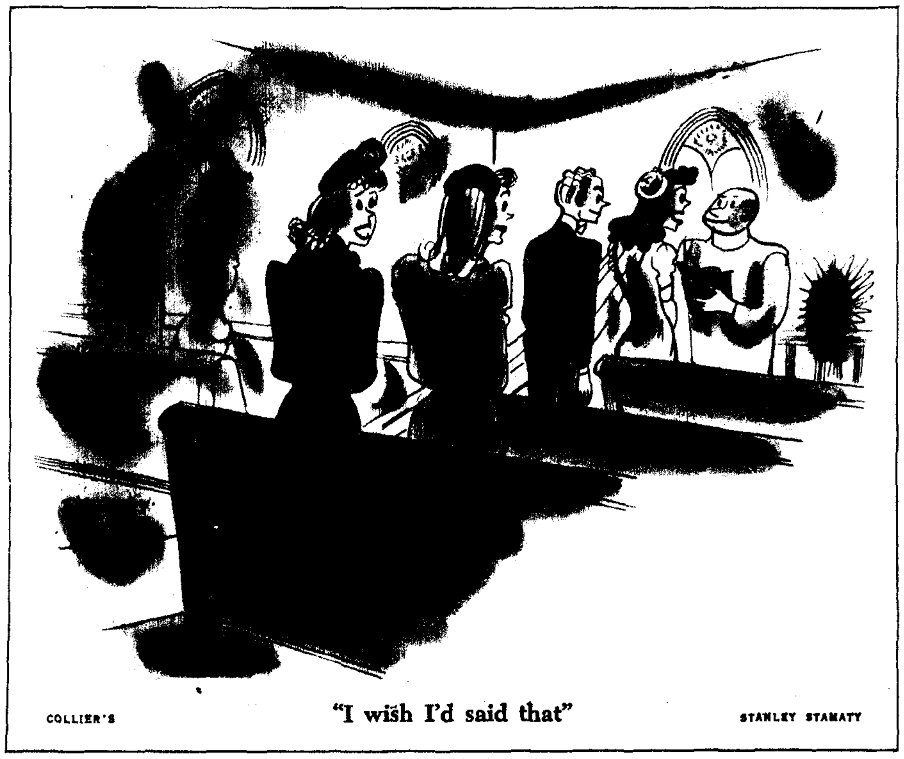
"I'm not defying anything," said Joe. "I'm just telling you there are no papers. And I want to tell you something else. I—"

"What did you say?" Lieutenant Colonel Treex looked as though he couldn't believe it. "There are no papers? Plans, then?"

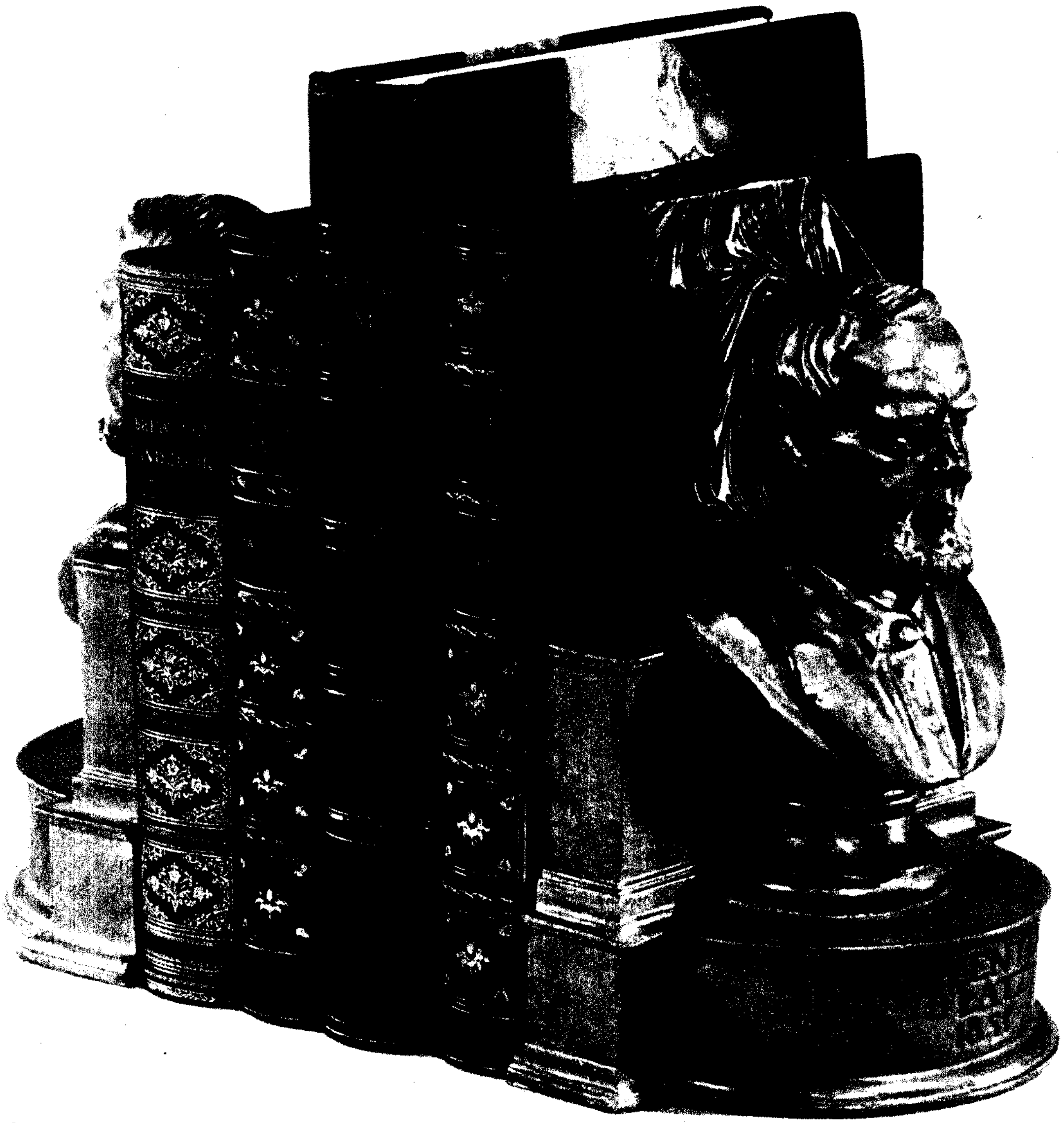
"No. No plans. Nothing."

"I don't understand. This isn't what I expected, at all. Mr. McSween," said the colonel, forcing a kind of military laugh, "I really can't waste time in jokes. The chief is waiting for a report. Now, could I have a demonstration, please? Just enough to give me a rough idea."

Joe walked to his workbench. "All right," he said. "You want a demonstration, I'll give you one. Maybe you'll see just why the whole thing's a—"



"I wish I'd said that"



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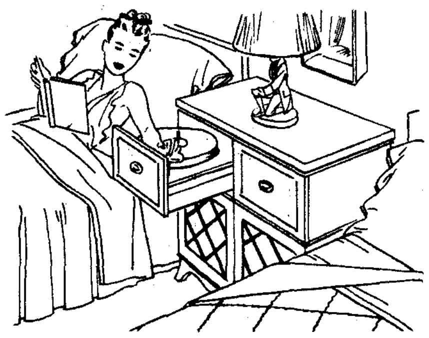

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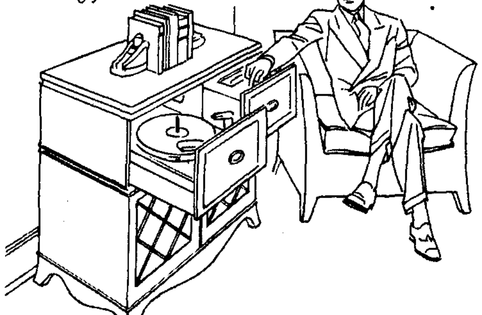

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He flipped on the power, and the rest of his words were lost in the roar of the machine, starting off with a bang. The belts began moving back and forth, the wheels and cogs were grinding, the lights were flashing, the arm was moving across to pick up the lugs— It made a hell of a racket. It even sounded, I thought, like an honest-to-goodness atomic machine might sound.

It impressed the colonel, you could see that. "What's its capacity?" he yelled above the noise.

"Capacity for what, Colonel?" Joe yelled back.

"How much does it produce?" the colonel screamed.

"Nothing!" yelled Joe. "It doesn't produce anything!"

The colonel couldn't hear him, and motioned to him to turn off the power. "It won't produce anything, I tell you," said Joe, when the power died down. "It's not what you think at all, Colonel. It's just a machine—just a machine I made for fun. It just runs, that's all."

The colonel shrugged, and walked to the steps. "Major Stoughton!" he shouted. "Major Brown! Lieutenant Weinberg! Lieutenant Borst! Sergeant English!"

They all came down and stood there waiting like tin soldiers. "Yes, Colonel?" one of the shavetails asked.

"What would you estimate its capacity to be?" the colonel said.

The lieutenant took a thing that looked like a fever thermometer out of his pocket, and squinted at the machine through the end of it. "About forty," he said, at last. All the other officers had pencils out and were scribbling on little pads.

The colonel nodded. "That about right, Mr. McSween?"

"Forty what?" Joe asked.

"Mr. McSween," said the colonel, "please be serious. I—"

"Shut up!" Joe's face turned suddenly red, and his breath was coming hard. "I've been trying to explain this ever since you came down here, and you won't give me a chance! I'll be serious, all right. I'll—" He picked up a wrench from the workbench, and held it like a war club.

All the officers stopped scribbling.

"I'll show you!" Joe said. "I'll show your damned old atomic machine!"

And before anybody knew quite what was going on, he leaped over and raised the wrench and brought it down hard, smashing first an instrument panel, then ripping through a belt, then breaking a wheel, then splitting a cog wheel—

The colonel got over his astonishment fast. He acted—or rather, his men did. Three of them jumped Joe, two got me. Somebody yelled, "Treason!" Everybody was yelling and shouting and raising a terrific fuss, and Joe was screaming, "You can't do this! It's my machine and I'll smash it if I want to! Let me go! You're crazy! It's not an atomic machine! Let us go!"

Well, they had to carry Joe upstairs. I went along, with two of them helping me. And they brought us up here and locked us in Joe's room.

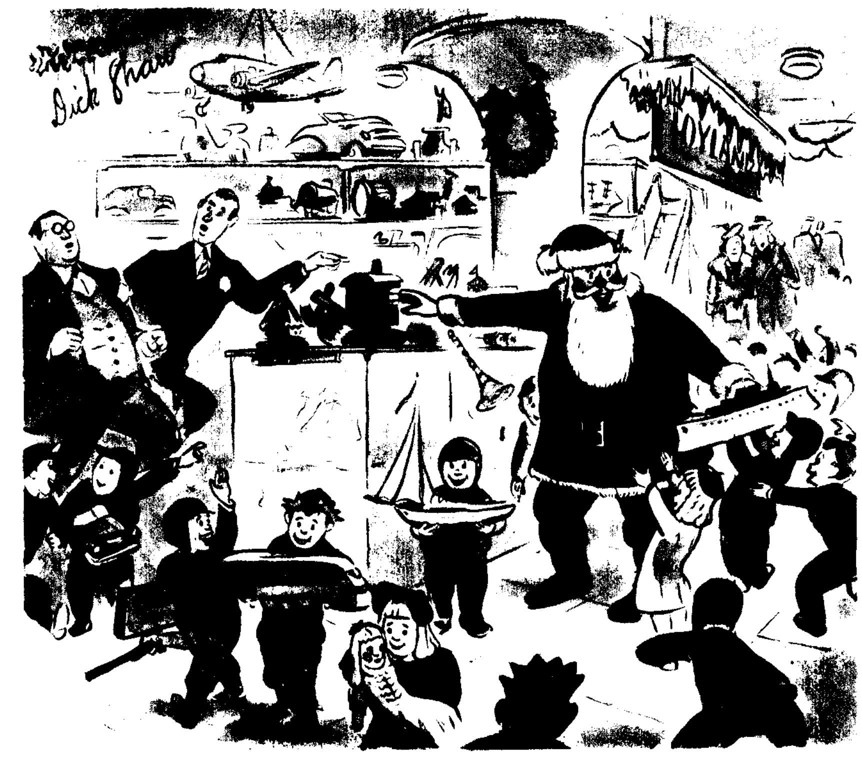
HE'S quiet now, Joe is. As I say, I just talked the whole thing over with him, and now I have written it all down. Maybe I've left out some of the details, but I think everything is here.

Joe told me that he thinks the reason it happened is because some people are always looking for something that isn't there. He thinks maybe his gag about saying it was a secret might have been a bad idea, since nobody believed him when he told the truth. "Some people just won't take things for what they're worth," Joe said a little while ago. "I wasn't trying to make a big fuss. I just made a machine, just to get my mind off Turnbull's, and now they've taken it away from me. They'll bring in the scientists and find out the truth, but that won't make any difference. Then they'll say I tricked them. You wait and see."

Joe isn't being bitter—just philosophical, he says. He told me that the only thing he's sorry for is that he didn't give the kid back at the gas station his autograph.

So, that's the way it is. They've got Joe and me here in this room, and downstairs they're trying to repair the machine, which they still think is an atomic machine, and we aren't sure that they'll ever find out that it isn't. Maybe it'll all come out all right in the investigation. Joe and I'll get out of this mess; Joe and Aggie will get back together; Joe's mom will come back from that hotel where she's staying at government expense; and Joe and I will get out of Turnbull's and go get our old jobs back again at Krug's. I say maybe. I'm not sure those things will happen—I'm just as mixed up as I was before, and I can't tell what's going to happen next.

THE END



COLLIER'S "It's that new man we were so dubious about, sir!" DICK SHAW

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SALESMAN IN THE SENATE

Continued from page 56

had served for four decades and through the grim years of drought and depression. Now the state was riding high, with its farm mortgages retired and bonds in the bank. In prosperity, the farmers had turned to the showman from Pawnee City. And when Norris went back to McCook, Nebraska, to die in 1944, the booming Senator Wherry was well on his way in Washington.

Unlike other first-term senators, who spend their maiden years being seen but not heard, Wherry began his term at the top of his voice. As the day's session begins, he leaps to his feet, shouting and waving his hand until he is recognized. Hitching his coat around his broad shoulders and adjusting his rimless glasses, he then excoriates the New Deal, shouts down colleagues on both sides of the floor, and ends up abruptly, leaving those who would answer him with their hands waving as he strides through the swinging door to the men's lounge. A few minutes later, when his colleagues have turned to other business, Lightning Ken reappears, stomping noisily back to his seat.

Wherry was soon recognized by tired Republican leaders, who may have seen their future rising from the cornfields. After the dismal days of Democratic landslides, the Old Guard turned joyfully to the young embalmer from Pawnee City, who has since delighted in kicking the cadaver of Franklin D. Roosevelt. They made him party whip, a job like a truant officer's, responsible for corralling Republicans to vote against the opposition. It was the first time in Senate history that a rookie senator was named to that important post.

As party whip, Wherry today has become the fieriest, if not the most influential voice of the Old Guard. A onetime Presbyterian Sunday-school teacher, Wherry neither drinks nor smokes and was once so offended when Senator Tom Connally used the word "damn" before the Senate that he insisted the word be stricken from the Record as "beneath the dignity of the Senate." In debate, his voice is strident and sarcastic, which has brought him close to blows with Senators Guffey, Lucas and Aiken, who almost challenged him to fight on the Senate floor.

During the recent Senate debates on price control, he campaigned so lustily against OPA and rushed through so many crippling amendments that few senators could keep track of him. He introduced one amendment giving violators the right to contest the validity of OPA orders, after judgment had been made in civil courts. Another Wherry amendment assured manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers and jobbers a guaranteed profit equal to that of 1937-1941.

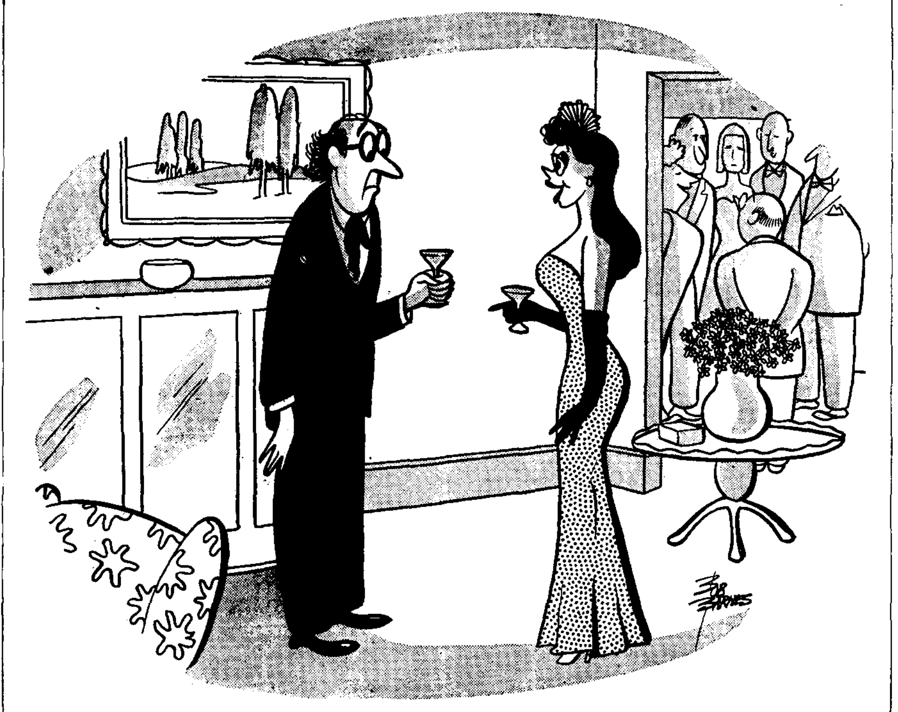
A third Wherry amendment, designed for the farmers back home, required that farm price ceilings cover all production costs, including return on capital and a "reasonable profit." This amendment was disapproved as too enthusiastic even by the Farm Bureau Federation, the National Grange and the Farmers Union, organizations that normally have a wide difference of opinion.

Noisy and Vigorous in Debate

Each day while OPA was being loudly slaughtered, Wherry would jump to his feet, shout for the floor and regale his colleagues with a full reading of the day's livestock report, designed to show that the price of meat should not be controlled. Without such reports, he also opposed production subsidies and the OPA plan for controlling housing prices. One day he appeared waving a new white shirt to show his colleagues that OPA stopped production.

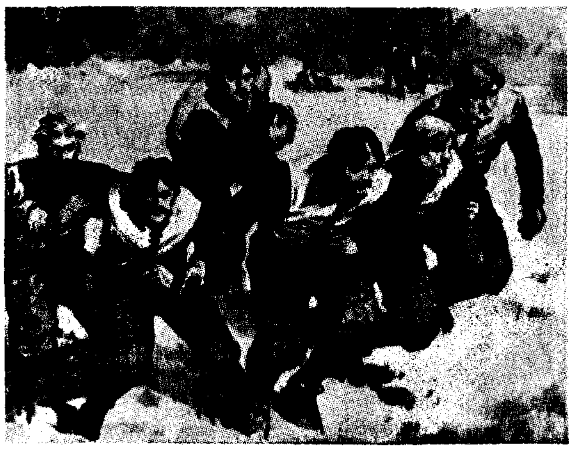
Last December, Wherry's antics reached a nation-wide audience. During a debate on price control over America's Town Meeting of the Air, the senator whipped out a ladies' pink slip and bellowed: "This is the kind of sack that Chester Bowles is hanging on the women of America!" Although his opponent reminded the audience that Wherry had voted for amendments which would have increased the cost of living by 15 per cent, the pink slip seemed to run off with the argument. In the course of shouting for no controls and free enterprise, Wherry supported such restrictive labor legislation as the Case Bill, the Hobbs Bill and the Smith-Connally Act, drawing the combined dislike of all labor organizations.

While the senator prides himself on his domestic program, he is seldom so happy as when discussing foreign affairs. "Fellow Americans," he roared before the American Tariff League, "the warning I

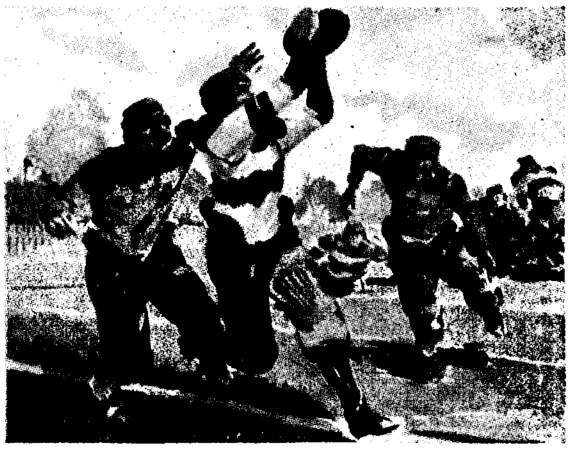


COLLIER'S "You must tell me, Professor, how you came to write a book with such a lovely leather binding" BOB BARNES

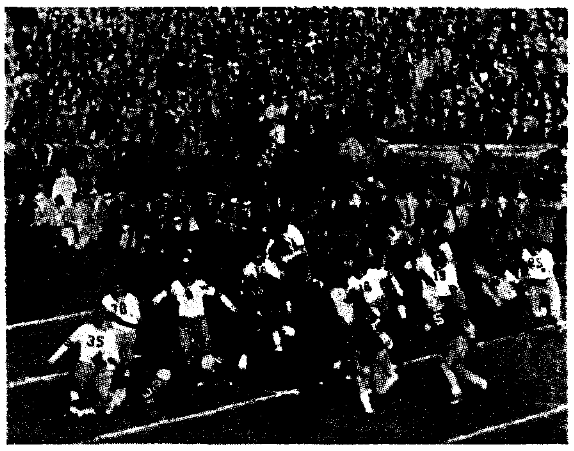
How pro football got razzle-dazzle



1895 **Thrills, action, color!** That's what professional football offers you today. Started in 1895, when Corby's was in its 37th year as a famed Canadian name, pro football's first paid player, an experienced quarterback, received $10 for filling a vacant spot on a Latrobe, Pa., team.



1906 **Pioneer** pro football teams were active in Ohio 48 years after the name Corby's came to Canada. Pro players later began to open up the game because the mechanical perfection of their play enabled them to bring the forward pass into its own as an attack weapon.



1920 **The first** big gate for pro football saw 15,000 people at a game in New York. Ex-college stars and famous coaches later began to contribute blinding speed and dynamite action to the pro leagues, as Corby's reached its 62nd year as a grand Canadian whiskey name.

SAY CORBY'S
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED FOR JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED PEORIA · ILLINOIS

1946 **You can** see more great stars, more passing, more razzle-dazzle touchdown plays in an afternoon of pro football today than ever before. The game has developed its own big following, and so has Corby's Whiskey. With football, it's thrills, action, color. *With Corby's, it's light, sociable flavor* that does wonders for any drink. That's why so many people ask for the whiskey with a grand old Canadian name. Won't *you* join them?

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

HEATS HOT IN 90 SECONDS
90 SECONDS! Why that means hot heat in the car just driving to the corner store!
GROCERY STORE
90 SECONDS! Gee, now I'll be warm going to school and the movies!
90 SECONDS! That means hot heat in my car almost the instant I leave for work!
South Wind
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
CAR HEATER
STEWART WARNER

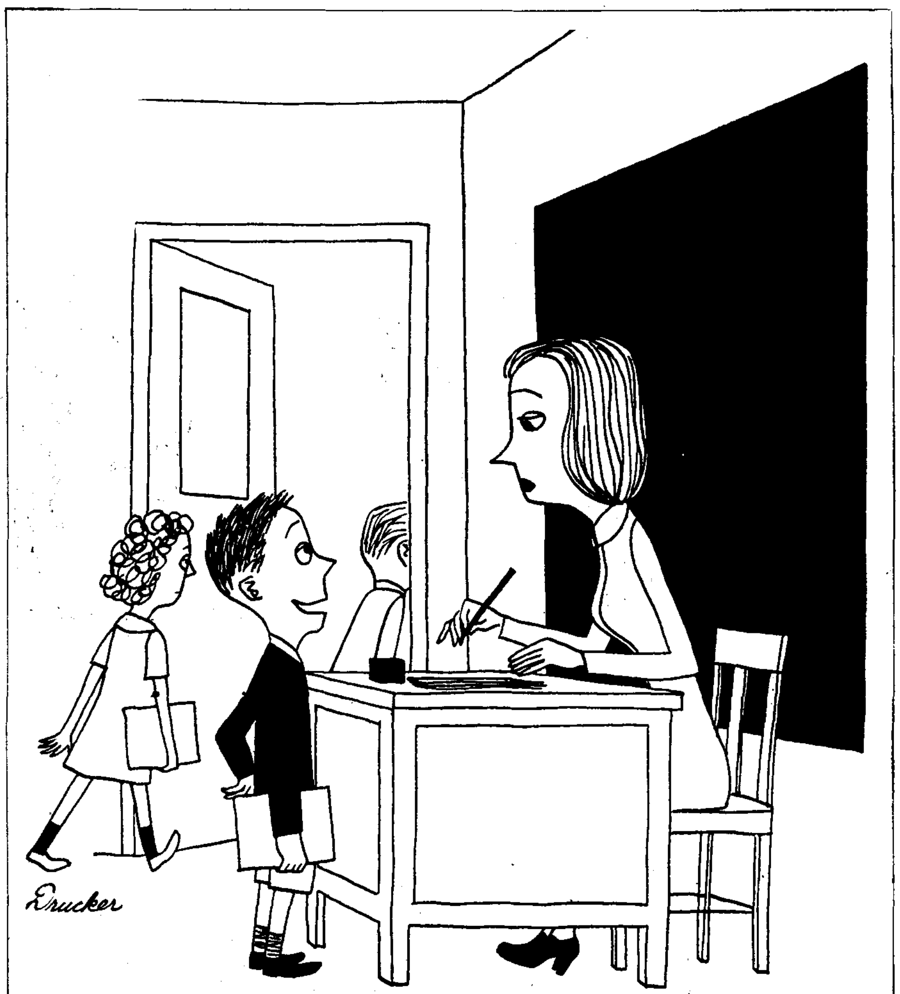
Only a South W[illegible] short trips. An [illegible] strument panel or [illegible] warm until you'v[illegible] and shivery [illegible] Get a South Wi[illegible] heat from the feet [illegible] Wind costs no m[illegible] heater, and fits [illegible] heated, so a [illegible] happy summer, [illegible] fuel from the car[illegible] chamber. Fumes go [illegible] the exhaust. Safe —bears the seal of Underwriters' Laboratories.

$29.75—Plus installation. Easy to install. Easy to transfer to your next car. Sales and service from coast to coast.

Its safety has won for it the seal of the Underwriters' Laboratories. [illegible] 1½ million [illegible]

SOUTH WIND DIVISION, STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION, Indianapolis 7, Indiana

IT'S HERE! [illegible] REVOLUTIONARY NEW SOUTH WIND HOUSE HEATER THAT BURNS ILLUMINATING [illegible]



COLLIER'S "Miss Haskins, how can a smart young chick like you bury herself in a grind like this?" BORIS DRUCKER

want to leave with you is that in the schemes now afoot—and most of them are wrapped in the respectable but disguising robes of world peace—lies the end of self-government in the United States." The "schemes" he referred to and voted against were the Bretton Woods and Dumbarton Oaks plans, the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act and the loan to Britain.

Born and raised in Nebraska, Wherry had never been to Europe until May, 1945, when he flew overseas on General Eisenhower's invitation as member of a bipartisan group of twelve congressmen to inspect the horrors of Dachau, Belsen and Buchenwald concentration camps. Together with his colleagues, he saw the human incinerators, the dry bones and rotting bodies with his own eyes. On their return, the group made an official report describing the Nazi horrors. Wherry, however, made a minority report of his own.

"It was horrible," he announced, "but we mustn't judge too hastily. I want to explain as a matter of simple justice that there is much confusion and mixed opinion about who was responsible, about how generally the camp conditions were known to the German people and how far camp leaders went in their extreme brutalities."

Angling for the "German Vote"?

Perhaps, some Nebraskans say, Wherry is merely appealing to the "German vote" in his state, on the theory that 30 per cent of Nebraska's voters are of German descent and would naturally approve of the soft voice toward Germany. They also point out that the Nebraska delegation, in the years leading up to the war, voted consistently against Lend-Lease and Selective Service; that Wherry, in his campaign for the Senate, asked voters, "Do you want to extend the New Deal when its leadership admits we are losing the war?" and, when elected, served his state by advocating the exemption of all farmers from the draft.

Many Nebraskans, however, believe that the "German vote" is a myth and that Nebraskans vote American, like citizens of every other state.

Whatever his reasoning, Wherry has gone on with his campaign to shape America's foreign policy. "I'm no isolationist," he insists, "but you can't pastorialize *(sic)* the German people." Shortly after his return from Buchenwald, he orated for two hours in the Senate, accusing the American government of "failure to provide sufficient food to prevent mass starvation in Germany, Austria and Italy," although the other Congressional visitors had reported "no evidence that the people of Germany as a whole were suffering from any lack of sufficient food or clothing."

Nevertheless, roared Senator Wherry, the Administration was "making the American people unwilling accomplices to the crime of mass starvation in Germany. The American conscience," he cried, "will not rest until it compels our elected servants, from the President on down, to redeem this country's honor. The heart of America is not rock," he added, "whatever this Administration and its inner circle of advisers may think."

But while the Republican whip was attacking the Administration for its "failure" to feed the Germans, Wherry in the same breath voted against the appropriation for UNRRA. And when Marquis Childs, the Washington columnist, polled senators on the question—"Do you favor aid for the rehabilitation of liberated countries even though this might mean the continuance of some wartime restrictions in this country?"—Wherry and Senator Theodore Bilbo of Mississippi were the only members of the Senate to answer, "Nay!"

A great admirer of General Douglas MacArthur, Wherry, in 1945, had also found himself in a lonely minority when the Senate was asked to confirm the appointment of Dean Acheson as Undersecretary of State. As Acting Secretary, Mr. Acheson had replied sharply to a statement from General MacArthur to the press, in which the general discussed the occupation policy in Japan. When Mr. Acheson declared that occupation policy was the province of the State Department and not of the military, the senator was outraged.

Several months earlier, the general and the Honorable Dr. A. L. Miller, representative from Nebraska, had exchanged their famous series of letters on the question of MacArthur for President. The initial letters had been discussed and approved at the weekly luncheon meeting of the Nebraska delegation in Washington, and Senator Wherry was one of the closest followers of the correspondence. Early in the war, during his 1942 campaign, Wherry had leaped to MacArthur's "defense" with a direct attack on President Roosevelt for "failing to furnish MacArthur with supplies to finish the war in the Pacific first."

A Futile Four-Hour Speech

When Acheson's confirmation came up, Wherry spoke out again, giving the Senate a four-hour speech of disapproval, in which he indicted the entire State Department as "acrawl with Communists." The vote on Mr. Acheson's confirmation was 55 to Wherry, without even the accompanying "nay" of Senator Hugh Butler, Wherry's senior in the Nebraska delegation.

As Senator Wherry now sees it, the nation faces a momentous choice between Americanism and Communism, the former represented by the standpat Republicans who gather around him and the latter by Democrats and "me-too" Republicans. "Me-too" Republicans, according to Wherry, are those who occasionally vote along with the Democratic Party on questions of domestic and foreign policy. "The time has come," Wherry likes to roar, "when we only want those candidates who stand four-square on the issues. There is no room for compromisers and me-toos."

Among the "me-too" Republicans, who are "practically Democrats" by the Wherry formula, he lists Harold E. Stassen and Thomas E. Dewey. He has also found himself at odds from time to time with such Republican stalwarts as Senator Taft, whom he accused of weakening the stand against OPA, and Senator Arthur Vandenberg, who joined Secretary Byrnes at the Paris Conference and declined to make a political issue of United States foreign policy.

Kenneth Spicer Wherry was born on February 28, 1892, in the little town of Liberty, Nebraska, a name he now regards as prophetic. His forebears came from Wherry Cove, in Wales, and took a charter from William Penn to live on the land in Pennsylvania. Greatgrandson Wherry often refers to the pioneer spirit that made America great. As a salesman of those spirits, not denatured, he never weakens his argument by suggesting that anything has since changed in Nebraska and the rest of the country.

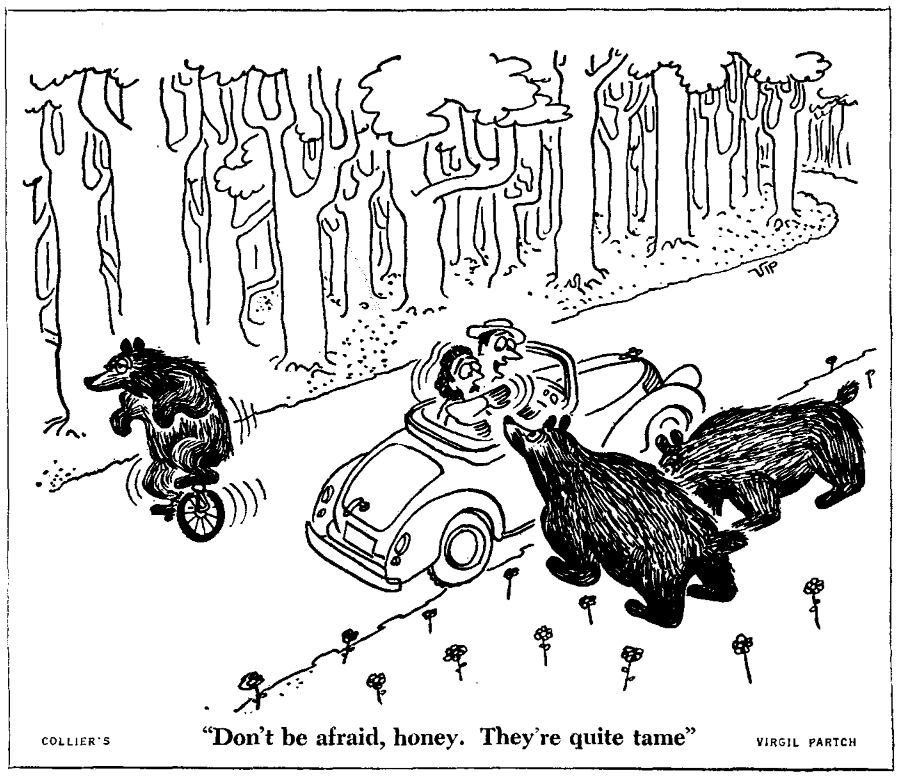
His parents were Jessie Comstock and David Emery Wherry, who left Liberty when Kenneth was six months old and settled in the southeastern Nebraska town of Pawnee City. Instead of farming, the senator's father, who is now 84 years old, became a storekeeper, selling furniture and farm implements. He, like his son, combined politics with business, serving Pawnee City as mayor for five terms.

One of four brothers, young Ken Wherry attended public, grade and high school in Pawnee City and worked Saturdays at the furniture store. A born salesman, he went on to the University of Nebraska, selling pianos on the side. His old classmates remember him as a brash but likable young man, who starred on the varsity debating team and campaigned his way to presidency of the senior class. Then he went on to Harvard to study business administration and law.

Back from Harvard in 1915, Wherry was surely the most enterprising young man in all Pawnee County. He took over the Wherry Ford Agency, across the block from the furniture store, and became its chief salesman. He opened branch offices for Wherry Brothers in Wymore and Humboldt, Nebraska. He practiced law and took out a license as embalmer and funeral director in Nebraska, Kansas, Iowa and Missouri. With the crab-grass growth of the Wherry enterprises, Wherry Brothers added an undertaking parlor next door and a salesroom above it, filled with satin-backed coffins and burial dresses.

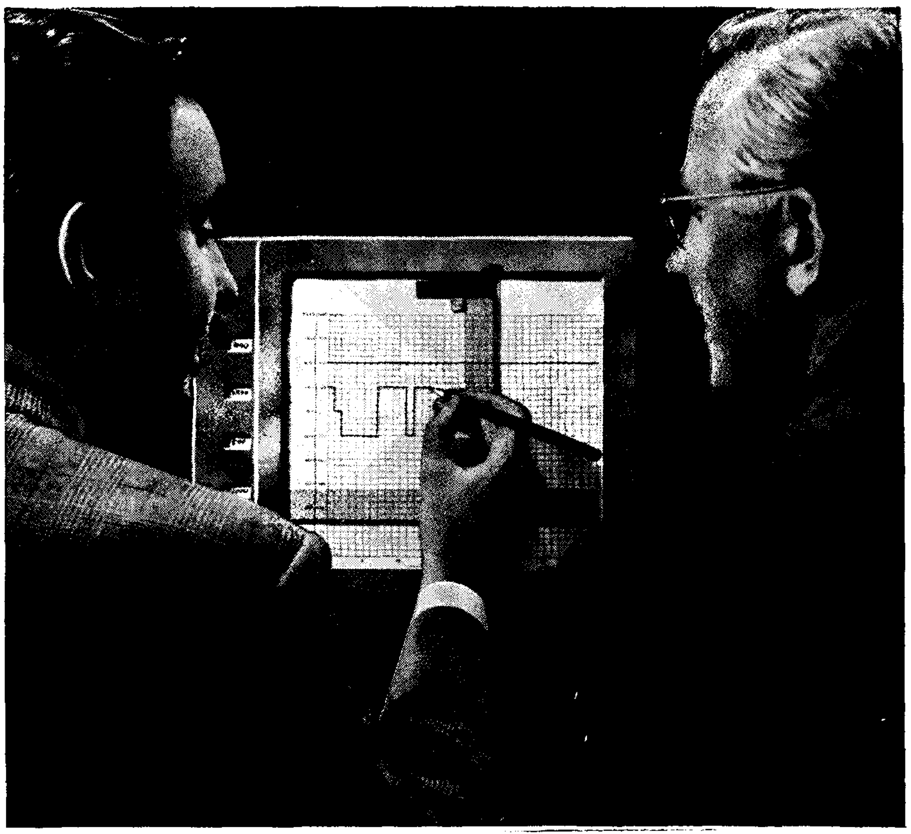
In 1917, when war was declared against Germany, the young undertaker promptly got a civilian job buying up mules for the Army's remount division, where, he now says, "I could render some real service." Later, he enlisted in the Naval Flying Corps.

Six months later the war was over and the young flying cadet, who had served from Chicago, Illinois, to Pensacola, Florida, came home and joined the American Legion. As a full-fledged veteran, Wherry has sometimes had occasion to refer to his war service. During his campaign for senator against Norris, for example, he proclaimed: "Senators



COLLIER'S "Don't be afraid, honey. They're quite tame" VIRGIL PARTCH

A Better Way to plan your family's security



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- With the *Analagraph* you don't guess... you *know.* On simple, scientific charts you put down desired income, educational funds for your children, investments, and social security. You are aided by a trained Analagrapher, graduate of a special school. You *see* every step leading to security for your family and retirement for you. You see how your life insurance meets your needs.
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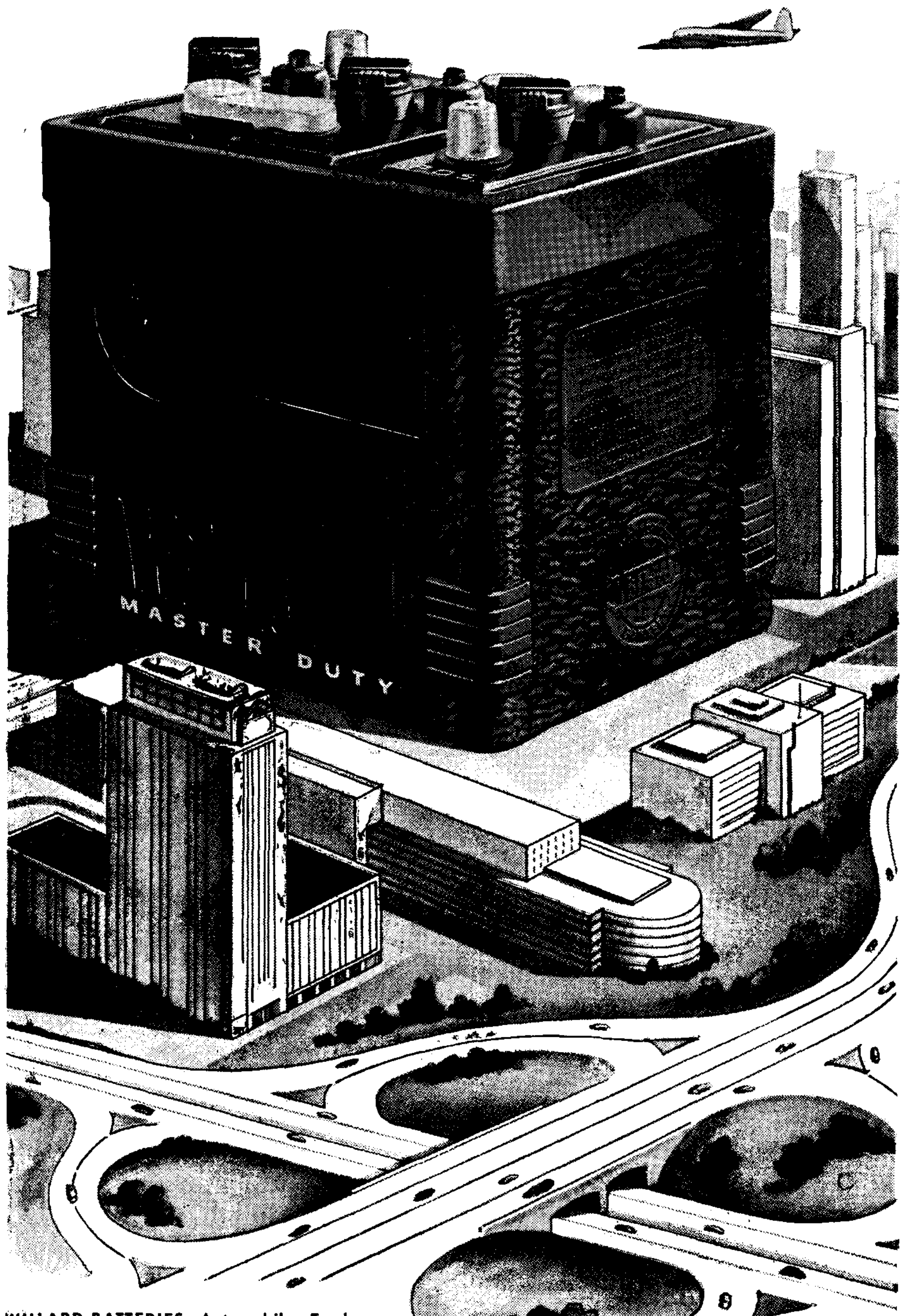

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who have seen the war—and I am one of them—should be better equipped to prevent future wars than those who do not know war."

In 1920, after the Armistice, Wherry married Marjorie Colwell, a druggist's daughter, and together they raised two handsome children, David, who is now attending Annapolis, and Marilyn, who often scolds her father for mispronouncing words. In 1927, while the Wherry enterprises were booming, Pawnee City's leading salesman was approached by two members of the Pawnee County Fair Board. "They told me," the senator says today, "that the Wherrys were prominent in business and should be prominent in public affairs." They asked Wherry, who was already known as "Lightning Ken" by the farmers of Pawnee, to take over the chairmanship of the County Fair and Horse Show.

It was during those days of running the fair that Wherry found his voice. An annual event, the County Fair and Horse Show came at harvesttime, when the farmers and their wives brought prize steers and corn and pumpkin pies to the forty acres near Pawnee City. For many years the fair had been a financial failure, slowly gathering debts. Wherry promised to do what he could.

Displays Talent as a Barker

The first season under the new chairman was also a failure, partly caused by rain that washed out the country roads and kept the crowds away, and also by the chairman's modesty. The fair added $2,000 more to its debit sheet. The following year, however, was beyond all hopes. Instead of keeping in the background, Wherry took to the platform and stayed there. He arranged for premier showings of Ben Hur and The Big Parade and gave free admission to school children. Himself introducing the main events, he stood above the crowd, raised his arms over his head, shook hands with himself like a prize fighter and boomed his introduction: "Give the boy a great big hand!"

After the fair was on its feet, hard-working Ken Wherry was on his way in politics. As a man of the people, he campaigned in 1929 for the state Senate on a promise of better roads for back-acre towns, was elected and quickly became known as the most radical Republican in the state capital.

Even today, conservative Republicans in Nebraska are amazed at the change in the man who speaks for them now. As state senator, he not only was known as "Senator Norris' errand boy" for backing Nebraska's great progressive, but he also supported the program of the state's Democratic governor. After two terms in the state Senate as maverick, he campaigned for governor in 1932 under Norris' wing and lost. Two years later, still close to Norris, he filed for U.S. senator and lost again.

After his two defeats, say his fellow Republicans, Wherry was a changed man. He went back to Pawnee City, where he had served as mayor, and began remodeling his stores and increasing his farm holdings. Meanwhile, Norris had broken with the Republican leadership and was running as an Independent. Wherry, declining to follow him, made overtures to the regular Republicans.

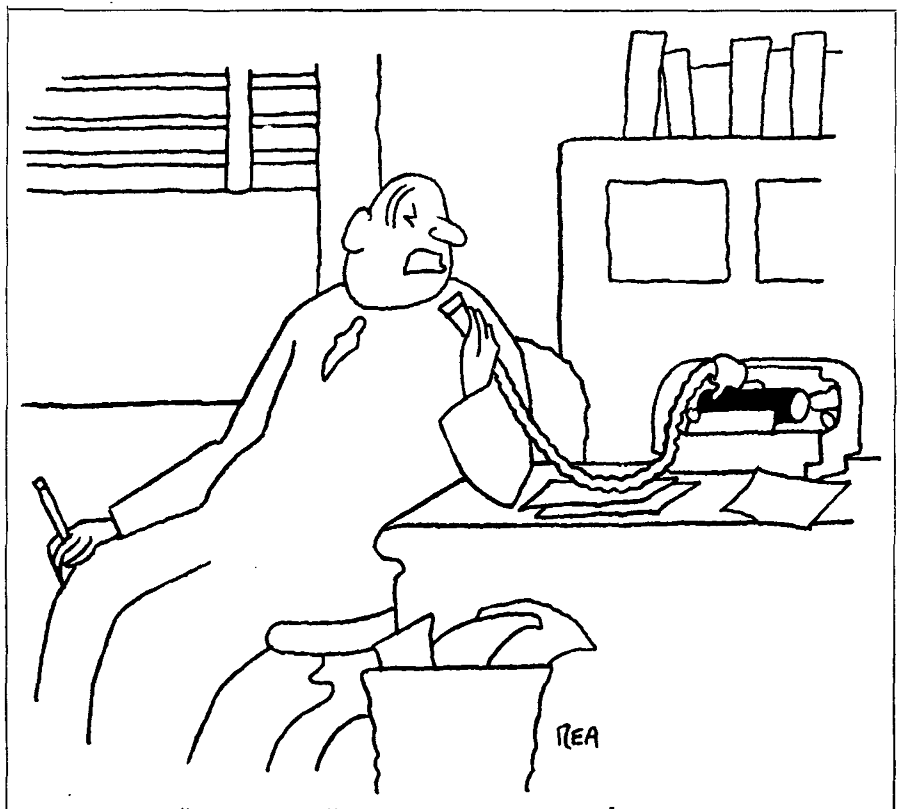
The following year, Wherry was named to the Republican State Central Committee and in 1940 served as its chairman, introducing his political circus. After the caravan, Wherry's name and picture, mouth wide open, hands applauding, were familiar throughout the state.

In the old days, Wherry recalls, Norris once put his arm over his shoulder and told the voters: "Here is the man I hope succeeds me." In 1942, Wherry had not only succeeded Norris but had beaten him by 80,000 votes.

In the Senate Office Building, Lightning Ken's office is thoroughly furnished, as if he had no intention of leaving it. In his inner sanctum, the husky senator bustles at his desk, dictating speeches to two secretaries at once and slamming his hand on his desk for emphasis. In the Senate Office Building, where Republicans used to live in heavy gloom, Wherry's office is bright with hope. Recently the Capitol Hill secretaries, polled on their favorite congressmen, voted him "the jolliest senator."

Back in Pawnee City, Ken Wherry, dressed in an expensive sport shirt and moccasins, likes to stand outside Wherry Brothers shaking hands with his friends.

In Washington and in his home state, reporters find him lively and helpful to talk to. "He talks in headlines," says one Capitol correspondent. "He always makes news." Of all reporters, Wherry most strongly dislikes Drew Pearson, who surveyed the Wherry enterprises,



COLLIER'S "By now, Miss Byrnes, you must be completely lost—so suppose we start all over again" GARDNER REA

COLLIER'S "Can you make it look like a self-portrait?" BORIS DRUCKER

drew close analogies between them and his votes on OPA and called him a "pocketbook senator." When the senator thinks of Pearson, he gets very excited. "I don't carry any—any—any *portfolio* for the cattlemen," he roars. "I'm no mossback. I believe in being progressive, I don't believe in sitting on your oars. Why, we've *got* to keep up with ideas!"

In his prepared speeches on the Senate floor, Wherry seldom gets flustered. In extemporaneous speeches, however, he sometimes gets into trouble. Once he was busy giving his version of the American way and came around to mentioning the various departments of government. "There are four departments," he said, recklessly. "There's the executive, and the legislative, and the judicial, and . . ."—thinking hard—"and the Bill of Rights!"

If exactness of phrasing doesn't always make a senator, good showmanship, according to Wherry, does. In private conversation, he may be confused about such problems as how to balance the budget, remove price ceilings, prevent inflation and keep taxes down at the same time, or he may make errors in words, as when he says, "You can't pastorialize the Germans." But on the platform, he is always a master.

Three-Week Speechmaking Junket

One of Wherry's favorite stories of his Senate career is the junket of the Small Business Committee to the West Coast for hearings. Under the chairmanship of Senator James Murray, of Montana, the committee traveled for three weeks, making speeches and listening to small businessmen. By the time they reached Seattle, the committeemen's speeches were well fixed. Wherry, who was named master of ceremonies to introduce his colleagues, always first introduced Senator Murray, who explained what the committee was doing.

"Old Jim," Wherry recalls, "he always put an Administration twist on his speech. So in Seattle, I got up and I just gave his entire speech from memory, slanting it my way. *Then* I introduced him." Senator Murray, caught flat-footed, sat down in confusion.

With his future and the future of the Republican party ahead of him, Lightning Ken Wherry is spending little time on rest during the Congressional holiday. A hard, indefatigable worker, he returned to Pawnee City at the end of the 79th Congress with ambitious plans. Early in October, he made a week's speaking tour through Wyoming, Idaho, Oregon and Washington for the Republican National Committee. These speeches, designed to eradicate the New Deal and the Democratic party, are "partisan Republican speeches" according to Wherry.

"In a partisan Republican speech," he declares, "we say everything good about the Republicans and everything bad about the Democrats. But in a nonpartisan Republican speech, we just don't say anything bad about the Republicans and nothing good about the Democrats."

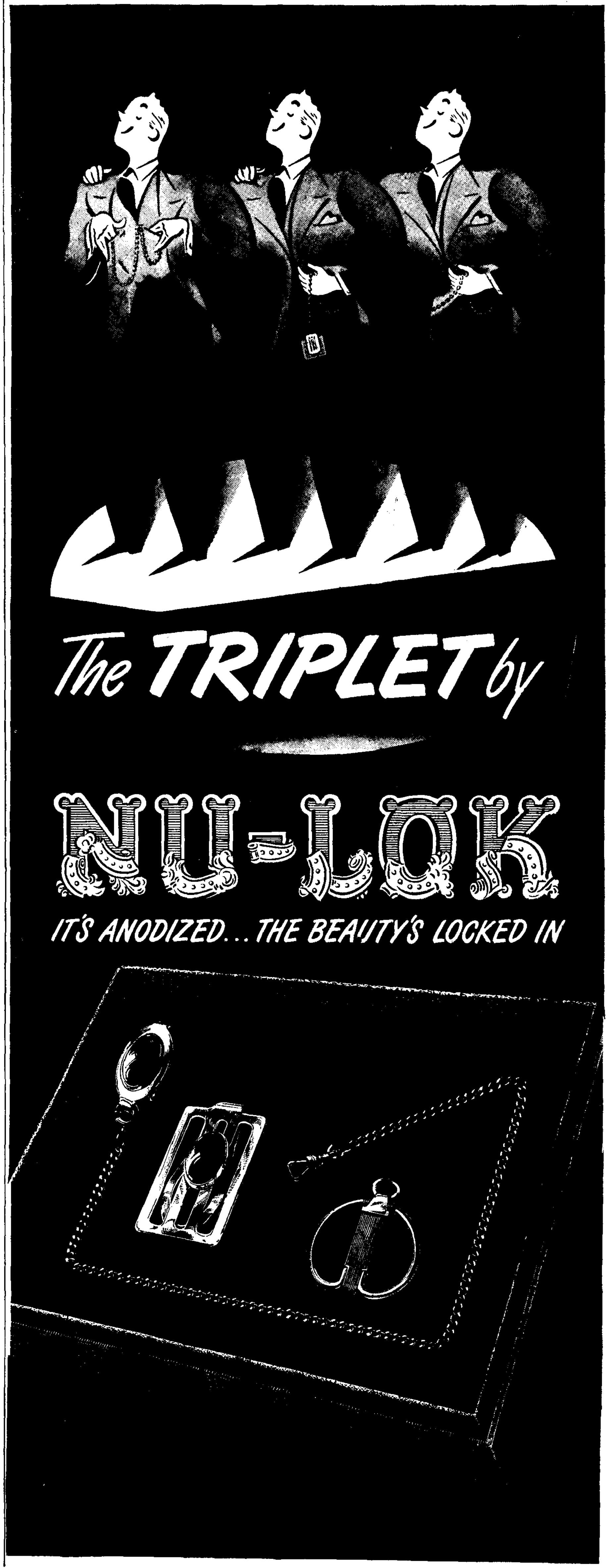
In his nonpartisan speeches for the winter months, he's planning to appear before such organizations of national interest as the National Paper Trades Association, the Dairy Industry Conference, the National Furniture Manufacturers Association and the Frozen Locker Plants Corporation. Before these gatherings, Senator Wherry always feels at home.

Then, while watching the November election returns, the senator plans to make a second expedition to Europe, paying his own way, his first trip since 1945, when he inspected the concentration camps. It won't be a holiday trip. This time, he plans to look into the problem of displaced persons and will make his own report, unhampered by fellow voyagers.

After that, Senator Wherry will be on hand for the opening of the 80th Congress in Washington, where, his friends predict, he will take over the role of minority leader. As one citizen of Beatrice, Nebraska, a long-time student of Wherry, observed, "Only the voters can change. Wherry won't." And then he considered the moment when Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson might appear before the Senate body, and Wherry, the leader, would slam his desk, leap to his feet and announce:

"Here comes the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States of America. Give the boy a great big hand!"

THE END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1 DUBONNET (straight)

Original way to serve Dubonnet, and still favorite! Pour well-chilled Dubonnet into a glass. Add a twist of lemon peel, if you like. Grand before, after or between meals. Keep a bottle in your refrigerator ready to use.

Now that Dubonnet is made here, more and more Americans are discovering the versatility of this famous drink of France. No other drink pleases so many palates or has so many uses. A little sweet, a little tangy, Dubonnet has a zestful flavor and "mix-ability" all its own. Created by a 100-year-old secret formula. Try Dubonnet today! Always serve chilled—that way it's best.

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DUBONNET SHOULD ALWAYS BE SERVED WELL CHILLED
Dubonnet
Wine
An Aperitif
MADE SINCE 1846
MADE AND BOTTLED IN U.S.A. BY DUBONNET CORPORATION PHILADELPHIA, PA.
PREPARED BY AUTHORITY OF DUBONNET, 7 Rue Marengo, PARIS

2

DUBONNET COCKTAIL

One-half Dubonnet. One-half gin. Stir with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass and add a twist of lemon peel.

3

DUBONNET MANHATTAN

One-half Dubonnet. One-half rye or bourbon. One dash bitters. Stir thoroughly with ice. Strain into glass. Add cherry.

4

DUBONNET MERRY WIDOW

One-half Dubonnet. One-half dry Vermouth. Stir thoroughly with ice. Strain into cocktail glass. Add twist of lemon peel.

5

DUBONNET OLD-FASHIONED

Dash of bitters. Cubes of ice. Add Dubonnet. Slice of orange and pineapple. Cherry. No sugar needed. Serve with stirrer.

6

DUBONNET AND SODA

1½ jiggers of Dubonnet. Juice of one-quarter of a lemon. Add ice cubes. Add sparkling soda to fill tall glass and stir.

7

DUBONNET AND RUM

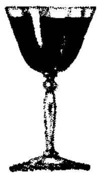
1½ jiggers of Dubonnet. Jigger of rum. Juice of ½ lemon. Add ice cubes. Add sparkling soda to fill tall glass and stir.

8

DUBONNET LIBRE

Place two cubes ice in tall glass. Add juice ½ lime, with shell. Add wine glass of Dubonnet. Add cola. Serve with stirrer.

9



DUBONNET AND BRANDY

One oz. Dubonnet, one-half oz. brandy. Stir thoroughly with plenty of ice and strain into cocktail glass for serving.

10

DUBONNET AND DRY SHERRY

One-half Dubonnet. One-half dry Sherry. Add ice cubes, stir thoroughly, and strain into a cocktail glass for serving.

DUBONNET

DUBONNET APERITIF WINE • PRODUCT OF U. S. A. • COPYRIGHT 1946 • DUBONNET CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THEY TALKED OF PEACE

Continued from page 19

brothers, by a long shot; in the first place they did not understand one another's languages, and after that they did not understand, let alone trust, one another's thoughts.

They were talking, that afternoon, with the sun pouring in the windows, about a cable line between Yugoslavia and Italy; the Yugoslavs wanted to share the cable line or someone should pay reparations on it, or something of the sort. The conversation was slowed up because of being repeated in three languages, but it had the acrimonious tone of an argument with the waiter about a bill in a restaurant. The Yugoslav delegate was immediately contradicted by someone of the Western bloc. This happened in both directions, with such regularity that you would have been astonished only if a Western power suddenly said to an Eastern power, with a broad smile, "You are absolutely right, old boy," or vice versa.

Everyone had of course forgotten what drove the Yugoslav: His country is a ruin, one out of every eight people in it are dead, the cruelties of the Germans and Italians, aided by the Fascist Yugoslavs, have left their poison as all brutality does. The Yugoslavs had also clearly forgotten that the present government in Italy is a collection of decent men of good will; that Italy is now as impoverished as Yugoslavia (victor and vanquished starve with equal ease) and that it is pointless to go on loading a bankrupt country with charges which it will obviously never be able to pay.

Tiresome, Endless Debate

The delegates went on talking about this cable line, drearily, carefully, almost hopelessly. The various spectators, press and visitors, sat on red plush benches and listened or sank into a lethargy produced by boredom and a desire to be someplace else.

On the bench beside me lay a booklet, entitled Fascist Italy in Ethiopia; someone had either lost it or simply left it, out of indifference. It was printed like a cheap advertisement for patent medicines, the pictures were blurred and no one had remembered to put captions underneath to explain them. The pictures showed, however, smiling, attractive young Italian soldiers, posing happily for the camera, holding in their hands, by the black kinky hair, the decapitated heads of Ethiopians. That was all, and perhaps no captions were needed.

The Ethiopian delegates sat at the conference table and listened in silence. They are very nice people (and so are the representatives of the Italian Republic). The Ethiopians have wonderful names, the chief of their delegation is called Aklilou Habte-Wold, which means Crown of the Grace of our Lord; all their names mean something. I remembered a conversation with one of the Ethiopians, who said, "Here at this conference one sees only the interests of nations, and never humanity"

He had told me in a bemused voice, that the Italians made a book to show the Allied delegates, and this book—full of beautiful pictures—established what a fine work Italy had done in Ethiopia, roads and hospitals and model farms and all the rest. The Ethiopian said sadly that they would really prefer to have been spared these improvements, and to have been left alive. . . . I had been told how the Ethiopians computed their desired reparations; with innocence and sadness and humility, they decided that a human life must be worth about $500 to Western peoples, so they multiplied their dead by $500 . . .

The Dutch and the Norwegians had nothing much to do with the Italian peace treaties; they also listened and tried to vote for the best. They, too, are nice people and as puzzled as you or I. Both countries are making an enormous effort to rebuild the ruin of the war; both countries are slowly succeeding. A Norwegian said to me, "If we are left alone, we are all right; we work and we can live. We are happy together." And then he said, with sudden sorrow and passion, "There is no idealism left in the world; if a man spoke with ideals here he would be regarded as a fool."

A Dutchman had told me about Walcheren Island (where so many Canadians died to drive out the Germans) and he said not a tree was left alive in the flooded wasteland of Walcheren. But hundreds of thousands of Dutch people contributed a dollar each to buy a tree, and if there was peace and the island was not flooded again, the trees would grow. . . . The Dutch did not fear that anyone wanted to harm them, as they wanted to harm no one. It was the great nations who feared and made fear; and we looked at each other with sadness, for I belong to a great nation and am no different from him, and we knew it, and we knew that this was true of most of the people of the world.

In the mornings, the commission which discussed the political aspects of the peace treaty with Italy met in the same hideous, ornate room. The frontiers between Italy and Yugoslavia will get shifted around again. When you shift a frontier it means that a man with two cows and two children and a wife and a little plot of land, and another man who owns a small shop where he sells wine or shoes or pills or writing paper, will feel the change. One listened, as in a dream, to the strange remote talk which dealt in frontiers and not in human life. The American delegation, realizing that human beings had some connection with these frontiers, added an amendment to the peace treaty. As an amendment, it sounds reasonable enough to our ears; to the people of Europe it may easily seem like wearing a lucky charm against snake bite.

Noble Intentions—on Paper

The American amendment says: "The state to which the territory is transferred shall take all measures necessary to secure to all persons within the territory, without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion, the enjoyment of human rights and of the fundamental freedoms, including freedom of expression, of press and publication, of religious worship, and of political opinion." This means that the 23,000 Yugoslavs, who find themselves Italian, and the 130,000 Italians who find themselves Yugoslav, according to the new frontiers voted at the peace conference, shall not be pushed around by either government. But no one believes in noble intentions written on paper.

I went to call on the Yugoslavs and they are very nice people. So are the Czechs and the Poles. I regret to say that I do not know the Russians. A young man of twenty-six offered me Yugoslav vodka, which is a potent drink, white, and tasting a bit like gasoline, and some pals of his came in and we argued about problems which our elders and betters never discuss so freely.

They said, with perfect candor, that the Yugoslav people were not in an uproar about all these frontier discussions. The Yugoslav people were completely occupied trying to rebuild their country. (Exactly like everyone else.) Due to

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UNRRA, they are eating, though of course they could eat a good deal more, and because their factories are mostly gutted and they lack raw materials, there is a terrible shortage of clothing; besides, all communications are destroyed, and one third of Belgrade is gone, and countless villages burned.

The Yugoslavs were not discouraged by this devastation. They are full of faith and fire, they are young, the future cannot possibly be as terrible as the past. They were very friendly, and very open and I said, "Why do you suppose it is necessary for our representatives to line up in blocs?"

They answered, sincerely, "It is the West which makes the bloc, not the East. Inside what you call the Slav bloc we vote, each one as we think right, but the others, they vote together as they are told. We are not the satellites of Russia. Russia is our friend. Russia protects small nations. But we are ourselves, we are free." You do not have to believe this, but it is what *they* believe.

More Courtesy Among Soldiers

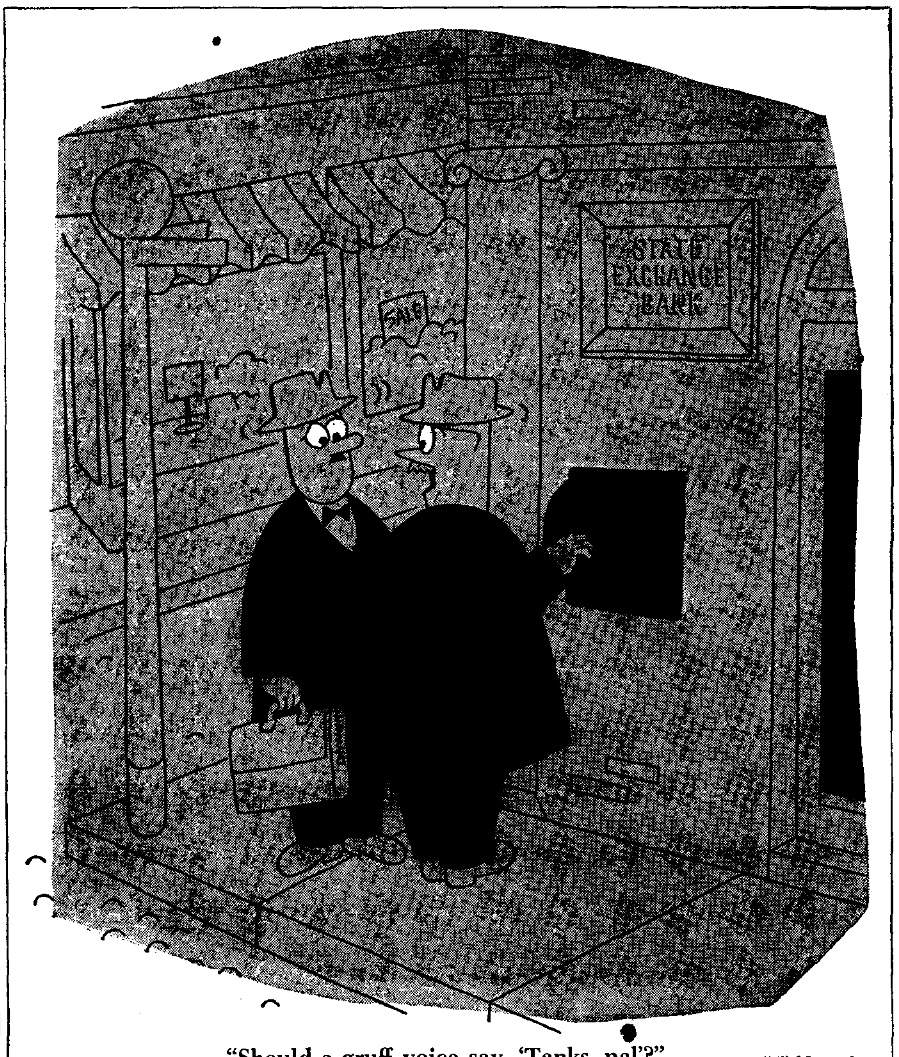
The Military Commission, which decided how many guns and planes, et cetera, the former enemy nations may retain, was a somewhat different outfit. The delegate-soldiers bowed and smiled to one another when they arrived in the morning, which was unusual in this peace conference. And one felt that they knew they were talking nonsense, so they worked honestly at the nonsense which was assigned to them, but they did not get into a temper over it. For surely, since the advent of self-propelled missiles and atom bombs, it was silly enough to discuss the piddling frontier fortifications of Hungary or whether Italy could have two, three or four warships, when one atom bomb did such final work at Bikini.

The soldiers, who make war when ordered to do so, seemed much more brotherly than their nonwarlike colleagues upstairs. They had little human jokes (and you can scarcely believe how attractive and encouraging a human joke was in the Palace of the Luxembourg).

One morning a photographer arrived with a camera and flash bulbs and got himself into position to take a picture of the Brazilian soldier-delegate. The Brazilian, who was sensibly reading the morning paper, did not notice this, until a Canadian officer leaned over and told him to smile at the birdie, and a low restrained giggle ran through the august military gathering. The soldiers knew very well that deciding to reduce fortifications, armies, and battleships of a few small defeated nations was not going to make or save peace anywhere.

You see, it is very difficult. You and I are just people, and it is easy for us to say, "We want peace, we want nothing else, the whole world wants peace." Why didn't those men in the Luxembourg set a good example? It is true that peace never seemed farther away than in the splendid halls of the Luxembourg. It would be wonderful if it were only the delegates' fault; because then we could fire them, we could say we want better, more competent men. It was not their fault. They were human beings, like you and me, just as anxious and twice as prejudiced.

They know that their people are exhausted, hurt and poisoned by war. They themselves were not living in some delicious Shangri-La during those cruel years. The Norwegian chief delegate spent the war in Sachsenhausen, one of the great death concentration camps of Germany. The second-ranking Dutchman was in a Jap prison camp in Java. Bevin was as vulnerable to the bombs that fell on London as any cabdriver. The Italian prime minister, who served his apprenticeship in a Fascist prison, took his chances in Rome like anyone else who opposed the Fascist and Nazi regimes. The Yugoslav, who is very young, went to prison as an anti-Fascist before the war, and fought as a partisan during the war. The Pole was imprisoned by the Germans in both wars. Bidault was probably more wanted by the



COLLIER'S "Should a gruff voice say, 'Tanks, pal'?" RODNEY DE SARRO

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SKAN
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Gestapo than any man in France. And so the list goes on.

In that they shared the pain of their people, these men are representative of their people. In democracies where the citizens may read, hear or say what they like, the leaders are no better and no worse than the followers. So perhaps, if we cannot blame the leaders because the job of peacemaking is a sorry mess, we can only blame ourselves.

Is it possible that all the people of the world paid too heavily for the war, so now everyone wants peace cheap, at bargain rates, or better still, letting the neighbor bear the cost? Is it possible that the poison which flowed from Germany has so infected and corrupted the world, that the people of the world are sick; and have neither the strength nor health to struggle for peace? An Italian asked me whether I believed that nations really wanted to live, and I said, "Of course," and then we both began to wonder. It will cost a great deal to live; it will mean great sacrifices.

The delegates to the peace conference sat in the Senate Chamber of the Luxembourg Palace and finished their voting on the five peace treaties; East versus West, West versus East, as before. The library of the Luxembourg is a beautiful room and no one goes there; it is full of sun and quiet and faces the ordered grace of the Luxembourg Gardens.

These Are the People Who Count

From the windows you can see the people of France, who are not much different from any other people. Two young matrons knitted beside their baby carriages; a dreamy old gentleman was painting a water color; three other old gents sat on a bench reading newspapers and smoking their pipes with the greatest economy of tobacco; some workers, in blue overalls, arrived to eat their lunch in the sun. I wondered if they knew that they and all the ordinary people everywhere were much more important than the men sitting in the Luxembourg. For in the end, the peace of the world is not in the hands of delegates but in the hands of all people everywhere. It is an almost overpowering effort to be just, informed, sane and strong when you are worried about a roof over your head, money for food, for the children's shoes, for coal, for a little fun, worried and harassed by the daily unending problem of living. But it is an effort that must be made, for lasting peace is not going to come of itself, nor cheaply, nor due to someone else.

The sleek black cars rolled into the handsome courtyard and the delegates drove away. The Conference of Paris of 1946 had come to an end. The conference never had power; it was intended as a great international debating society, giving everyone a chance to think aloud. As such, it served its purpose; like a giant alarm bell, it warned people everywhere that our world is dividing in two, cleft by fear and mistrust. The people, who made war with such extraordinary determination and courage, must make peace the same way—if nations want to live.

The astounding stout blonde was not in the meager crowd that watched delegates drive away. Peace was a hard business as she knew very well because she was the one who did the marketing; besides it was already getting cold and she had neither stockings nor coal for the winter. And everyone talked about the next insane war between Russia and America, so what was the use of anything? She thought this big expensive peace conference would make the world an easier place to live in, but the world seemed unchanged. She had lost interest for it was all too discouraging. She went down the block to a café, and drank cognac with friends and tried to forget her own and the world's problems.

THE END

Tough
BUT OH SO GENTLE

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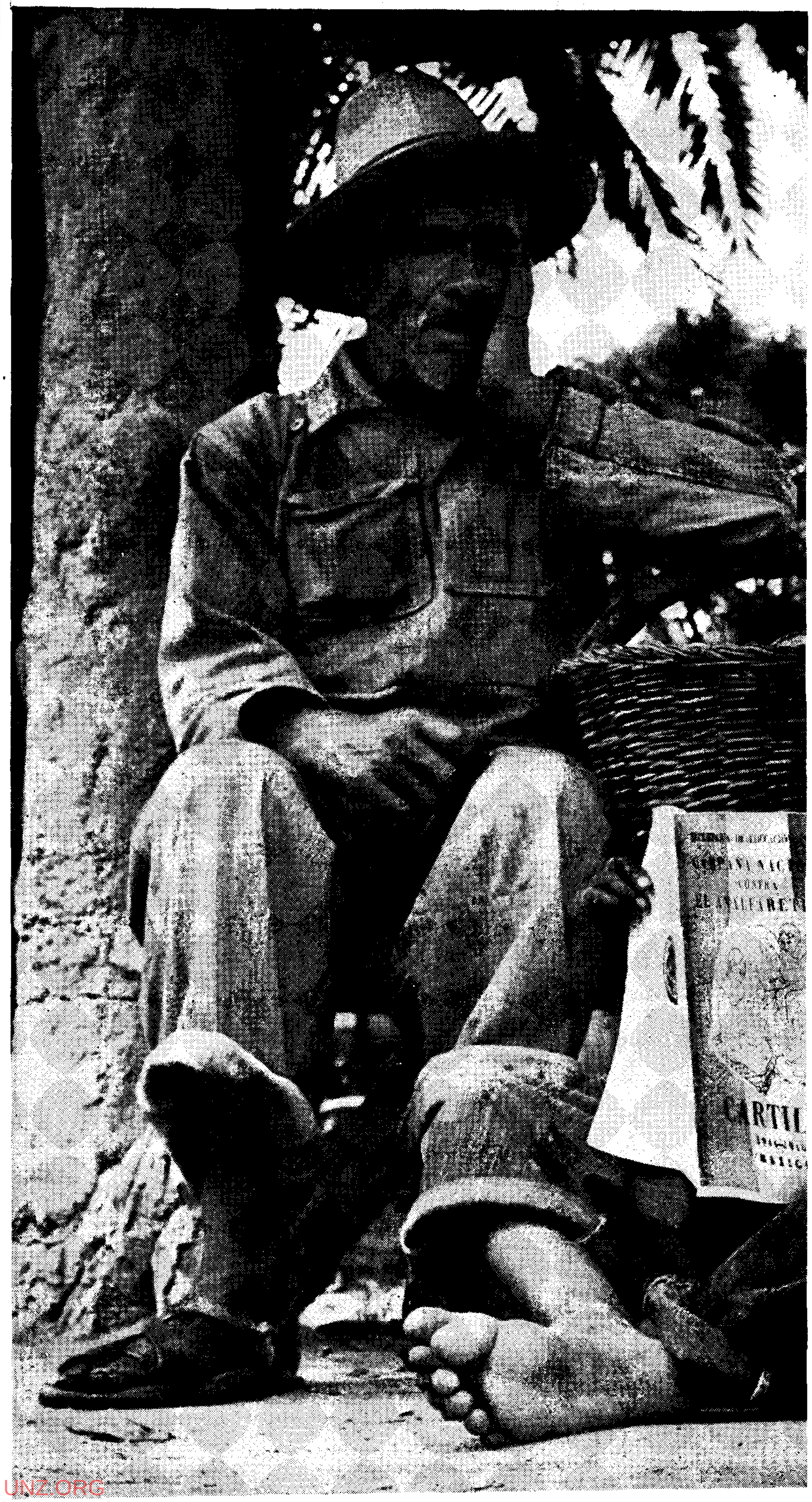
MEXICO'S ABC's

BY AMY VANDERBILT

A Mexican who can read and write must teach one who can't. It's a fine formula for literacy



AT OUR southern border, living back to back to us, separated by a muddy river, lies Mexico, one third our size and in many ways centuries behind us in the kind of progress we think of as routine. To Mexicans, *Los Estados Unidos* is loud, brash and aggressive—the Colossus of the North. To countries farther south—Guatemala, for example—*Mexico* is the Colossus of the North—loud, brash, aggressive and progressive, gringo style. For Mexico is really trying to become a modern, independent nation. And the major enemy of progress now being fully attacked by our neighbor is illiteracy because so long as nearly half her people—forty per cent—can absorb no ideas through the printed page, modern ideals of democracy, health, sanitation, education and decent living can make little headway. When print can speak to the whole country, then a new world will open up for Mexico; to accomplish this, one sixth of the federal budget is now going into education.

Actually the figures on Mexico's illiteracy look better than they really are, because only those illiterates between six and forty years of age are counted. All over forty are considered, statistically at least, as "unteachable."

Seventy per cent of the country's population is Indian and, of these, three million don't even speak Spanish but raise a babel of fifty-two separate Indian tongues, plus one hundred and thirty-seven dialects. It is a problem that's been met nowhere else in the world—except perhaps in Russia. And the social problem of Mexico—with the very rich at the top, almost no middle class, and the tremendous majority of the poor at the bottom—isn't so unlike that of Russia before 1918.

Today Mexico's six million "official" illiterates are being ambushed by the lively intellectuals of the country's Ministry of Education, with their well-organized program against illiteracy. It has a fighting title—*Campaña Nacional contra el Analfabetismo,* National Campaign against Illiteracy. Streamers across the main highways urge the people to support the campaign, slogans jump out from adobe walls, spot announcements on the radio sandwiched in between brassy Mexican music describe the benefits of at least two of the three "Rs."

Catalyst of the education program is Señor Jaime Torres Bodet, no politico though occupying an honored place in the Cabinet as Minister of Education. "Don Jaime," as he is affectionately known to his staff, is a poet, novelist and diplomat who, thanks to his French mother, became professor of French literature at the University of Mexico at twenty-two. Still young and vibrant, as one of Mexico's incorruptibles, Torres Bodet lives a man-on-horseback (and burro-back) life to speed the coming of education for everybody. He's *not* the kind of administrator who leaves the field to assistants, no matter how capable. He goes himself. And he knows that the bare knowledge of reading and writing must be only the beginning.

"You can imagine a poor Mexican," he told me with an enfolding gesture of his expressive hands, "living in his adobe hut in a little unpaved village. No lights at night, no movies, nothing very different from what it was when the Spanish came. His illiteracy is like a wall in front of him. Of what use is it to tell him why he is so poor, why there is always some sickness or other in his family, why the babies he loves so much must often die young? He has no real contact with the world. He doesn't know how to live better and improvement can't be forced upon him. But if he learns to read and write Spanish, and perhaps his own Indian tongue, too, if it's still in general use in the community, he becomes a unit of our society and the possibility of his human and social improvement is limitless."

Mexico's literacy program began in 1940. That was the first year under Avila Camacho, and at first, many people, especially those in Mexico City, thought the project must be some sort of political boondoggle. But when they saw that the books,

(Continued on page 129)

Under the tutelage of his grandson, a Mexican Indian learns how to decipher the government's first reader

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY HANS KNOPF–PIX

. . . and it happens to YOU *in*

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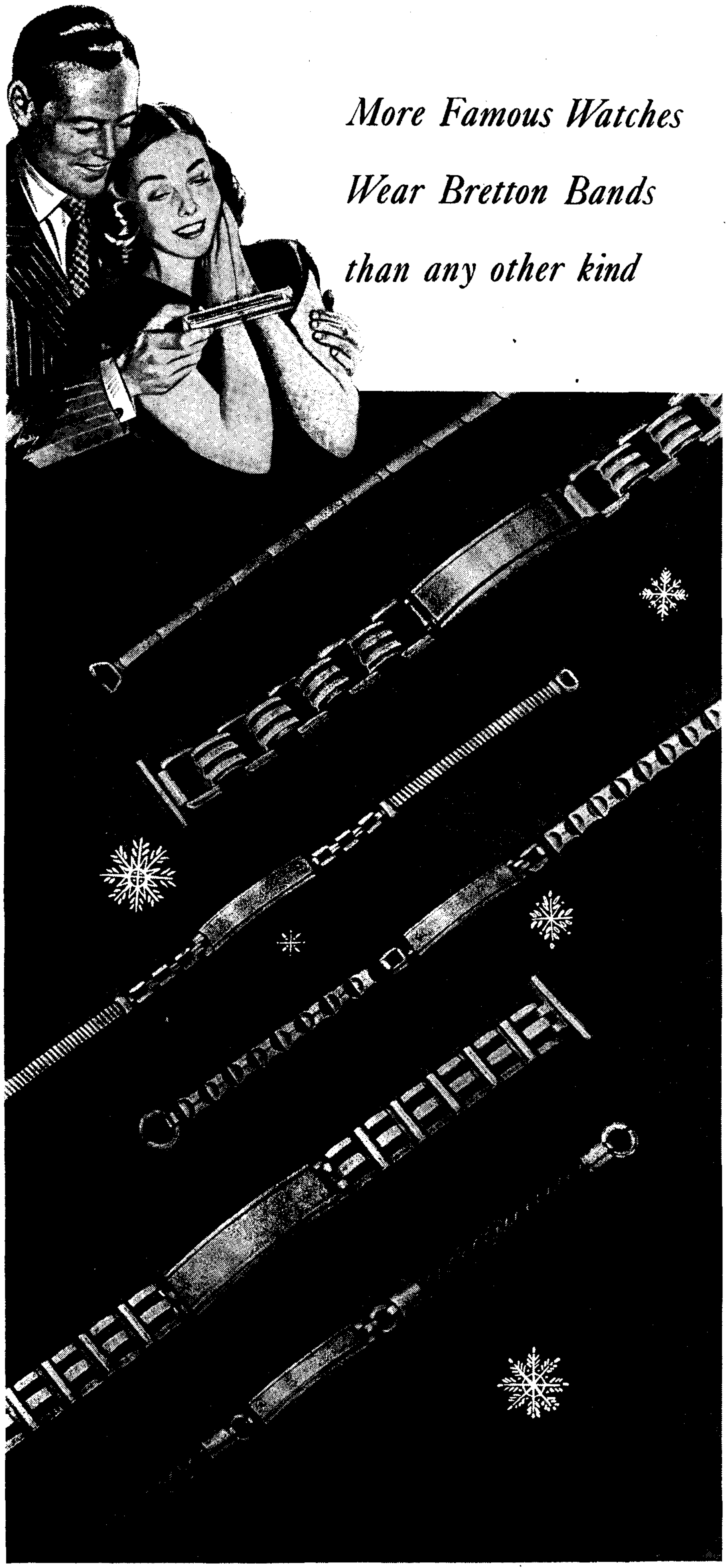

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SENTENCE IN SPAIN

Continued from page 12

territory, felt a cold shock. "I can't go through? But, surely—I have a pass."

"The gate has been closed since four this afternoon." The man knew her. He relented sufficiently to explain. "It is a special measure. No one crosses the frontier tonight. There are no exceptions. The order is from the *jefe* himself. No exceptions." He added, "Your pass is for twenty-four hours. No doubt, you will be able to cross in the morning."

Miss Perrin looked through the arch to the neutral territory, lying wan and deserted under the moon, and the twinkling lights of Gibraltar beyond. Eight hundred yards—

But she saw the futility of argument. She said, with icy disapproval, "Very well."

Replacing her papers in her brief case, she turned away reluctantly, wondering for the benefit of what poor, hounded soul this "special measure" had been ordered.

A rocket streaked up the sky before her and detonated a rain of brief, golden stars. From the unseen main street, where alone she could hope to find a hotel, came a confused din of fairground noises. Miss Perrin shook her head. She didn't relish her prospects, but she was experienced and self-reliant, and she set out over the cobbles in the direction of the uproar.

Abruptly, the main street burst upon her, a bedlam of flashing electrics, hissing naphtha flares and blaring steam organs. Miss Perrin hesitated for a moment on the corner, then took a firmer grip of her brief case and sun hat, and made her way sturdily into the crowd.

It was stiflingly hot as she maneuvered through the crush of people, in a miasma compounded of perfume, drains, sweat, wine, black tobacco and the rancid oil in which street vendors were frying potato crisps over fuming charcoal stoves. High overhead, the Ferris wheel circled. Barkers bawled leather-lunged from side shows marked *"Solo para hombres*—Men only." Groups of girls with paper teasers, and young men in cardboard Córdoba hats, eddied through the throng.

It took Miss Perrin an hour to visit all the hotels in the main street, only to be met everywhere with the same adamant formula: *"No hay camas*—no beds."

Clearly, she could hardly have chosen a worse night to be stranded in La Linea; and finally Miss Perrin turned out of the main street to recover her breath and review her tactics.

She found herself in a small market place, enclosed by balconied, shuttered houses. Moonlight cast the shadow of dusty palm trees over vacant stalls, and just to her right an awning marked *Café de la Frontera* reached out across sidewalk tables hedged around densely with potted shrubs. The place looked invitingly tranquil. Miss Perrin went in through the gap in the hedge.

In the lighted interior of the *Café*, there were a few men playing cards, but the sidewalk tables were unoccupied, save for a pair of lovers whispering together at the end table in the angle of the hedge. Miss Perrin sat down with relief at one of the tables, fanning herself with her sun hat. A waiter came out and she ordered coffee.

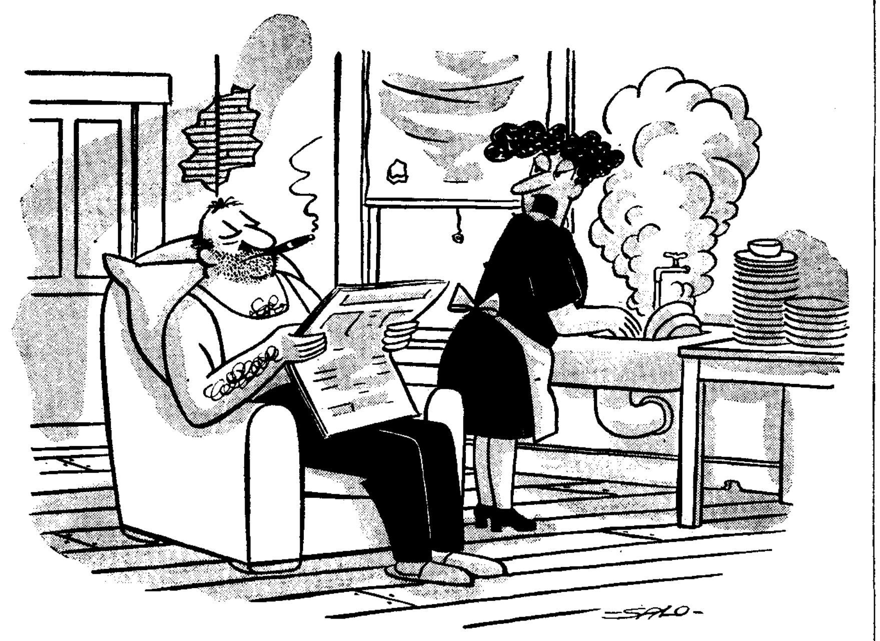
The uproar of the fair was here but a murmur. Drinking her beverage—the concoction of acorns and barley was at least hot, and very black—she began to think she might do worse than stake a claim to this table for the rest of the night. Wryly, she hoped her permanent proximity wouldn't cramp the style of the lovers, and she glanced with a faint smile in their direction.

THE young man was thin and dark. He wore a beret, his white shirt was open at the neck, his packet was slung loosely over his shoulders. He leaned forward to drink from his glass, and in the light from inside the *Café*, Miss Perrin glimpsed the girl's face, glimmering pale in a cloud of shadowy, wild hair. In the same instant, she glimpsed something else. From back of the girl, a hand came through the hedge, reached around before the girl's face, stroked gently across her forehead, vanished.

It was so swift that to Miss Perrin, clamped in a sudden rigidity, it might have been a hallucination, singularly vivid.

But the girl sprang to her feet with a cry half stifled. The table crashed over with a shatter of glass. The girl threw up her hands to her face and a thread of blood trickled over her pale fingers.

The scene held for a second of time enchanted to immobility. Then the girl's companion plunged straight through the hedge, the waiter ran out from the *Café* and checked sharply, and Miss Perrin's heart started again with a great thump. Rising, she seized her brief case, pushed past the staring waiter, went to the girl. She put a firm hand on the shoulder of the girl's ragged, blue cotton frock,



"Even if you are fellow Democrats I don't think you should refer to him as 'Harry'"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH

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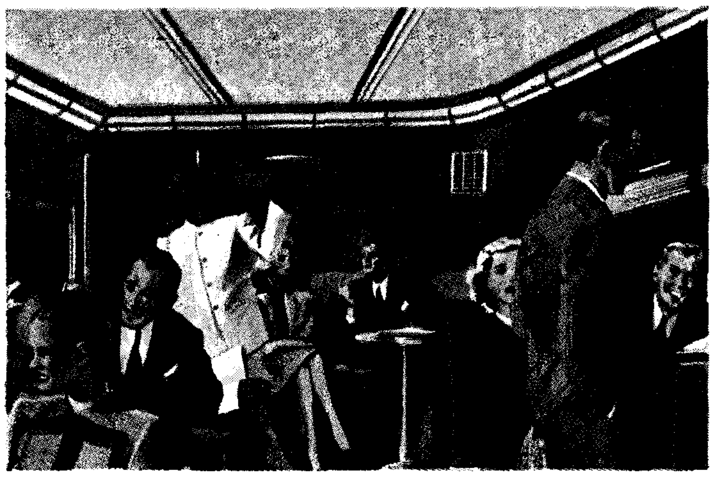

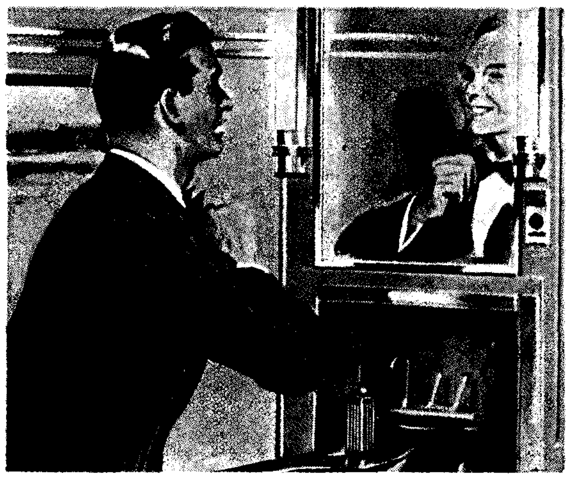

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NEW YORK CENTRAL

The Water Level Route—You Can Sleep

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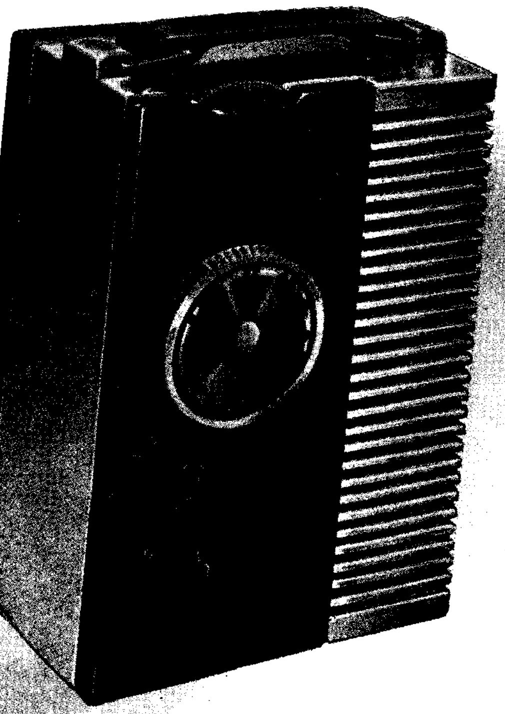

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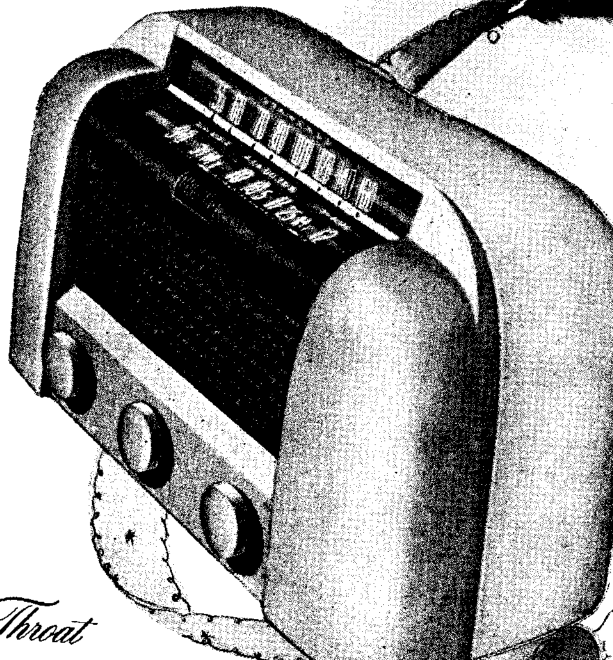

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pressed her down into a chair. Opening her brief case, Miss Perrin took out the little first-aid kit which her constant association with children and refugees had taught her always to carry. She drew the girl's hands away from her face, tilted her chin.

The girl's dark eyes looked up into Miss Perrin's. Recognition was instant and mutual. The girl was Raquel Morena, spoiled darling of the man hunter, Luis de Yrón.

Miss Perrin didn't say anything, but her heart was going *thump, thump, thump,* slow and heavy, as with a wad of cotton she dabbed away the blood, revealing a cut, very thin but welling quickly red. She could feel that the girl was shaking, uncontrollably.

"What was it?" she whispered. "What happened?"

"A hand came through the hedge," said Miss Perrin. "I saw it quite clearly. It was—" She checked herself.

There had been something unusual and distinctive about that hand. But just why, thought Miss Perrin, was Raquel Morena, so expensively groomed, so insolently self-assured on the terrace of the Hotel Costa Brava, why was she here now at a place like this? Why was she here in a ragged frock, scuffed rope-soled shoes on her feet, her hair wild like any girl of the peons? Miss Perrin felt no urge to impart information to an emissary, on some prying, clandestine mission, of such a man as Luis de Yrón.

She said only, "The wound was made with a razor blade." She placed a strip of lint on the cut. "It's nothing—a trifle."

The girl's eyes were fixed on her with an intent, questioning regard. "Nothing?" Raquel Morena whispered. "A trifle, you think?" There was a catch in her voice. "You don't understand, *señora*—you don't understand!"

"Hold still," said Miss Perrin curtly.

Raquel's slim hands clenched and unclenched in her lap. Her dark eyes gazed up at Miss Perrin's tanned, intent face.

"Señora," Raquel said suddenly, "have you in your country the story of Cinderella?"

Miss Perrin, snipping adhesive tape, met her eyes for a moment, saw in them a desperate and baffling appeal. Troubled, Miss Perrin leaned forward again to press the tape over the lint—and the girl whispered:

"Señora, can you imagine what it might have meant for Cinderella if she had had to go home with a—a brand on her forehead that she had received at the ball—before witnesses?"

She turned her head slightly, toward the open window—and looking up, Miss Perrin saw that the card players were standing there, watching curiously. Now, too, the waiter, who had run back into the *Café,* was returning with a furious, stout, unshaven man in shirtsleeves, obviously the proprietor.

"I'm not what you think me, *señora,"* the girl whispered. "You could help me. Please, *señora—"*

"The cut'll be all right now," said Miss Perrin, and rolled up her kit. But she felt a dreadful indecision—doubt of the girl, doubt of herself, doubt of all the tragic obscurities of this unhappy land.

THE proprietor came thrusting up. *"Que hay?* What goes on here?" He was belligerent. "Who used a knife here? Pepe, run for the *municipales! Anda, hombre, anda!"*

The waiter turned to obey, but the young man who had been with Raquel appeared at that moment in the gap in the hedge. He gripped the waiter by the shoulder, glanced quickly at the girl, then thrust the waiter aside.

"There's no need of the *municipales!"*

"It was you?" the proprietor shouted.

"Like hell it was me! I went after him, but I was too late." Tall, haggard, hot-eyed, he walked forward, flipped a five peseta piece at the proprietor, picked up his jacket which had fallen from his shoulders when he went through the hedge. "Come on," he said to the girl. "Let's get out of here."

The girl followed him to the gap, then turned and looked back at Miss Perrin. Miss Perrin hesitated; her heart beat violently. The young man put an arm around the girl's shoulders, protectively, urgently.

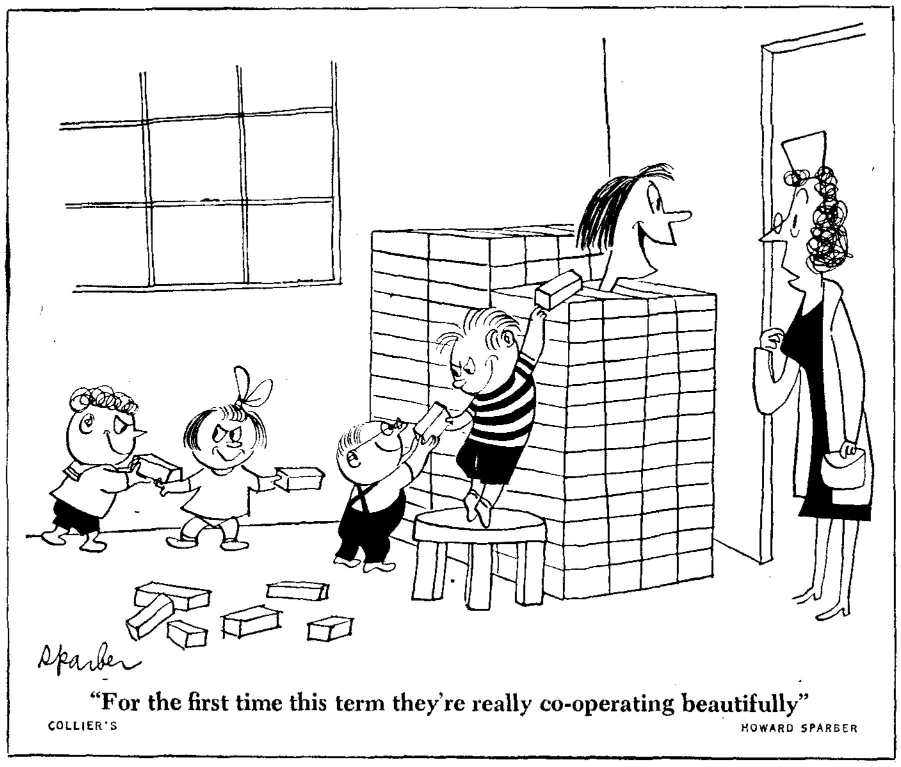
"Come," he said.

Abruptly, Miss Perrin picked up her brief case. "Wait," she said. "I'm coming with you."

As they walked out through the gap in the hedge of shrubs, to Miss Perrin it seemed that this, surely, was the strangest moment of her life. Moonlight glimmered over the market place. A rocket soared into the night and, bursting, let fall a shower of flaming tears. Raquel was speaking swiftly, softly, to her companion, whom she called José. He nodded several times, then turned to Miss Perrin.

"Hurry, *señora,"* he said. "This way. Follow me."

Walking a pace or two ahead, with long strides, his rope-soled shoes soundless, his jacket slung by its loop over his shoulder, the young man led Miss Perrin and the girl into a deserted alley;



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he turned to the right into another alley, to the left into yet another.

They came out onto a narrow strip of wasteland, darkly clumped with cactus under the moon, with sand yielding and warm underfoot. Miss Perrin smelled the sea. For a moment, she glimpsed the silver shine of it, with the dark, towering outline of Gibraltar just beyond, picked out in winking lights. Then they were on a black porch at the rear of a house. José led the way in, up uncarpeted, dimly lighted wooden stairs, and opened a door. Miss Perrin, with the girl behind her, walked into a small, bright, bare room containing a round table wet with wine slops, and half a dozen chairs.

The whole hurried journey couldn't have taken more than five minutes, but Miss Perrin's heart was laboring; her legs felt numb. She laid her brief case and sun hat on the table, sat down thankfully on one of the straight wooden chairs.

A WOMAN came into the room. She wore a soiled evening gown, was smoking a cigarette in a holder, and had frizzled, piebald hair, half blond, half brunet. She put a bottle of wine and three glasses on the table, glanced curiously at Miss Perrin, and said to José, "You're in luck. We were raided an hour ago. They took Julio away. They won't come back here now. You're safe enough."

"Thanks, Paca," José said, and the woman went out, closing the door.

Raquel sat down opposite Miss Perrin across the table.

"Nowhere in Andalusia is safe tonight," Raquel said. "There are raids everywhere—part of a big cleanup of Yrón's. The storm center is Cadiz." She looked at Miss Perrin. "You saw Yrón get a telegram at lunchtime? That's what it was about—code word, *Armada.* That's where he's gone—to Cadiz, to take charge personally. Heaven help them there," she said bitterly.

José filled the three glasses, but no one drank.

"Yrón will be back at Algeciras in the morning," said Raquel. "We're staying at the Costa Brava there. The hotel people think I'm in my room right now—not feeling well. Only the chambermaid knows the truth. I've a car and driver waiting just outside La Linea here, and I've got to be back in Algeciras, back in my room at the hotel, before dawn without fail." She smiled faintly at Miss Perrin. "Cinderella had only till midnight, didn't she?"

José looked at the watch on his lean wrist. He was still standing. "It's already gone midnight. If, as you say, the *señora* can help us—"

"The *señora,*" said Raquel, "wouldn't help someone she thought was working for Yrón. I saw that. I knew that before she would help us, we should have to make her understand."

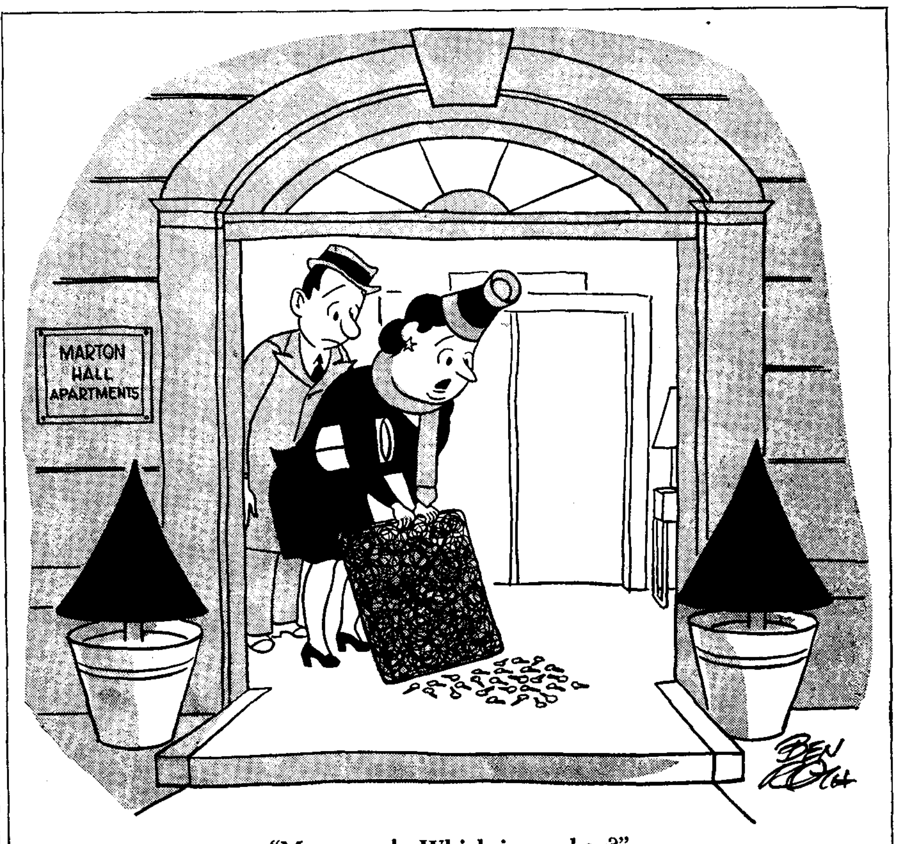
"If she's against Yrón and all he stands for that makes Spain outcast from the world," José said, "then she's one of us, and *por Dios,* let's be frank! *Señora,* you will have gathered we are of the irreconcilables. We are the torchbearers. Raquel is our one contact in high places. Her information, her warnings over many months, have saved countless lives. But never before has she had to run such a risk as tonight. Tonight of all nights, when *no* place of contact is safe, it was vitally necessary that she seek me out. If you knew why she came, the priceless value of the news she's brought—if you knew the whole story behind tonight—"

"I don't want to know it," Miss Perrin said, and looked at Raquel. "But you said I could help you—"

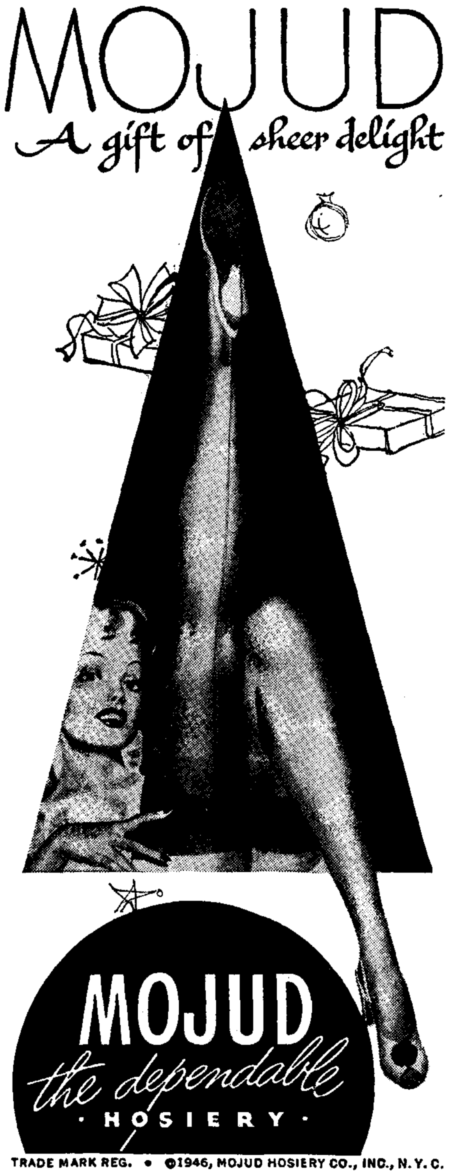
The girl touched lightly the adhesive tape on her forehead.

"This," she said. "What does it mean? Why was it done? Oh, many people hate me, *señora,* because of—what I have to appear. But if it had been one of *those* who saw me with José at the *Café,* saw me and recognized me—if it had been one of those who hated me, wouldn't he have thrust a knife to my heart through that hedge? Why this only? Why just a small cut—that I cannot hide, that tomorrow I must lie about to Luis de Yrón when he sees it? Oh, it's so clear—so transparent to me! *Señora,* I guessed the object at once, just as I guessed José would be too late to get the man. The object is simply to obtain some reward from Yrón for services rendered."

She leaned forward across the table. "Don't you see?" she said. "It would be one thing for this man to go to Yrón and say he had seen and recognized me tonight, with a man, in a place I had no business to be. Yrón, knowing many hate me, might consider the accusation a mere vindictive lie, and accept my de-



COLLIER'S "Mercy me! Which is our key?" BEN ROTH



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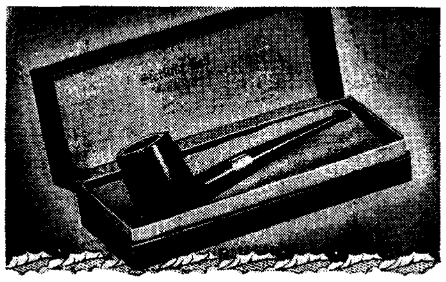

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nial. But it would be quite another thing for this man to be able to say he had seen me slashed with a razor in that *Café* and that inquiries there would corroborate his story. The proprietor, the waiter, the card players, all would remember the incident of the girl whose forehead was cut. And, *señora*—there is the cut itself, which I cannot hide from Yrón!"

José laid clenched hands on the table. "You understand now, *señora?*" he said. "That man must never reach Luis de Yrón! All her days Raquel walks a knife-edge. But this—*this* would be death for her—death! The man must be found!"

The girl's eyes were intent on Miss Perrin's face. "The *señora,*" she said softly, "saw back there at the *Café* something more than she has said. She began to tell me, and then—then I saw the thought that came into her mind and stopped her."

Miss Perrin's throat was dry. She looked up at José, leaning over the table, his clenched hands. She looked at Raquel, sitting motionless, her hair a dark cloud, her lips a little parted.

Miss Perrin's voice sounded unfamiliar in her own ears: "Suppose I did see something?"

"Then, if there is some clue you can give us," José said, "some hint, some pointer, I shall put out every man we have in this town on the search for that man. It'll be a furtive search, *señora,* but thorough. We shall comb through every café and wine cellar, pass the whisper through every nook, cranny, hide-out and rathole in La Linea! Give us a clue," he said softly, "and we'll find him!"

"And if you do?" Miss Perrin asked anxiously.

"Truth is naked in Spain," José said. "We can't drape her in ideals and sentiment and fantasy. That's not for us. It's too late. *We've* no prisons or camp to hold this man. This is rock bottom, *señora.* Alive, he may talk. We could never be sure. There's only one way we could be sure."

The light seemed to Miss Perrin to shine in the room with an unnatural, still brilliance.

She said to the girl, "Suppose he's *not* found?"

"I must return to Yrón, whatever happens," Raquel said. She smiled faintly. There was no color in her face, only a dark shine in her eyes. And she reached out a hand and laid it on José's, in reassurance and in tenderness. "I shall play all the cards, right to the last," she added.

There was no sound in the room. Even the noise from downstairs had ceased.

MISS PERRIN looked at the table, with the bottle on it, the three glasses, filled, untouched, each reflecting on the wood an ellipse of glowing amber. And she thought of the issues of Spain, the families of the workless stevedores on the sun-quelled wharf and the black-market lunchers on the Costa Brava terrace, the patient, worn face of Don Gabriel Molina and the sleek elegance and studied mockery of Luis de Yrón. In her mind's eye she saw the voracious great cream-colored automobile and the ramshackle, stifling bus. All the cleavage and confusion of Spain she saw, narrowed to one cruel, sharp issue of life and death.

Truth was naked, as José had said. She knew what would happen to the man if he were found. She knew what would happen to the girl if he weren't. She had only to choose. She, whose mission was to salvage human lives and not to take them, must make her choice.

Miss Perrin looked up.

She said, "The hand that came through the hedge should make the owner quite easy to trace. It was the right hand, and the little finger was missing at the

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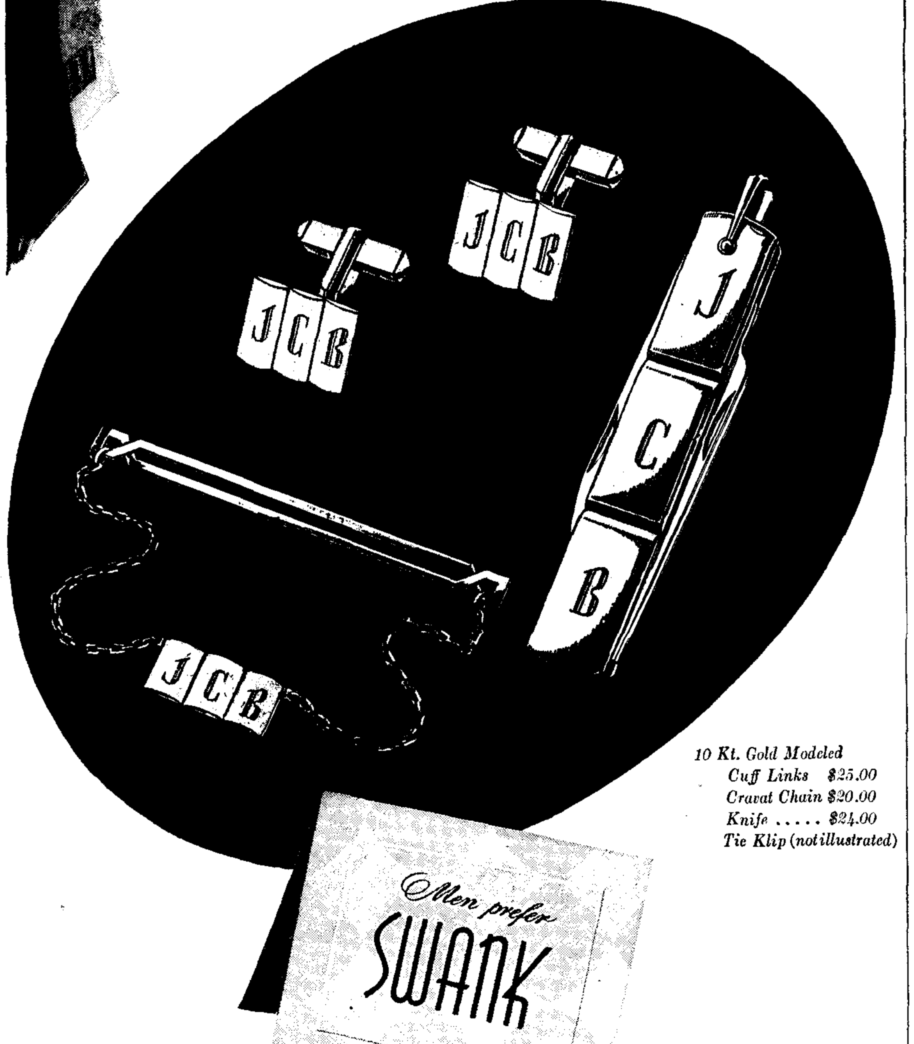

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knuckle, the third finger at the first joint."

José turned at once and left the room. Miss Perrin and the girl remained looking at each other.

Raquel said softly, "I had no doubt, I had confidence in you, *señora.*"

"And in José?"

She smiled. "In him," she said proudly, "absolute trust. We've long loved each other. We were students together. He was to have been an engineer, and I—But why talk of that? It belongs to the past."

"And to the future," said Miss Perrin.

The girl looked at her. "And to the future," she said slowly, "yes. Thank you for that." She rose.

"You're going?" Miss Perrin said. "Without—"

"It's in José's hands now," said Raquel. "I must go. Dawn comes very early."

"I shall wait here," said Miss Perrin. "You see, I couldn't get through the gate tonight, and I've nowhere else to go, and—perhaps José will bring news." Her throat ached. "I feel I must—know—before I leave."

Raquel came around the table, held out a hand. "Goodby, *señora.*"

Miss Perrin took the girl's hand in both of hers, and looked up at her. "Godspeed, Cinderella," she said.

The door closed.

THE night dragged along. At some time Miss Perrin must have drowsed, for she found herself raising her head suddenly from her hands, listening, thinking she heard José's footsteps on the stairs. She listened intently.

But José didn't come.

The next thing she knew, someone was prodding her shoulder, and a voice was demanding amusedly, "Coffee, *señora? Señora, oiga!* Coffee?"

Miss Perrin sat up with a jerk, blinking in the sunshine that striped the room through the closed shutters. It was the woman with the frizzed, piebald hair who had awakened her. Paca wore a terra-cotta colored wrapper, was smoking a cigarette in a holder, and had laid a tray on the table.

"Thank you," said Miss Perrin. "Very kind, very kind. What time is it?"

"Seven o'clock," said Paca. *"Ay de mi,* what a night!"

"Yes—yes, indeed," said Miss Perrin. "Has—has José been back?"

"Not a sign of him. He won't come here now. Not in daylight."

Miss Perrin wasn't quite sure whether she was glad or sorry. She had a queer, flat feeling. "Well," she said. "Well, this is the end of it, I suppose."

"That's right." Paca looked at her oddly. "Whatever it is, I guess this is the end of it."

"If I could get a wash—" said Miss Perrin.

Having bathed her face and eyes in cold water, combed her gray hair to its customary neatness, smoothed out her crumpled suit, Miss Perrin took her leave of Paca.

She walked on the road along the water front, where the sea lapped the low parapet. The water stretched away, shining and smooth, under a visible quiver of heat. Very close across the corner of the bay towered the precipice of Gibraltar, the square openings of the gun embrasures hewn in its face of stone frowning down across the neck of flat land, the neutral territory, that linked it to Spain.

But Miss Perrin looked away to the right. She looked far across the bay to the little town of Algeciras, lying like a scatter of pearls, lonesome in the purity and distances of morning, against the starved, red hills of Spain.

Miss Perrin felt every one of her years, and more than her years, as she turned and set out for the *aduana.* Debris of the fair lay even here along the water-front road—cardboard hats and paper teasers crumpled in the dust under the parapet. There was much movement on the road, mostly pedestrian.

At the *aduana,* the barriers had been drawn aside. People were pouring through, women in rusty black dresses, ragged-shirted men, all on their way to work in the Gibraltar dockyard. Miss Perrin, adding herself to the queue under the shadow of the arch, felt a hand touch hers, felt something pressed against her palm. Her heart leaped. She didn't turn her head, but closed her fingers tightly over paper folded to the size of a postage stamp.

The queue shuffled along. She came abreast of the *carabinero* examining passes. He gave hers the briefest glance, thumbed her through.

Once more the sunshine glared down at her. There were mounted civil guards patrolling outside the arch here. She seemed to feel their eyes following her as she trudged over the wide, flat road across the neutral territory. Each side, across sere, waste ground, the sea winked and flashed, seeming higher than the road. Even nearer, before her, towered the precipice of Gibraltar.

The paper seemed to burn in her left hand. Of course, it was from José. She was to know, after all, whether he had succeeded or failed. She was to know whether or not she, Margaret Perrin, had sentenced a man to death.

She dreaded the thought of what she would find in this scrap of paper—whether it should be an affirmative or a negative. Yet what third answer could be possible? Unless—her heart soared to a sudden thought—unless Providence had been kind, had taken a hand in the game, had let some stray police bullet, in one of those raids ordered by Yrón, cut down that man who had information for Yrón! That would be irony. That would be justice.

"Let that be the answer," she prayed in her heart. "Oh, let that be true!"

SHE stopped and looked back. The thumping of her heart was stifling. She was shocked to find that her knees were trembling. The workers streamed on past her. The gaunt, yellowish structure of the *aduana* had dwindled. She was more than halfway across the neutral territory. She was beyond the reach of the mounted civil guards, patrolling there, implacable and arrogant, their weapons catching the sun with a hot blaze.

She put her brief case under her arm. Her fingers were not quite steady as she unfolded the slip of soiled paper. She read the four penciled words on it, and the irrational hope which had flared for a moment in her mind died. Providence? Providence gave us a world and left us to make what we chose of it; and for our actions we were answerable to the most merciless judges—ourselves. Truth was naked, as José had said. And there was naked truth in the four scrawled words: *"We found him. Thanks."*

Miss Perrin stood still. The heat from the road struck up under her sun hat with a taint of tar. She put the paper slowly into her pocket, then, and walked on, unseeing in the wicked dazzle, thinking, remembering, feeling. And out of the tumult of her thought and emotion, there emerged for Miss Margaret Perrin one certainty, one sure and steadfast guide: If you did only the right as you saw it, there could be no burden of guilt—

Suddenly, into her abstraction, cut the voice of a customs officer, trim in khaki drill and pith helmet, at the Gibraltar gate.

"Anything to declare, madam?"

Miss Perrin lifted her head. She looked at him thoughtfully for a moment. Then her shoulders straightened.

She said firmly, "Nothing to declare."

THE END

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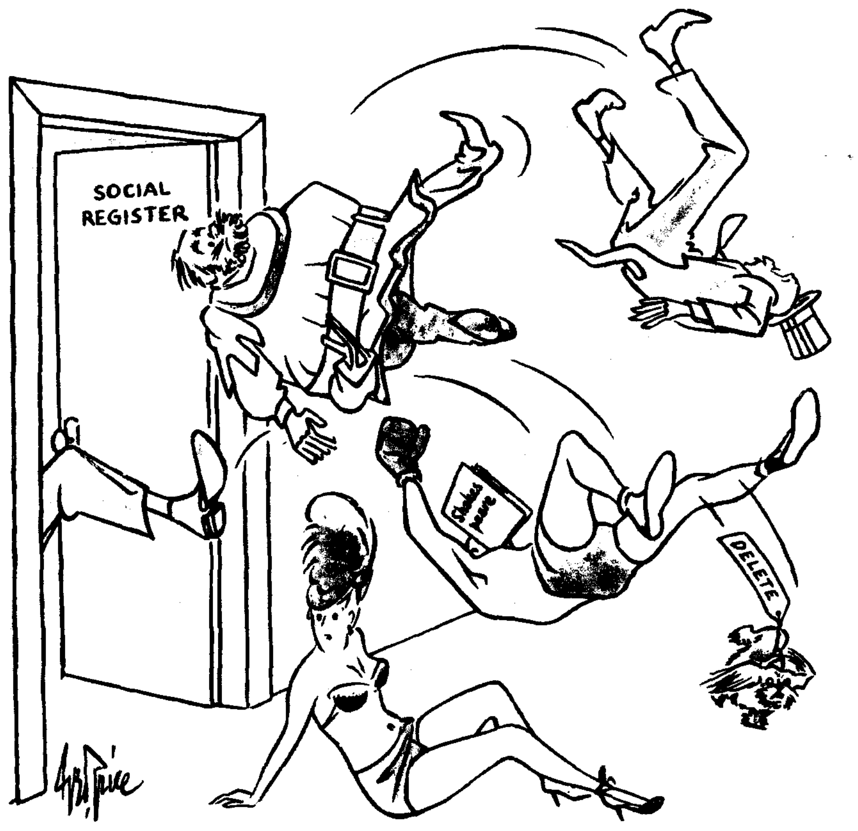

The Register has given the boot to numerous citizens—including one dog

SOCIAL REGISTER BLUES

The truth about the most controversial book in America

BY MONA GARDNER

IT IS a small volume—quite a bit smaller than the average best seller. It contains merely a list of names, addresses and telephone numbers, with accompanying cabalistic abbreviations. Nobody would think of reading it all the way through. Nevertheless, it sells well, and a large number of Americans wouldn't think—simply *couldn't* think—of being without it.

It is known as the Social Register and it purports to be a directory of the more important members of Society (with a great *big* "S")—persons who, really and truly, cross-my-heart, "belong." Wherever it appears, it is the Social Register; but there are some who know it as the Number One Sucker List.

Rude forces are buffeting this brave inventory of American squirarchy. One of these is the way such names as Bevin, Attlee, Stalin, Tito, Truman and Byrnes get places without benefit of bluebook listings—and two of these aren't even real names. Another is the defection within its own ranks — Europe's titled are selling hats in Saks; Harrimans, Stettiniuses and Rockefellers are going into politics instead of polo. Then, too, there are the mighty institutions of Conover and Powers, which have raised modeling to such a glamor pinnacle that eligible young men would far rather have a Powers or Conover girl on the arm, or in the home, than one of the bluebloods. Add to these that other new and formidable yardstick in achieving social sanctum—whether or not one can get into the Cub Room of the Stork Club.

In this welter of social perplexity the Social Register carries on gallantly and gainfully, quite gainfully. Once each autumn in twelve volumes, one for each of twelve cities—New York, Boston, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Cleveland, and San Francisco—The Social Register Association lists what it has decided are the socially elect, together with their addresses, telephone numbers and clubs. Supplements appear during the year under the sonorous title of Dilatory Domiciles—which, it turns out, is the Association's own way of saying summer homes—and lists yachts and yacht riggings as well —that is, whether it is one mainsail and jib for sloop, two mainsails and jib for schooner, or one smokestack for steam. A list of approved clubs appears in the front of the book.

Each edition, which includes the summer supplements, sells for from five to ten dollars. For ten dollars more a Locater with some seventy-five thousand names in it is included —presumably so that in a social crisis precious moments are not squandered searching all twelve volumes to find whom Miss Fwat of New York married in 1924, or was it 1923? Turning to the section called Married Maidens in the handy little Locater, one finds Miss Fwat married Mr. Smith-Smith of St. Louis in 1922. The St. Louis book then divulges the remaining essentials, including Dilatory Domicile.

It does not, as one discontented subscriber complained, contain any key to the multiple ex-wife and ex-husband situation so the innocent

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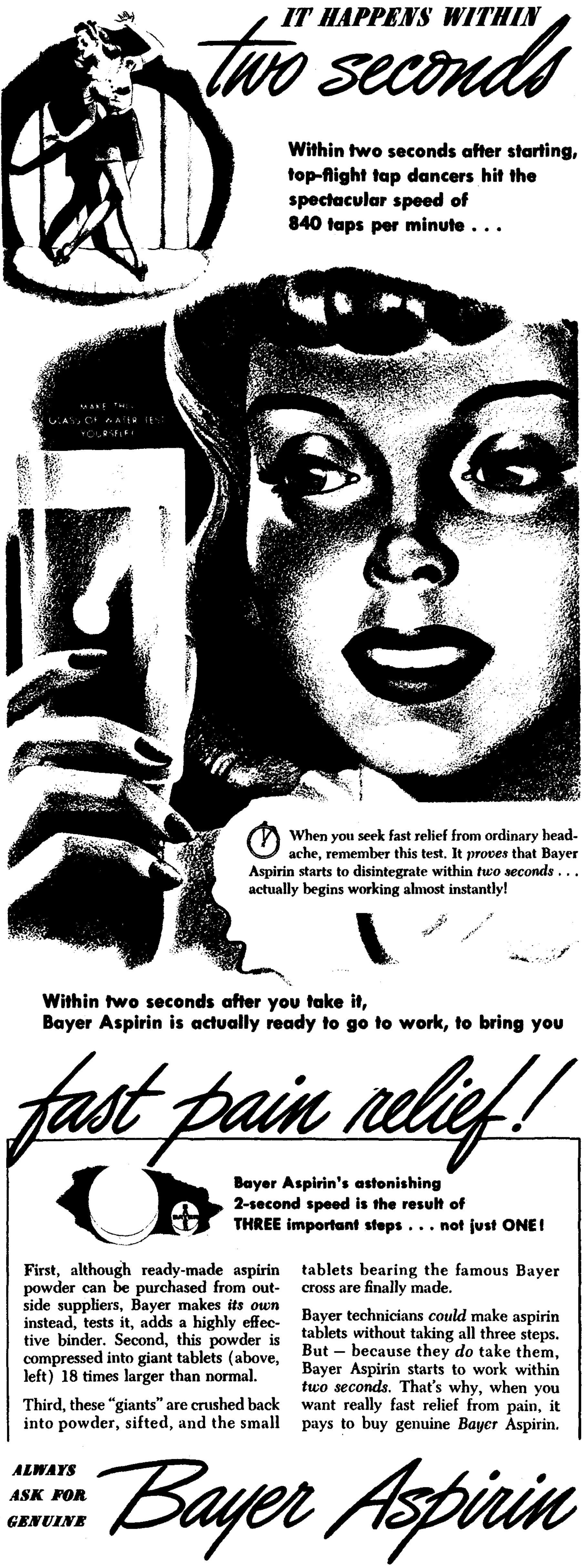
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bystander can determine who the ex was before the last ex.

Although the Collector of Internal Revenue and other money-minded individuals are inclined to regard the business as commercial traffic in money, The Social Register Association itself deplores such vulgar implication. With them it is an objective public service, a sacred blue beacon in a color-blind world, and the sizable annual profit merely a sort of voluntary offering to the temple.

A complete set sells for fifty dollars. Anyone can buy it or a single volume—listees, night clubs, dude ranches—and some thirty-three thousand do each year. There is no advertising; income is derived solely from sales which, rival publishers bitterly estimate, are around $225,000. Since material costs are small, and editorial requirements nil, these same acrid estimates place the annual net profit at about $175,000. The property itself has been variously estimated to be worth $600,000 to $800,000.

A Business Veiled in Mystery

Who runs the Social Register, who its Advisory Committee is, who operates and directs its delicate proceedings has long been one of the tantalizing mysteries of New York City. Eight top society reporters—most excellent reservoirs of both drawing-room and bedroom news—protest that they are completely baffled. As yet the firm has not made the classified telephone directory as publishers. Investigation of incorporation reveals a battery of lawyers, installed decades ago, to administer the thriving estate for an assortment of seven heirs, some of whom have since died—Charles Struthers Beekman, Marie D. Norton, Catherine B. Huger, Nathalie W. White, Anna H. Wood, Eric W. Wood, and John Walter Wood.

The corporation pays small taxes as a corporation, and its property is valued at $5,000. All lawyers and all heirs deny having even a shadowy hand in the editorial workings of the publication. "The Advisory Committee," they say charmingly and genteelly, "decides simply everything!"

Write, brashly, to The Social Register Association about making application for entry and the answer comes back couched distantly and discreetly in the third person: "The Advisory Committee of The Social Register Association has received Mr. XYZ's communication and will take it under consideration. . . ." It is signed, by typewriter, "The Advisory Committee."

Go to the small, unpretentious, rather grubby offices of the association on Fourth Avenue and you meet Miss Marguerite Gibson, secretary of The Social Register Association, apparently alone in the office. A middle-aged, determined woman, she brushes inquiry aside in very, very cultured tones with: "The Social Register never gives out information of any kind. The rule is inviolate!"

In the course of such inquiries, innumerable signposts, hints, suspicions, and downright accusations lead to the socially unknown Bertha Eastmond, of Summit, New Jersey, as the Olympic figure. Miss Eastmond's story is curiously American, curiously without regal splendor. The daughter of a railway conductor, she began work as a secretary on the Social Register shortly after the beginning of the century, and has been there ever since. Under her ministry, the New York book that began sixty years ago with eight hundred and eighty-one family names has expanded to twenty-two thousand.

Today she draws 10 per cent of the profits and, by the will of the founder, has a $10,000-a-year job for life. Recently married to Edwin C. Barry, a woolen merchant of New York City, she spends nonsocial summers at her farm in Vermont, nonsocial winters in a yellow clapboard house in suburban New Jersey. Her name is equally unknown to listees in the Register and in her home town. First Families there shake their heads blankly at mention of her name and say, "No, Old Summit doesn't know her!"

Miss Eastmond *is* the Advisory Committee. She is omnipotent and absolute. She okays names to be added to the sacred columns: she pigeonholes questionable names, she rejects unworthy ones and firmly deletes those she considers tainted. If tremors of doubt assail her—say, five or six names a year—and the stanch Union Club list doesn't quite banish these doubts, she takes down the telephone and asks Emily Post, Caroline Duer, or Jessie Jerome Fanshawe for advice, casually, apologetically, and without consultation fee.

Before their deaths, she also consulted on the same terms Juliana Cutting, and Maury Paul, the original Cholly Knickerbocker. Asked to confirm her awesome powers, Miss Eastmond flashes her gray-green eyes and in the tones of an empress, dismisses the whole topic with: "The Social Register does not talk for publication!"

This catalogue of snobbery was first committed to print in 1886 by Louis Keller, a moderately wealthy New York bachelor of good family, who had a passion for fashionable names. One of his ventures was the gossip sheet, Town Topics, which devoted itself to elite scandals and/or the rumors of elite scandals. The other was the Social Register.

It all started as an amiable gesture. Two years in succession, the very social-minded Keller collected, privately printed and presented to his favorite hostesses a list of friends and their town addresses. It was the sort of thing a persevering hostess would need two or three times a season to complete a mob scene, or for Christmas messages.

Then, possibly because he couldn't resist making a beautiful dollar, Keller printed his list commercially the third year. He prefaced it with the high-sounding but nebulous credo: The eligibles were "those families who, by descent or by social standing or other qualifications, are naturally included in the best society of any particular city or cities."

American Society Defined

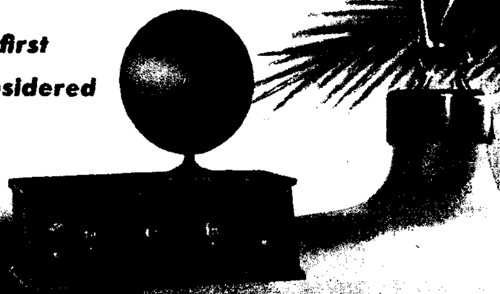
The list ballooned and flourished during the opulent and vulgar '80s and '90s. Others came out with their lists until it was a clash of lists. One brash hostess limited the social line-up to a hundred and fifty names, only to have the arbiter, Ward MacAllister, complain in the New York Times of 1892 that "such a number was absurd, incomplete, and sheer nonsense, since it left out many eligible millionaires!" All the list makers, however, managed to ignore the succinct definition given at this time by James Gordon Bennett, publisher of the old New York Herald, who, in looking over the lists, said, "American society consists of all prominent persons of good family who do not invite me to their parties."

Keller emerged from this list in the early 1900s with two secure monopolies—on blue-blooded Register listings, and on blue-blooded scandal rumors for Town Topics. He engaged the secretarial services of Miss Bertha Eastmond to help him with his Social Register checking, because as one observer of that day remarked, "she could spell and get yacht names right."

In time, however, Miss Eastmond acquired a hushed and hallowed feeling toward her work, and came to regard each successive edition as a cherished grail, for when Keller died in 1922, he bequeathed her a lifetime job with a $10,000-a-year salary, plus 10 per cent of the profits. The remaining interest went

IN 1922

When GAROD built the first all-electric receiver, it was considered the "tops" in radio.



And now.. 24 YEARS LATER

GAROD

is still building finer radios

GAROD *Radios are achievements in design*

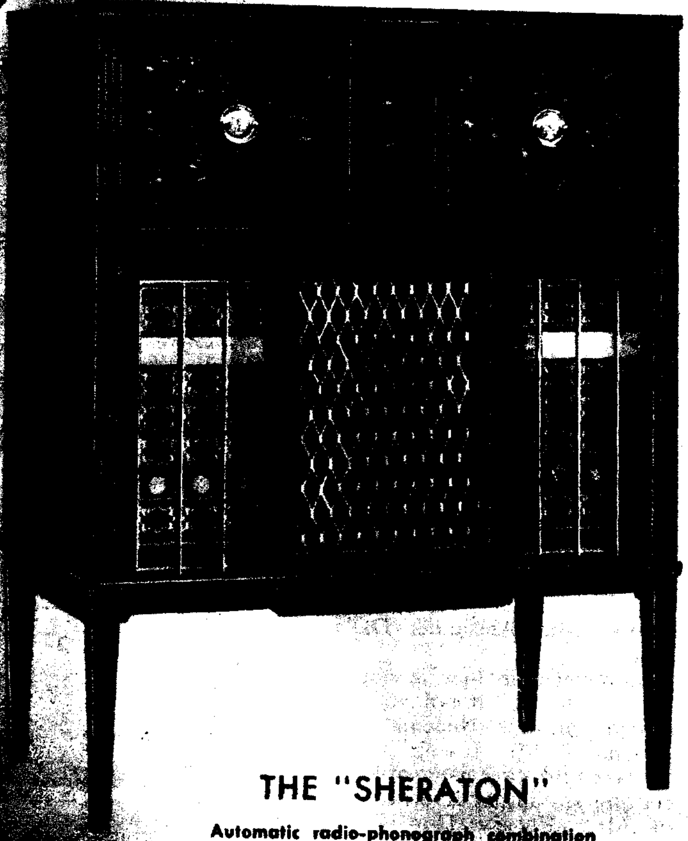
Only the most skilled hands could fashion radios of such outstanding character. Superb engineering, incorporating the very latest electronic advancements, assures long years of trouble-free performance.

GAROD *Radios are styled for lasting beauty*

You'll be proud of the appearance of your GAROD. Designed by America's leading furniture stylists, these cabinets are constructed by the very finest furniture craftsmen. Each is a compliment to your good taste.

GAROD *Radios are tonal triumphs*

They reproduce musical tones more dependably . . . and perform more brilliantly. 24 years of experience do make a difference! Visit your nearest GAROD dealer . . . See a GAROD . . . Hear a GAROD . . . Buy a GAROD.

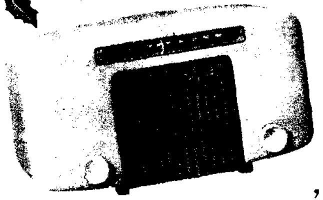


THE "SHERATON"

Automatic radio-phonograph combination with "duo-post" record changer concealed in "Hide-A-Way" drawer. Highly selective tuning for both foreign and domestic reception. Comes fully equipped with handsome, gold-embossed record albums.

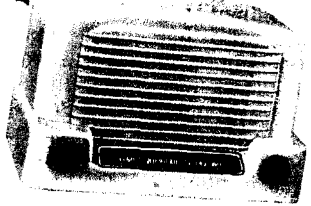
GAROD RADIO

GAROD RADIO CORPORATION • BROOKLYN 1, N. Y.



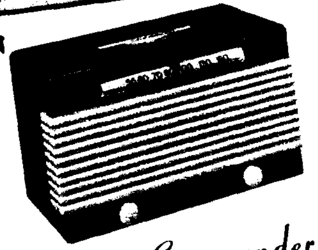
The "Commodore"

. . . AC-DC superheterodyne. Plastic cabinet in ivory, blue, green or maroon, with contrasting color in grille.



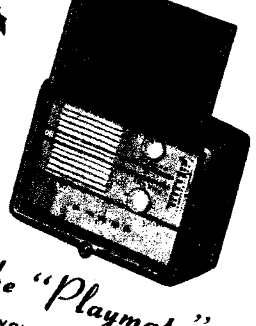
The "Senator"

. . . AC-DC superheterodyne, with 3-gang condenser. Plastic cabinet in walnut or ivory. Full-power speaker.



The "Commander"

. . . featuring the ingenious "drop handle". AC-DC superheterodyne, housed in two-tone "Catalin" plastic cabinet.



The "Playmate"

Three-way portable, AC-DC, Battery. Two-tone leatherette. Battery and line cord are self-contained.

FOR HIS
"Royale" Pleasure
CROIX ROYALE
SELECT WINES
PRIVATE STOCK
CROIX ROYALE
Select
PURE CALIFORNIA
TAWNY
PORT

Give grand-tasting Croix Royale Tawny Port, and mellow Croix Royale Pale Dry Sherry. He'll approve the famous label ... relish the fragrant bouquet ... enjoy the delicious flavor of California wine at its finest. You'll find the wine for his "Royale" pleasure on display in the best stores in town.

Free booklet of 42 wine, brandy, liqueur recipes for your holiday enjoyment. Send card to Dept. C12, Cameo Vineyards Co., Fresno, Calif.

CROIX
ROYALE
California
Wines

to his nephew, Charles Keller Beekman. In his will Keller urged the pair "never to surrender charge of the Register unless a flattering offer is received from persons who will conduct it upon the same lines and who can be relied upon to maintain the standards which I have established." His memory was not betrayed. Its new mentors regarded the book as a sacred trust.

They remained august, serenely aloof, and remote from the world, never granting an interview to the curious press. The only time the rule was broken was when the press, a little raucously, pointed out that the daughter of a Negro coachman was listed. Whereupon the Register issued a public statement—an edict composed with all the solemnity of a papal bull, explaining it was not a listing in the true sense, but merely their routine notation of the marriage itself.

The Association continued to flourish. In the early '20s twenty-one Registers were being published in twenty-one cities. Minneapolis was one of these. The Association set up offices there, culled the First Families until a list of a thousand was approved. The subsequent bluebook was mailed to each of the thousand with a five-dollar due bill inside. Only a hundred and fifty remitted. In a well-bred huff, called "lack of interest," the Minneapolis Register was withdrawn the following year. Those of ten other cities were also discontinued for the same reason.

By July, 1936, the Social Register was being consulted as a barometer of business recovery. Instead of watching price indices, carloadings and steel-capacity percentages, businessmen found themselves surreptitiously thumbing the 879-page summer edition, counting the big jump in summer residences, shore-resort leasings, overseas junkets and yachts as sure signs of returning prosperity. In 1941, Beekman died, and Miss Eastmond became the entire editorial board.

Her gauge for choosing names is unpredictable and even capricious. The chosen are frequently as puzzled as those who are snubbed, for the book never hesitates to reverse itself. Some entries have gone to jail without loss of caste; others have been dropped for marrying a movie actress. It contains some Americans of merited distinction; others are there because Grandfather had the acumen to snatch a thriving railroad back in the snatching years. Generally speaking, its policy seems to be to keep the Old Guard in line, challenge newcomers and delete those who figure too often on the front page, in divorce courts, or near stage and screen.

Puzzling System of Selection

The basis for getting in the New York Social Register isn't wealth alone. Henry Ford and his son Edsel have never been listed, and although Henry II appeared in 1941, after his marriage to Anne McDonnell, he didn't stay. Walter Chrysler, the son of the founder of another automobile dynasty, is in; his sisters, Mrs. Byron Foy and Mrs. Edgar Garbisch, are also, but their brother Jack is not. Jacob Schiff, the banker, and his son were omitted, but his grandson, John, is included. Arthur Brisbane, the writer, and Maury Paul, the society reporter (Cholly Knickerbocker), were amongst the elect while they were living, but their boss, William R. Hearst wasn't. Nor do any of the second-generation Hearsts appear. The department store Wanamakers are prominent, but the department store Gimbels, Bloomingdales and Sakses aren't mentioned. Barbara Hutton Mdivani Reventlow Grant has not been listed, nor has her aunt, Mrs. James Woolworth Donohue; yet another aunt, Mrs. Charles E. F. McCann, has been.

Birth doesn't keep one in. Miss Eastmond has bounced many Register-born. When Polly Lauder, the niece of Andrew Carnegie, married Heavyweight Champion Gene Tunney, the listing of their marriage was carried for a year and then dropped. The same thing happened when Leonard Kip Rhinelander married Alice Jones, the mulatto daughter of a Negro coachman. Yet when Ellin Mackay married Irving Berlin, she was deleted immediately.

Likewise, Esme O'Brien, a debutante of a few seasons ago who had been in the Register since birth, disappeared when she married Robert W. Sarnoff, the son of the president of Radio Corporation of America. And Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., son of the lady whom society reporters are fond of calling the "Dowager Duchess of New York," was stricken from the record when his debunking book, Farewell to Fifth Avenue, was published. On the other hand, Colonel Charles Lindbergh's name was added to the rolls when he married Anne Morrow, the daughter of ex-Ambassador Dwight Morrow, remained there for a number of years, and then was dropped.

Family Alone Not Criterion

There are no indications of racial prejudice. Otto Kahn, the capitalist, was listed until his death. His son, Roger Wolfe Kahn, was in until he married Hannah Williams, the musical-comedy star. The Pulitzers are all in; likewise the Sulzbergers, Seligmans, Warburgs, Hellmans, Schwabs, Salmons and Altschuls. For no apparent reason, families are split. Bernard Baruch is in, but his brother Sailing is not. The same is true of Ralph B. Strassburger, whose brother Perry does not appear.

Stage personalities seem to be *persona non grata*, for many former registerites have found their names amongst the missing after marriage to a stage or screen star. Elliott Roosevelt was skipped in the 1946 edition after his marriage to Faye Emerson. The same thing happened a number of years ago to Mrs. J. M. Danzinger when she married Antonio Moreno, and to Dorothy Benjamin in marrying the great Enrico Caruso. Katherine Harris, who has since died, disappeared from the roll call when she became Mrs. John Barrymore, but reappeared a few years later when she became Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt.

However, the ban is not universal. Ruth Draper's monologues have not ousted her, and Nedenia Hutton, the daughter of Mrs. Joseph E. Davies, who has taken the stage name of Dina Merrill, continues. Whitney Bourne, the daughter of Mrs. Harvey Dow Gibson, was dropped when she went on the stage. So was Jane Wyatt, of the Van Rensselaer tribe, when she became an actress. Without explanation, both girls were just as suddenly reinstated in later editions.

Nor are these examples without precedents. Mrs. August Belmont, back in the early 1900s, was the actress Eleanor Robson; after her marriage she was taken into the fold. The same thing happened when Edith Kingdon, the actress, became Mrs. George J. Gould, and when Clare Eames, the singer, became Mrs. Sidney Howard.

All those who had been snubbed, ignored, or banned chuckled loudly a number of years ago when the news leaked out that an unregistered Pekingese bitch was listed under the guileless name of Miss Rose. It was not an accident. It seems that in filling out the form sent to them, Mr. and Mrs. George L. K. Morris (she was a Miss Frelinghuysen and he the brother of Newbold Morris) solemnly gave their address as Brookhurst, Lenox, Mass., along with the other required data. But when they came to the space for Juniors (sons 14-20, daughters 12-17) they irreverently wrote in the name of their dog. The entry stood for a whole year.

There is only one case on record of an

A SPECIAL PREPARATION FOR SHAVING
★
For the 1 man in 7 who shaves daily
★
NO BRUSH

Modern life demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation. To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider, a rich soothing cream.

Glider *protects* your face while you shave. It enables the razor's sharp edge to glide over your skin, cutting whiskers close and clean *without scraping or irritating.* It's quick and easy to use. Needs no brush—not sticky or greasy.

SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

Get Glider at your regular dealer's. Or send us your name and address with ten cents—and we'll mail you a guest-size tube, enough for three full weeks. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CG-13, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (*Canada:* Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

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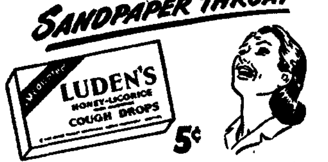
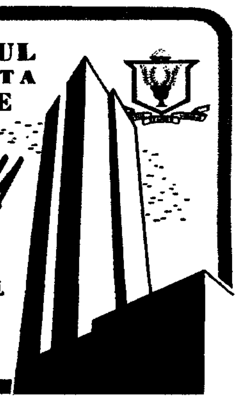
PRESIDENT

THROAT SORE
FROM A COLD?
Remember
"there are no better Cough Drops than LUDEN'S"
Medicated for
SANDPAPER THROAT



Menthol or Honey-Licorice

IN ST. PAUL
MINNESOTA
IT'S THE
Lowry
THE
LUXURY HOTEL
OF THE
NORTHWEST



Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

individual clamoring to be left out of The Book. This was Huey Long, Louisiana's gift to the Senate from 1931 to 1936. Since all senators are automatically listed in the Washington Social Register, the Louisiana Kingfish was included. He wrote in hot protest that he didn't want his name appearing with all "those damn' Yankees that haven't learned yet how to dunk good corn pone in pot liquor!"

Getting into this passbook is another affair. Bluing the blood to the required Eastmond tint is a delicate operation which many attempt each year, but which only a handful master. The technique varies.

One moderately successful corporation executive in New York City, the son of a New Hampshire minister, decided for business reasons to make an attempt. Being a practical businessman, he cased recent entries, studied their assets, and then took an inventory of his own. These turned out to be a full stock of grandparents, granduncles and fifth cousins who had been around in Revolutionary times, albeit as farmers, privates and message bearers. So, one by one, the executive and his daughter made application to, and were given memberships in, twelve societies—Sons of the American Revolution, The Society of the Cincinnati, Daughters of the Cincinnati, Society of Colonial Wars, Society of War of 1812, Huguenot Society, Daughters of Holland Dames, Colonial Lords of Manors, Mayflower Descendants, National Society of Colonial Dames of America and The Pilgrims. After a year of discreet waiting, he submitted an application to The Book, larded it with four letters of character recommendation from four indigo-blooded registerites, and his certification of family membership in the twelve federations. His name appeared in the next edition.

Climbers from the Southwest

Another applicant failed after three years of furious endeavor. With millions from oil wells in the Southwest, the would-be blue and his wife stormed New York in prewar years. They took a $40,000-a-year Park Avenue apartment, and staffed it with a dozen servants. With the same abandon they acquired a yacht, an Adirondack hunting lodge, a Newport villa, elaborate winter quarters in Florida, and several coveted club memberships.

Along the way they hired a top-notch public-relations counsel to release to rotogravure sections charming photographs of them assisting this committee or that charity bazaar. For each of three years Miss Eastmond said no.

During the depression the strategy was simpler. Girls who were long on family, but short on cash chose to sponsor a young newcomer for a season or two, rather than sell corsets in Gimbel's. They would give a series of auspicious little luncheons, dinners and dances at the right places for registerite friends, the only nonblue present being the alien who also, of course, privately footed the bills.

The next big hurdle was to obtain an invitation for her to the Autumn Ball at Tuxedo Park, a New York suburb, a group of the very, very blue fenced off years ago so they would only have to be unpleasant to one another.

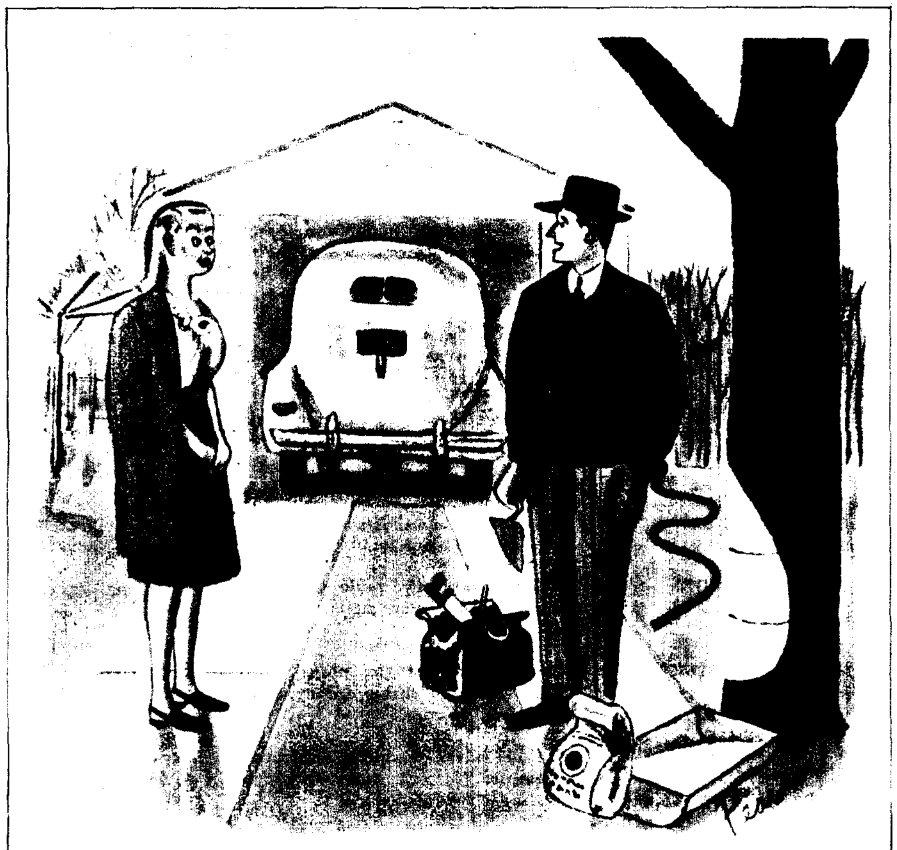
The ball is as difficult for the laity to get into as the College of Cardinals, and requires the utmost in fortitude to last out the stares of several dozen dowagers asking one another, "Who was her mother?"

However, with the Autumn Ball on a daughter's score card, membership in the Turf and Field Club, the Kennel Club, the Brook Club, the Union Club, and four letters from registerites, applicants were guaranteed Miss Eastmond's ratification.

Applications for admission are flooding the Association's offices each month; many more have come in this year than last. Word has got around that dedicating oneself to the career of crashing the pages amounts to a movement: that some, in concerted competition, have hired unbeatable public-relations counsels to plot the campaign, and that bets are up.

Meanwhile registerites assure one another nervously that Miss Eastmond is a firm rock of prestige, oh, a firm rock. But when her mantle falls, will it be on less sturdy shoulders? If so, who knows what will happen? The majority may get entirely out of hand and disgrace the minority! Or the list may jump to four million!

THE END



"This will save the tree, but it's going to be harder on the fenders"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

"Saaay – what's this I hear about you and that actor?"

JEAN: Why, uh, you mean my old friend Cyril?

BILL: That's right—the heart-throb boy. I heard he took you to lunch today.

JEAN: Why, yes, darling. He wanted me to do him a favor.

BILL: Oh, he did, did he? I'll damage that profile of his beyond repair. I'll—

JEAN: Now, take it easy. He has a problem.

BILL: I'll give him a problem, all right. I'll—

JEAN: You see, he admires your Arrow shirts so much. He was telling me how no other shirt was as flattering to a man's looks. Something about trim collars and a Mitoga figure-fit—

BILL: Just what is this leading up to?

JEAN: Well, he said that since he hasn't been able to get Arrow shirts his fan mail has fallen off—

BILL: So—

JEAN: He's in a new show—opens tomorrow night. And he said he'd get us two tickets, first row center, if—

BILL: Uh-oh. *Now* I catch on—

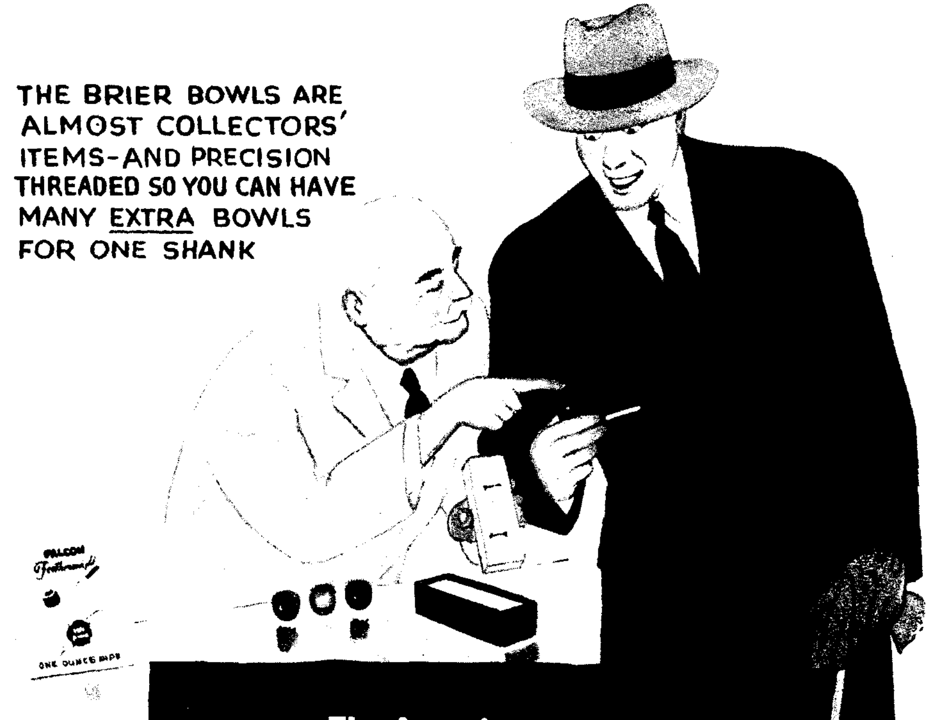
JEAN:—if I could *possibly* persuade you to let him have one of your new Arrow white shirts. Will do?

BILL: O. K., honey, I guess Pretty Boy can have it. But opening night *only.* Then I want my Arrow back!

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Pipe Smoking Revolutionized by utterly new principles of construction!


THE BRIER BOWLS ARE ALMOST COLLECTORS' ITEMS–AND PRECISION THREADED SO YOU CAN HAVE MANY EXTRA BOWLS FOR ONE SHANK
FALCON
Featherweight
ONE OUNCE PIPE

The Amazing

ONE OUNCE PIPE

—with the patented built-in Humidome that conditions the tobacco as you smoke it —no soggy "heel-taps"

GET A LIFT FROM A GIFT! AND MAKE HIM FEEL LIKE A MILLIONAIRE

IMPROVEMENTS undreamed of, now bring new delight to pipe smokers. Yes, and in a pipe so light it weighs but one solitary ounce.

For now has been overcome the greatest of all drawbacks to pipe smoking—the soggy residue collecting in the bowl.

This is prevented by a tiny built-in tobacco conditioner—the *Humidome.* This revolutionary invention "conditions" the tobacco as you smoke it—prevents moisture from collecting in the bowl and ingeniously traps it before it gets into the stem. And man—what a pleasure! No more bitter bite—no more soggy "heel taps."

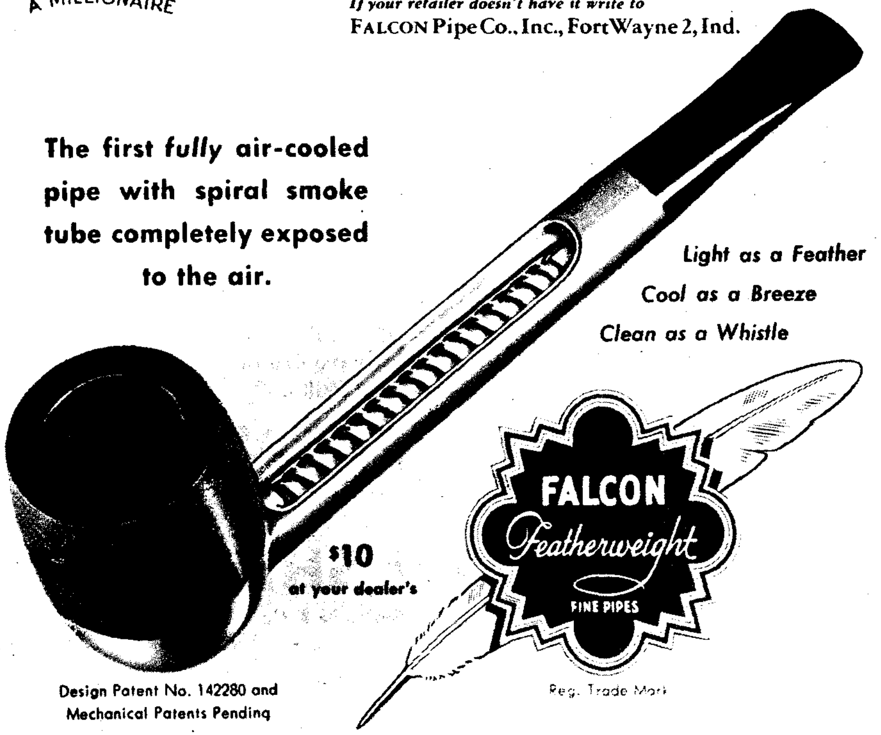
This pipe, too—The FALCON Featherweight—instead of enclosing the smoke tube in a heavy outer shell, leaves its entire spiral length exposed to cooling air.

Not a gadget—a real pipe made with highest precision. Hailed as a great new advancement in pipe styling—the first pipe with interchangeable bit, shank and bowl. And what bowls! Fine hand-selected Mediterranean brier. Each one a treasure. *Extra bowls are threaded* to screw on the shank to serve even the ten-pipe-a-day man.

See this vast innovation in pipe smoking at stores where you would seek the unusual in men's things or gifts. If your retailer doesn't have it write to

FALCON Pipe Co., Inc., Fort Wayne 2, Ind.

The first *fully* air-cooled pipe with spiral smoke tube completely exposed to the air.



Design Patent No. 142280 and Mechanical Patents Pending

A MISTAKE TO BEGIN WITH

Continued from page 26

people and look out for yourself. You've done enough for me. Singlehanded you kept me a private, like I wanted to be."

"That was nothing," said Pete. "You were a nice guy to have around. Now this is what I am going to do: My girl friend is very beautiful and she has always wanted to be a movie star. So I am going to bring her out to you."

"Oh, no," said Harry Bernstone. "I wouldn't think of letting you do a big thing like that for me, Pete."

"It's nothing," said Pete. "Nothing at all. You're a nice guy."

"I am not," said Mr. Bernstone. "This business changes you. Besides, think what you're cutting yourself out of. A home. Kids. Not that movie stars don't have homes and kids. It's just they're always so busy. You deserve better than that. Be selfish about it, boy. Marry the girl and have her for your very own. Don't share her with the world."

"Ha," said Pete. "No girl would marry a dope like me. When can I bring her out?"

Mr. Bernstone got a little nasty, like he wasn't going to let Pete do him this favor, but Pete was stubborn about a good turn and, in the end, Mr. Bernstone gave in.

"Very well," he said. "You bring her out here at ten in the morning. And when you get here, I am going to do you a favor whether you like it or not."

"Well thanks, Snazzy. I'll be seeing you."

WITH his hands full of candy and flowers, Pete put an awkward thumb over the bell button beside Daphne Morgan's front door and gave it a push. Inside him was a fluttering he thought was love and though he had told Snazzy that no girl would marry a dope like Pete Mason, hope never died. After all, when you fix it up for a girl to become a movie star there's a slight chance she might be grateful.

Then there was Papa Morgan. Papa Morgan had never liked Pete. Papa Morgan did not like anyone who seldom had a dime in his pocket. But Pete had fixed that. Some hot-shots in the Third Army had mistaken his docile eagerness for stupidity and wheedled him into a dice game one payday. So Papa Morgan should be glad to see him. Daphne should be wild with joy when she heard the good news about Empire Colossal. Pete was very happy.

Papa Morgan opened the door and he was not glad to see Pete. "Oh," he said. "It's you."

"I just got in," said Pete. "Is Daphne home?"

"No. I'll tell her you called." Papa Morgan started to close the door.

"No, you don't, Papa!" screamed Daphne, behind him. "I want to tell him a thing or two myself."

Papa Morgan reeled aside and Daphne stood in his place. She was heavier than when Pete had last seen her. Maybe fifteen pounds. And all this she tried to cram into the same size dress she used to wear.

Remembering certain pictures he had seen tacked on barracks walls, Pete was a little disconcerted. He could not remember any popular movie star bulging like Daphne bulged. Her hair was also bleached very white and she wore too much lipstick. But she was still beautiful to Pete, in a baby blue-eyed way, and he recalled how Snazzy had told him about how the studios molded feminine forms to suit their fancy. Becoming a movie star was going to do Daphne good in several places.

"You bum," she said, before she saw the flowers and candy. "Why, Pete Mason. Are those things for me?"

"For you," said Pete. "All for you."

"Darling!" She pecked his cheek with her red lips, leaving a smear. "Why didn't you write?"

"I did," said Pete. "I wrote you a long letter, once."

"Yes," she said. "I know. But it was a silly letter. It didn't make sense."

Pete blushed. "It was pretty bad, I guess. But it was moonlight and I sort of felt goofy. I hope you are not mad."

LOCALE	FASCINATING OCCURRENCE
MILWAUKEE	The Wisconsin Restaurant Association requested President Truman to name split pea as the national soup and set aside a National Soup Day.
DES MOINES	A woman sued a saloonkeeper for $80,000 damages for having made liquor available to her husband for his intoxication sprees.
LOS ANGELES	A girl who won a radio contest prize of "anything within reason" asked to have her name skywritten.
HAYS, KANSAS	A school superintendent solved the teacher shortage by offering two pairs of nylons with each signed contract.
DETROIT	A lady bought two raffle tickets at a firemen's field day and won an automobile with each one.
CLAREMONT, NEW HAMPSHIRE	The Chamber of Commerce returned traffic fines paid by three dozen motorists, as a good-will gesture.
MINNEAPOLIS	On his silver wedding anniversary, a man presented his wife with her weight in silver dollars—2,896 of them.

—W. E. Farbstein

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PRODUCT OF THE ARGENTINE

Papa Morgan pointed at his head and made a circular motion with his finger. Daphne took Pete's arm.

"Come in a minute. I want you to meet Charley."

Pete went in. Papa Morgan beat him to the easy chair and Daphne sat down on the pillow-covered divan, leaving no room for Pete. He eased his weight gingerly into a straight-backed antique and grinned at them.

"I got a surprise."

"I have one for you, too," said Daphne.

"I'll tell you about mine first," said Pete. He told her about Harry Bernstone.

"Darling!" shrieked Daphne. She soared off the divan and landed on Pete's neck. "You old darling, you. Just imagine me a movie star. Ummmm! Ummmm! Ummmm!" She showered kisses and lipstick all over Pete's face. He was very happy.

"Who is going to be a movie star?" asked a man.

DAPHNE jumped up and Pete peered around her. A gentleman stood frowning at them. A large gentleman in slacks and sport coat whose high forehead was caused only by thinning blond hair.

"Charley!" screamed Daphne. "I am. Isn't it wonderful? Pete fixed it. He knows Harry Bernstone."

"Who is Pete?" asked Charley.

"Why Pete Mason," said Daphne. "Pete, I want you to meet Charley. Charley is my husband."

Charley held out his hand. "How do you do, Mr. Mason. I'm in real estate. If you are looking for a home or a business chance, Charley Dooley can fix you up. Over a thousand satisfied customers to date. Glad to do a favor for any friend of Daphne's. Wonderful woman, Daphne."

"Yes," said Pete. He shook hands and sat down. He felt a little numb, but not real shocked. He felt like the dog who gets his tail stepped on by a clumsy civilian and then is kicked for having a tail to step on.

"Well," he said, after awhile. "I guess everything is taken care of. If I can have my money, I will go."

"Money?" said Papa Morgan, unbelievingly.

"Money?" said Daphne, interested.

"Money?" said Charley Dooley, suspiciously. "What money?"

"Why," Pete looked at Daphne, "my money. The sack of bills I sent you to put in the ground for me."

"Now wait a minute, Pete Mason," said Daphne. "You never sent me any money."

"What you trying to pull off?" said Papa Morgan.

"Quiet, everybody," said Charley Dooley. "Let me find out what this guy is up to. Now, Mr. Mason, what kind of a skin game you trying to work? You say you sent Daphne money. You got a receipt for it?"

"I do not have a receipt for it," said Pete. "I—"

"Ha!" said Charley. "They'd laugh you right out of court, Mason. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, coming in here and trying to get money from a sweet girl like Daphne. There's laws against that sort of thing. We could call the cops."

"Why not?" said Papa Morgan.

"I was never so insulted in my life," said Daphne.

Pete scratched his head. "I don't see where I broke any law or insulted anybody. I just sent Daphne fifteen thousand dollars and—"

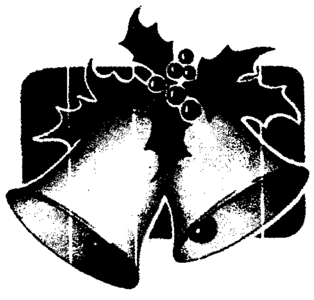
"Fifteen thousand?" said Charley.

"Well," hedged Pete, "a little over, maybe. I didn't count it all."

"Now I know you're crazy," said Charley. "I am going to call the M.P.s. I am going to call the War Department."

"I am going to throw the bum out,"

Get Set for Christmas



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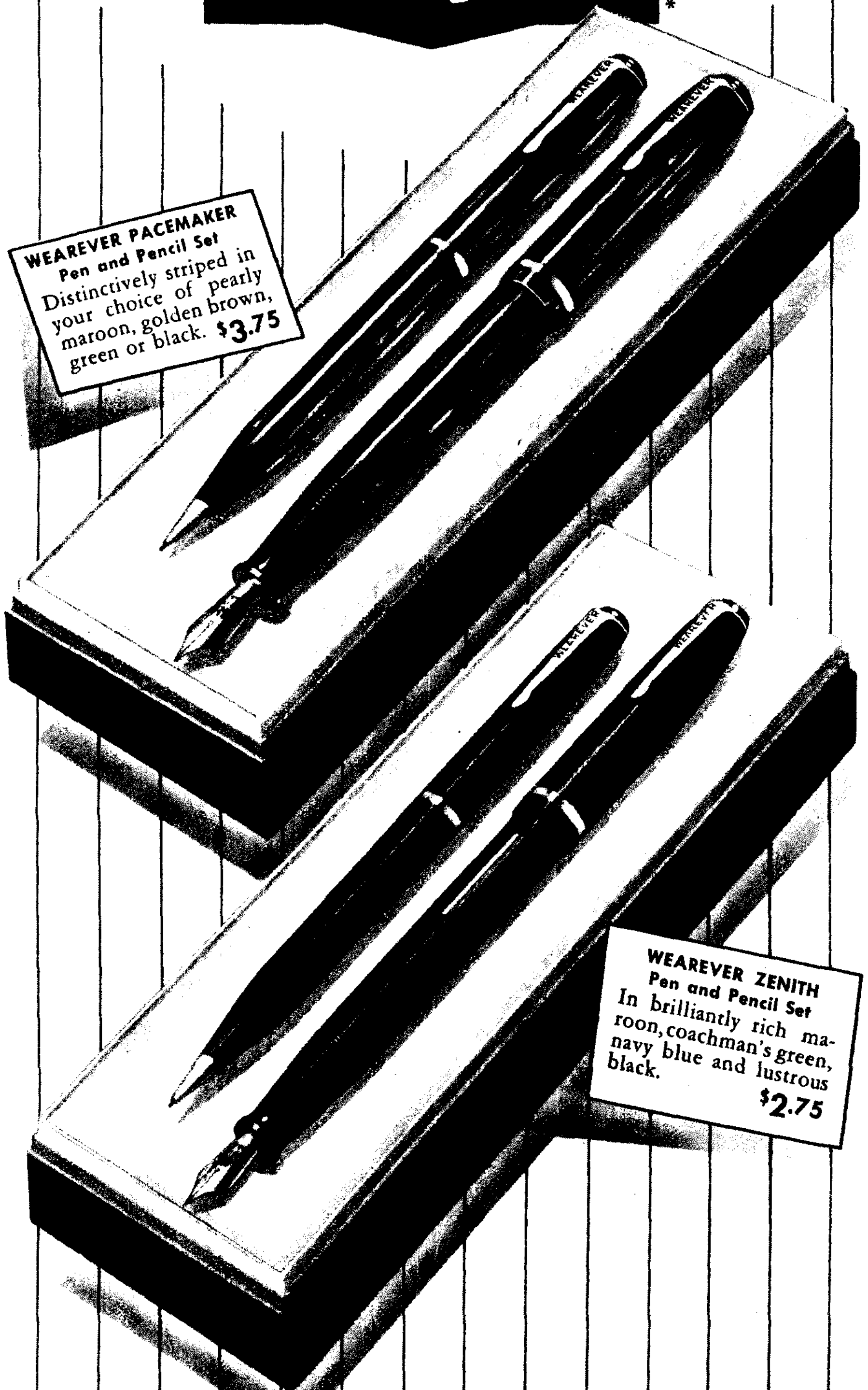
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said Papa Morgan. "He can't call my child a crook."

When the door slammed behind him, Pete lingered on the porch. Anger, being an emotion he had seldom experienced, was a long time coming and the racket inside the house had started before he became mad enough to act.

"All right, babe," said Charley. "Where is it?"

"Where's what?" said Daphne.

"The money, that's what," said Papa Morgan. "You chiseler. What did you do with it?"

"Are you crazy, too?" shrieked Daphne. "I never saw any money. Pete's lying."

"Don't give me that," said Charley. "I know guys. It's my business to know guys. Else how could I separate the sheep from the chaff in my business and be the success I am? That guy is stupid enough to send you that much dough and you are just the kind who would hold out on your loving husband. Come on, babe. Give."

"I'll give," screamed Daphne. "You can't talk to me."

A heavy object hit something and broke with a sound of shattering glass. Charley yelled. Papa Morgan yelled. Someone hit someone with a fist. Something crashed and splintered. Pete figured it was the antique chair he had weakened.

Neighbors appeared on their porches. The low wail of a police siren rose and came nearer. Pete walked off the Morgan porch and started up Ellis Avenue.

AT THE corner of La Brea he stopped, wide-eyed. Where once had been vacant property, lumpy and weed-grown, shiny new business buildings met his eye. Plate glass and chrome. Pink stucco and gleaming white paint. Neon tubes and neat lettered signs.

Bakeries, markets, hardware stores. Barbershops, dentists, reducing salons. A restaurant. A malted-milk shop with a big neon rabbit over the door. "The Peter Rabbit Malt Shoppe."

Cars were parked solidly along the curbs. The boulevard traffic was heavy. Two towheaded youngsters stumbled along the walk, the smallest one crying, the larger one quite angry.

"Halt," said Pete. "What's wrong?"

"He lost it," said the larger boy. "He flang it down the sewer."

"What?"

"A twarter," sniffed the smaller boy. "A twarter my mom give me for a malted."

"He was going to let me eat half," said the larger boy. "Now I don't get any."

Pete patted their heads. "About face," he said. "We don't care about an old quarter. Uncle Pete's got lots of quarters." He hauled out his wallet and pressed a bill into each pair of grimy hands. "Just give these to the malted shop and tell them to keep setting them up until the money is gone. Have fun."

When they were gone, Pete went about his business. It was fun to make children happy and a man could not get into trouble that way.

He crossed La Brea and threaded up winding side streets where trees grew in the parkways and small houses sat well back in walled and terraced yards. In about half an hour he found the house he was looking for and rang the bell.

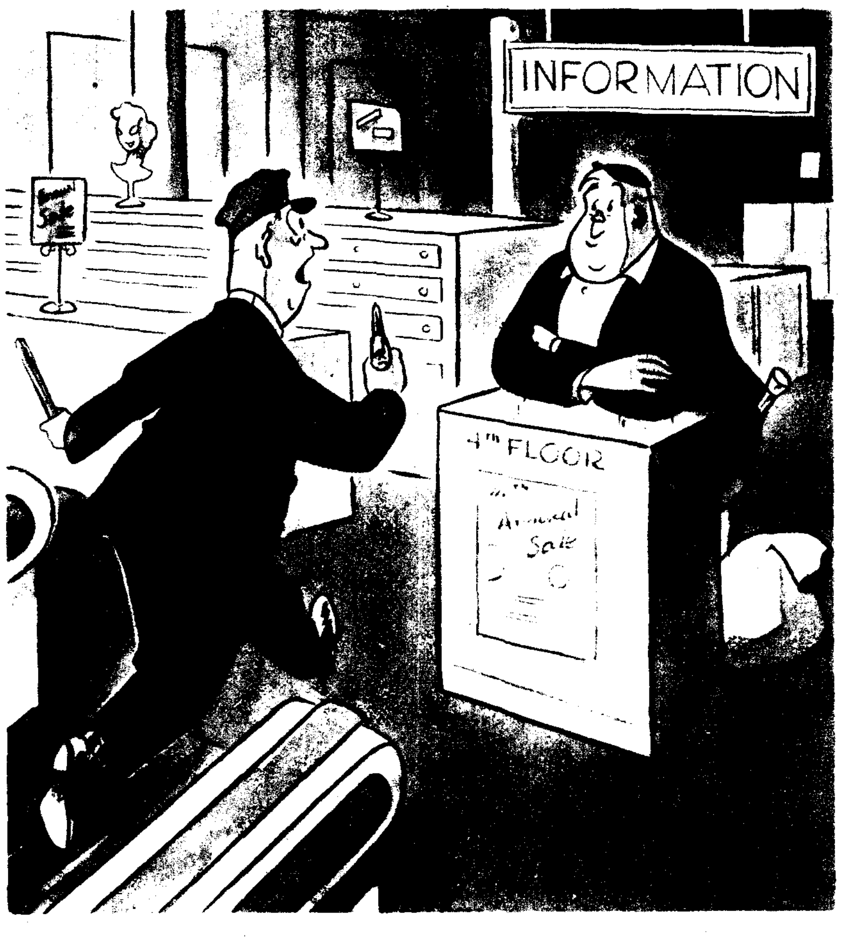
A woman called from the next yard. "There's nobody home. You want to leave a message?"

"No, ma'am," said Pete. "I want to see Raymond Huff's sister, Lorraine."

"She doesn't get home until all hours, poor soul," said the woman. "She runs the Peter Rabbit Malt Shoppe, on La Brea. She is working herself to death for a slave driver and getting nothing out of it at all."

Pete felt like a heel as he retraced his steps. Bad enough this Lorraine was a downtrodden working girl without recalling to her the pains of recent grief. Had it not been for a sense of duty, Pete would not have gone there at all. It was not going to be easy to tell how Ray Huff, standing beside him on the banks of the Rapido, had just vanished.

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"See any suspicious characters about? A burglary was reported here"

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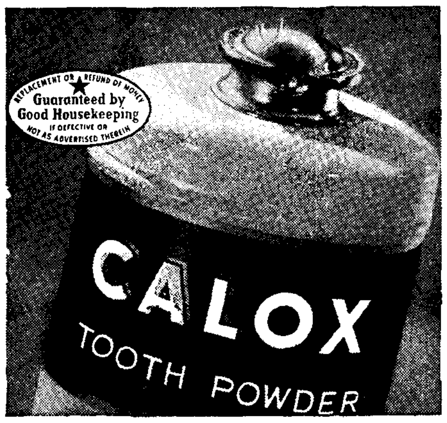

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The Peter Rabbit was a luxurious place with comfortable stools, most of them occupied. The customers and the help all had their heads turned toward the kitchen door behind which voices rose and fell, some in anger, some in soothing tones.

A waitress came up and smiled shakily at Pete. "It will be all right," she said. "Everything is about all over. What flavor you want?"

"Lorraine Huff," said Pete.

"We don't—oh, she's in back. She'll be out in a minute."

THE kitchen door swung and a nervous little man came out carrying a physician's bag. "They'll be all right," he said to everyone. "We got a good description of the man. I'd like to see him on an operating table."

Everyone laughed. Pete laughed. The door swung again and two women came out, each of them carrying a white-faced, glassy-eyed, towheaded youngster. The women were red-faced and angry.

Behind them walked a young girl. She was old enough, but she was little. She filled the light blue sport dress she wore without straining, but there was no room left in it for wrinkles. Her hair was black, dark, silky and shiny. She had the nicest lips Pete had ever seen, an uptilted nose and dancing blue eyes.

The women and their burdens advanced and one of the children roused. Recognition was mutual. "Hi," said Pete.

"Dat him, Mama," wailed the little boy. "Dat de man."

Pete started to get up, sensing some kind of a defense was called for. The mother, used to coping with swooping children, was much faster. When Pete woke up, two waitresses were holding him on a stool while the little girl in the blue dress combed back his hair with her fingers and held a cold towel to his brow.

"He's alive," said the little girl. "He's waking up." She wiped Pete's face. "You all right?"

"What happened?" asked Pete.

"She hit you. She bopped your head with a sugar bowl."

"What for? What did I do?"

"You tried to kill her child."

"Me!"

"You gave those kids a lot of money and told them to spend it all. Their mothers were going to sue us until the kids confessed to having bought two cakes, some oranges and grapes and a watermelon, before they came in here and ate four frozen malts apiece."

Pete kept looking at the girl. Now that he seemed awake, she had stepped back, so he closed his eyes and let his head fall again. Instantly she was working on him, combing back his hair and rubbing his head.

Pete did not feel awkward or embarrassed about letting her do this. There was an aura of friendliness about her that enveloped him like the comfort of an old shirt and well-worn shoes. The only thing, he felt so dizzy. When he discovered it was not the knock on his head that made him feel that way, but the faint perfume she wore, he opened his eyes again and let her back away so he could get his breath.

"I am all right, now," he said. "It's too bad about those kids."

"You should have had better sense," said the girl.

"I like kids," said Pete. "I'd like to have a flock of them—armsful."

"I would, too," said the girl. "But I wouldn't give them a lot of money and urge them to commit suicide. Now let me have your name, please. I'll have to report this to the insurance company. You were injured in here and they'll want a report."

"Aw, it wasn't anything. I'm not hurt."

"Your name, please."

"Pete Mason."

"What did you say?"

"I said Pete Mason. Now look. . . ."

The girl was doing that, her eyes getting wider and wider. "Pete Mason? Are you the Pete who was Ray Huff's—?"

"Why, yes, I was," said Pete. "I came in here looking for his sister."

One of the waitresses grabbed the blue-eyed girl and hustled her down the aisle into the kitchen.

"Now what did I do?" Pete asked, helplessly.

"Well, it's enough to upset a girl," said the other waitress. "You work to build up a business for a boss you've never seen and the first time he comes in, some dame slams him with a sugar bowl."

"No fooling," said Pete. "Who else got slugged?"

"No one," said the waitress. "You're the man. The only one. You're Pete Mason. Mr. Mason. You own most of these buildings, don't you?"

Pete felt the lump on his head. It wasn't very big and everything looked just the same as when he came in. But he had heard of these things happening to old soldiers. You suddenly blew your top and started having dreams. Battle fatigue, they called it. He had it.

"I," he said, "am getting out of here."

He walked out the front door and started up the street. A display of fishing tackle in a sporting-goods store caught his eye and slowed him down and Lorraine caught up with him.

"Pete Mason," she demanded. "Where do you think you're going?"

"I don't know," he said. "Maybe they'll send me to a government hospital. I don't feel good. I hear things. I heard that woman back there say I owned these buildings."

"You do," said Lorraine. "You told me to put your money in the ground. I did. When prices went up I sold some and built these buildings for you with the rest. I leased everything out but the malt shop. I thought you'd like that. It's a gold mine."

Pete walked around in a couple of circles, trying to see himself from all angles. "Money?" he said. "I sent you money?"

"A sackful of bills. And the nicest letter, telling me I was the only girl you could ever trust. I appreciated that, Mr. Mason. But what ever made you think I intended to use peroxide on my hair? I thought you were pretty silly about that. Especially when Ray got home and I asked *him* and he said he never even mentioned me using peroxide to you."

"Ray came home?"

"Sure. He's running a garage in Glendale."

"He can't be. A shell came along and he—"

"Got blown into the river and floated down. Some other outfit fished him out and sent him to the hospital. He lost track of you after a while."

PETE scratched his head. In all his life he had written two letters and then mixed them up. He would never write any letters again. But as long as so many impossible things had happened, he wondered if he could stretch his luck a little more.

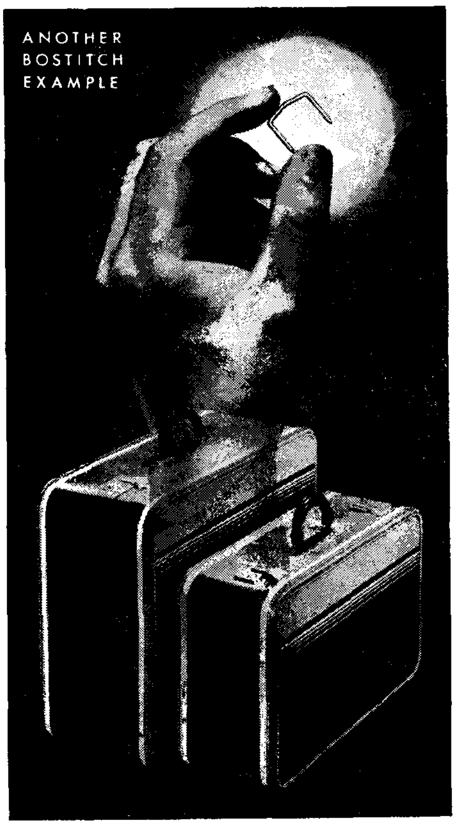
"You look pretty hungry," he said. "Maybe, perhaps, if you don't mind, I'll buy you a dinner."

"Sounds wonderful. We can eat right here at Robinsons'. They have nice steaks and we almost get them wholesale. You own the building and the lease calls for a minimum rental plus a percentage of the gross taken in. The more we eat the higher the rent."

"You," said Pete, recklessly, "are a beautiful genius."

At ten o'clock in the morning, Pete, holding Lorraine's hand, came to the police-guarded gate of Empire Colossal Studios. For the first time in his life, in the throes of doing a good turn, he felt lead-footed.

"What," asked Lorraine, "are we doing here?"



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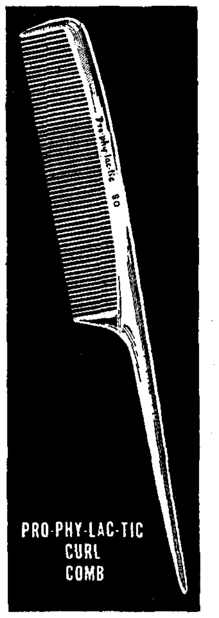

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"Never mind," said Pete, vaguely. "I just promised a man I'd be here at ten o'clock with a girl. I just want to say hello and tell him I won't be here. Maybe they won't let us in anyway, I hope."

He gave his name to the policeman and a bright-looking young man jumped out from behind the policeman and dragged them inside. He looked at Pete and he looked at Lorraine.

"*This* way, Mr. Mason!" he said.

He led them across a large patiolike yard and into a building. He led them through a room where a score of men and women cooled their heels with dogged patience and showed their envy when they swept on past. Threading through five secretarial offices, they came to the inner sanctum.

LITTLE Harry Bernstone leaped from behind his two-acre desk. Four men rose from chairs along the wall. Harry jerked his arms.

"Hi, Pete," he said. "Right on time, like at reveille. This is Callahan, my executive producer. O'Brien, my best director. McSweeney, my head make-up man, and Harrigan, head camera."

"Hi," said Pete, and licked his lips.

Callahan, executive producer, licked his lips back at Pete, looked at Lorraine and acted like a man about to do a swan dive into an empty pool. When he hit bottom his voice cracked. "No," he said. "Positively no. I couldn't use her for a walk-on in a low-budget quickie. She is not the type."

"Positively," said O'Brien. "Direction, phooey. She couldn't take it. A lion I can make act, but not her."

McSweeney made a circle with his thumb and forefinger, looked at Lorraine through the hole thus made and shook his head. "No. Why should I waste powder base on that?"

Harrigan swung his head from side to side. "From every angle she is terrif—terrible. I can't risk my reputation."

Lorraine looked from one to the other, bewildered. Pete tried to explain. "You see, Snazzy, this isn't—"

Harry Bernstone didn't hear. He was making too much noise. "You dopes!" he yelled. "You bums. You call yourselves motion-picture people. The best in the business. Ha! Me, so fresh out of the Army that anything in a dress looks like a million hundred-dollar bills, I can see it. She is colossal." He paced. He waved his arms. "Everything I have to do myself. Everybody does exactly what I tell them to do. It's a fine thing. Take her to Stage Five where Sedgewick Seymour is working. In five minutes I want to be looking at a few hundred feet of our new star."

The four best motion-picture craftsmen in the world swooped down on Lorraine Huff. She disappeared. Pete tried to say something.

"Shut up," said Snazzy. "I am thinking. Boy, how do you do it? She's a knockout. No wonder she wouldn't marry a dope like you. In a year she'll be getting proposals from dictators and congressmen. Maybe even from the boss of the income-tax people. Boy, what a tie-up that would be! Don't interrupt me."

In the projection room, Pete cried. Harry Bernstone cried. Callahan cried. Everybody cried but Sedgewick Seymour. Sedgewick sulked. Acting with Lorraine, he looked like a ham. Harry Bernstone tried to invent a new word like supercolspenduous. Failing in that, when the lights went on, he bolted for the door.

"I'll get Sam," he shouted. "I'll get a contract."

Everyone but Lorraine stopped emoting. All curled up in a big leather chair, she kept right on crying. Pete patted her head.

"It's all right," he said. "You're wonderful. You'll be a big star."

"I don't want to be a star," she sniffed. "I don't want any part of it."

"Well, for heaven's sake," said Pete. "What do you want to be?"

She looked at him and she did not have to act. "You big dope," she said. "Don't you know what I want to be?"

IT TOOK Pete a little while to figure it out and even then he couldn't believe it. "Oh, my gosh!" he said. Then he scooped her up under his big right arm and started up the aisle with her. He bumped right into Snazzy.

"Wait," said Snazzy. "She has to sign this."

"No, she don't," said Pete. "Not if she don't want to and she don't want to."

"She has to," yelled Snazzy.

"One side," said Pete, pushing.

"Well, how do you like that," Snazzy said. "If ever I do a guy a favor again I hope someone shoots me in the brain."

Outside, in their rented car, Pete did not drive away immediately. He was still there when a man in a brown uniform stopped his motorcycle beside the car and said, "You get his number?"

Pete blinked. "Whose number?" he wanted to know.

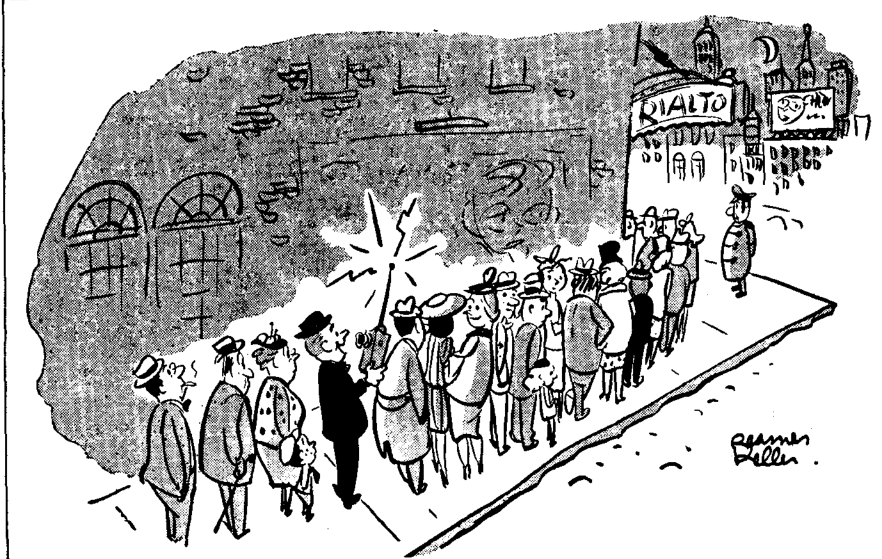
"The guy who tore the fenders off your car. Just now."

Pete climbed out and looked. The rear fender was still on, but shredded. The front one was lying in the street. "Well, what do you know," said Pete. "When did that happen?"

The motor cop narrowed his eyes. "So," he said. "One of those guys. And so early in the morning. Let me see you walk that white line."

"Sure," said Pete, happily. "Anything you say. How far off the ground you want me to stand?"

THE END



"You can leave the house now, Helen. I'm getting close to the box office"

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KEEPS LIPS FIT

MESS IS THE WORD FOR IT

Continued from page 25

drinking it. The committee gives three reasons for the poor coffee—bad buying, forcing excess stocks on posts, and either indifferent or no supervision by officers over the mess personnel in charge of coffee making.

Not only was flour wasted and coffee prepared indifferently, but crate after crate of beets, peaches, lettuce, celery, eggs, butter and other perishable foods went rotten on the road between purchase and the mess plate. The committee reports these conditions are partly due to the fact that few post commanders know anything about procurement, storage, distribution, preparation and service of food, and generally they assign inferior or unqualified personnel to food preparation.

For example, at Chanute Field, the major in charge of food supplies had been an insurance statistician, and there were few officers with any food background. At Fort Sill, a major in charge of messing had been a rural-route mail carrier. An engineer in civilian life was a mess supervisor at Randolph Field. At Fort Sam Houston, one cook was a copper miner, another a plumber's helper and another a cotton picker.

Qualified Food Men Not Used

Thousands of men in the Army had civilian food experience. But because of the indifferent attitude of commanding officers toward the importance of good food, few of these men were in food service. The Army also ran Cooks and Bakers schools. Four hundred thousand men were sent to these schools but, as was shown by a spot check, less than 25 per cent of these Cooks and Bakers schools graduates were actually within the food service personnel.

Millions of pounds of good food were spoiled in warehouses because of inexpert handling, forced inventories and over-all lack of inspection.

Canned milk must be turned once a month to prevent spoilage, according to experienced warehouse men. At Camp Hood, H. A. Ross, of the committee, questioned the officer in charge about the huge oversupply of evaporated milk. Ross was convinced the warehouse staff was not large enough to turn so many cans once a month and do other necessary work. But the officer insisted they had been turned.

Ross picked out a case at random and had it opened. The cans had begun to bulge at both ends. He opened one. The milk had gone bad. Every other can in the case had gone bad, too.

At that time there were 450,000 cans in the Fort Hood warehouse—18 cans for each man in camp—with more on the way. Ross advised the opening of every single can at once because in his judgment they were all spoiled.

At Fort Des Moines, a Wac camp, cases of beets, peaches, lettuce, celery, turnip greens, melons and onions were rotten. At Fort Sill, Oklahoma, dried apricots and dried peaches were infested. And at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, and Randolph Field, more dried fruit was infested because of improper storage. The committee rushed recommendations to Washington that all dried fruit in Southern camps be transferred to cold storage during warm weather and that the supply of flour be reduced to a 15-day spread. Nothing was done about this expert recommendation.

At a time when the housewife couldn't buy even one can of tomatoes, the warehouse officer at the Ogden depot admitted that 11 carloads of canned tomatoes had gone rotten and been fed to hogs. He added they had 14 carloads

Committee members V. O. Appel (left) and Robert T. Paul (right) examine meat at Fort Des Moines. At many camps, improper handling ruined tons of choice meat

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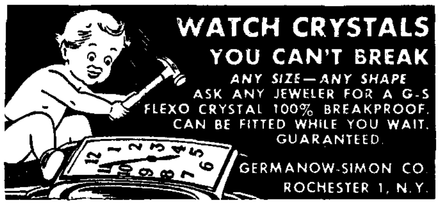
MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS PARASHOCK AND 4-IN-1 CHRONOGRAPH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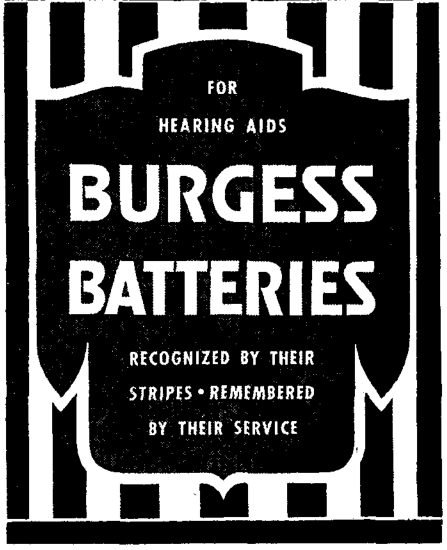

FOR HEARING AIDS
BURGESS BATTERIES
RECOGNIZED BY THEIR STRIPES • REMEMBERED BY THEIR SERVICE

(16,800 cases) of rancid peanut butter in quart jars, which had only recently been received from the contractor. The committee found more rancid peanut butter in the warehouse and commissary at Camp Stoneman.

Temperatures in cold-storage plants must be checked constantly. The Army issued printed instructions (TM 10-215) giving correct temperatures to be maintained at all times for various foods. But the committee found only a few men in Army cold-storage duty had read TM 10-215. It also found many plants where there were either no thermometers at all, or where thermometers were broken, out of sight, or inaccurate.

The cold-storage facilities at Fitzsimons General Hospital, Colorado, were under a young lieutenant from Brooklyn. The freeze room was jammed with about 50,000 pounds of carcass beef. According to regulations, the temperature should have been between 10 and 15 degrees Fahrenheit.

Vallee Appel, the Chicago warehouse expert, believing that it was far warmer, asked the lieutenant to read his thermometer. He said there wasn't one in the room (contrary to regulations). However, Appel located a thermometer at the back of the room. It was broken. So he used his own to determine the temperature. It was up to 46 degrees. The meat was slimy and beginning to deteriorate.

This is just one of many examples of the general laxity and indifferent warehouse inspection on the part of commanding officers.

On evidence like this, the committee recommended to the War Department that control of food problems be taken away from organization officers. They proposed a Food Service Corps which would be similar in organization, authority, and independence to the Signal, Medical and Engineer Corps. It would call for the best available food men and for the training of others. It would have a terrific job—namely, over-all and complete responsibility for feeding the Army.

Estimating that six per cent of the Army personnel is engaged in food duties, the committee recommended a corps of 60,000 officers and enlisted men for a million-man Army. They called attention to the fact that the amount of money spent by the Army on rations is second only to that spent on pay, and stated that they were convinced the Army was not making best use of manpower, equipment and food under its present messing system.

Under the present system, they point out, the responsibility for feeding belongs to individual organization commanders. It just doesn't work—even to a good cup of coffee. Too many officers are indifferent to the effects of food on their men.

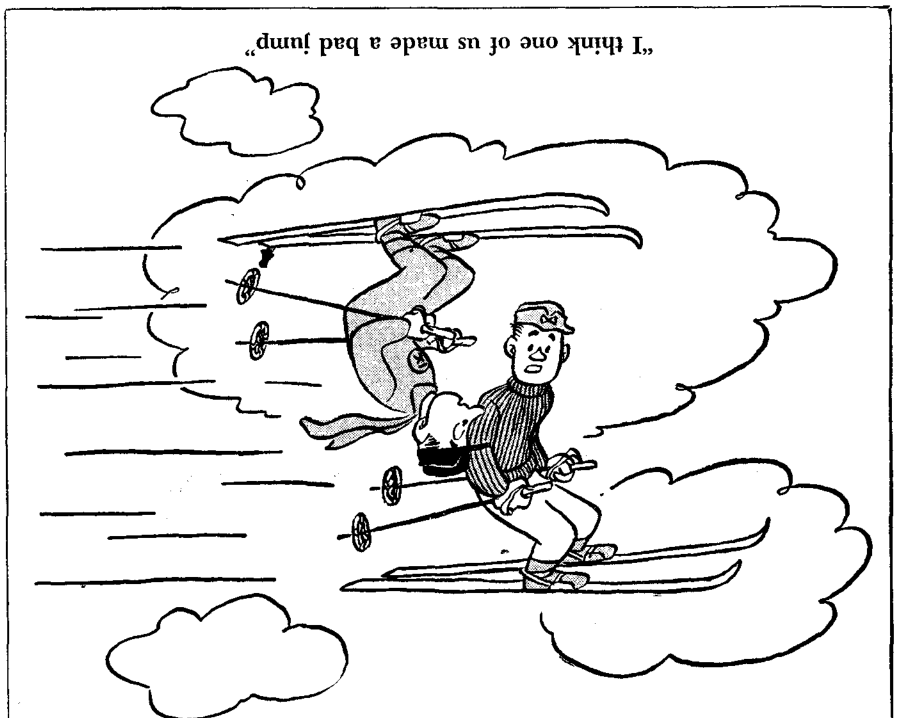
The wartime Quartermaster General, General Edmund B. Gregory, told the committee that one of his greatest problems was the lack of appreciation on the part of many commanding officers of the importance of food and food training. The committee verified this statement. There was admirable lip service to the part good food played in Army morale, but shockingly little practical interest in how the men ate. One three-star general said only a few months ago, "Any day laborer can be turned into a chef in a couple of weeks."

Officers Work Under Handicaps

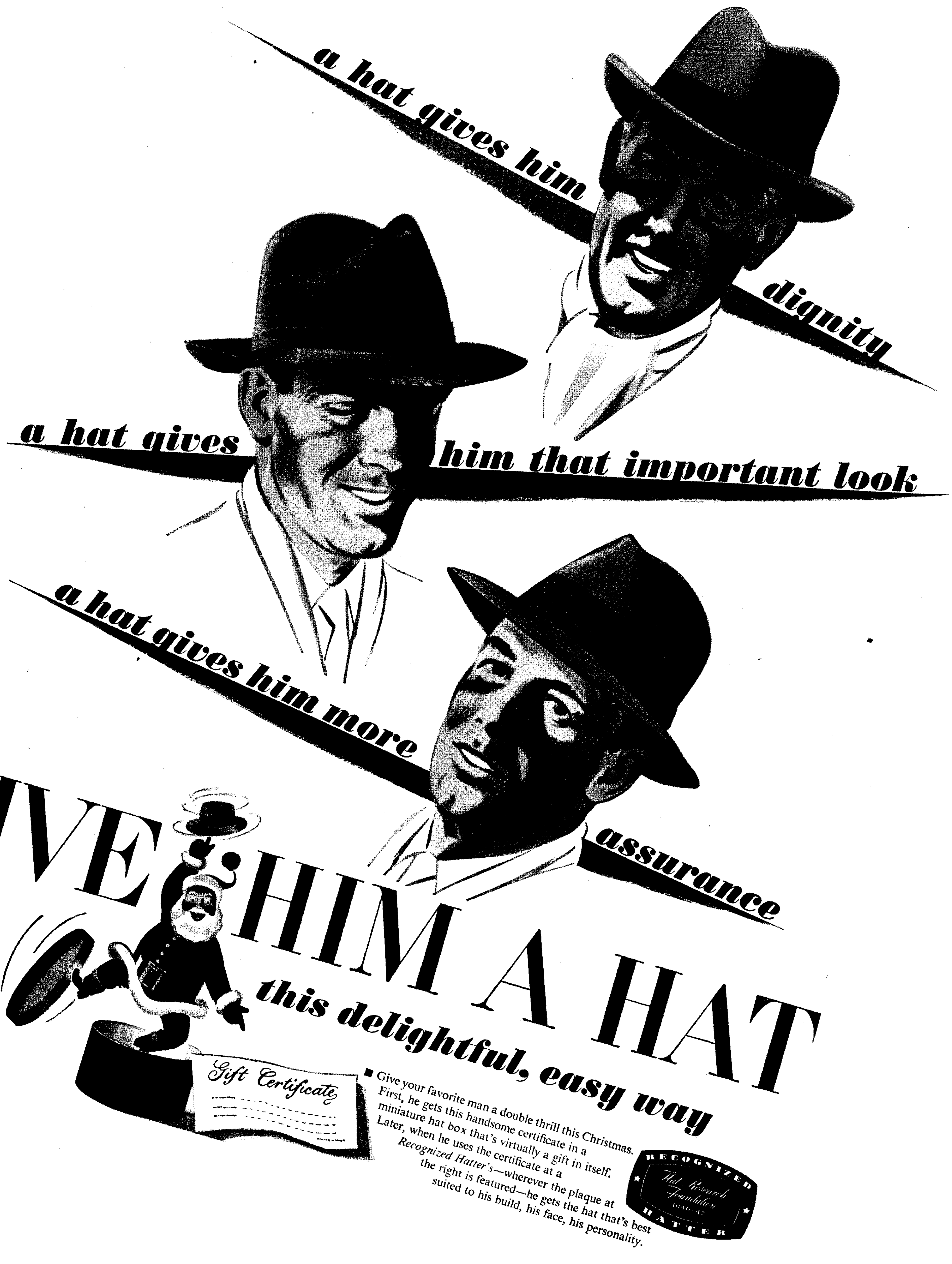
Not only do many officers lack interest and experience in the Army's feeding operations, but they have too many other duties to supervise messes intelligently. Often they are selected for the job simply because someone must be selected. At one post, for example, an officer whose knowledge of mess management and food was nil, was made supervisor of forty messes. At another, the mess officer was away most of the time on court-martial duty. If local health officers had had jurisdiction over Army mess operations, a great many company messes would have been closed down.

To correct this system—and prevent waste and poor food for the new enlistees, the committee urges a centralized service. This is the basic recommendation of its report.

But the catch in this recommendation *from the viewpoint of old-time Army* brass is that men in the Corps, though subject to orders of the organization commander in every way, could not be relieved of their food assignment and transferred to other duties except in emergencies. The West Point men, jealous of command, don't like the idea of another independent branch. It would take more men out of their power. Which explains in part why the War Department has tried to deflect public attention from this central recommendation of the committee. They admit "some waste and inefficiency" but blame rapid demobilization. By issuing a few press releases on the Army's food reforms since the report was made, they hoped to bury the idea of a separate Food Service Corps and to continue the myth about the American soldier's delectable


"I think one of us made a bad jump"

COLLIER'S "I think one of us made a bad jump" JAC NT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GIVE HIM A HAT
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LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY mess. Most of these War Department releases have been proved inaccurate, misleading or even false.

After studying the report, General Eisenhower indicated approval of most of the recommendations, including the Food Service Corps, and ordered 20,000 copies published as "must" reading for officers. And even recently, his aide quoted the general as saying "that the advice of civilian experts is very valuable and there is no use asking for their advice and then not taking advantage of it." The Chief of Staff is still trying to carry out most of the recommendations of the Hennessy committee, including the Food Service Corps, according to latest inside reports from Washington. But some of the other generals on the General Staff have ganged up against the Food Service Corps, determined not to lose any authority for themselves.

After much prodding by a newspaper columnist who demanded a statement on the War Department's intentions, the Secretary of War replied through his undersecretary, Kenneth Royall, that the Hennessy Committee were patriotic Americans and that all errors found by them had been corrected. But, he said, the Food Service Corps wouldn't fit into the present Army setup.

The nine-man committee of experts agree—that's why they insist the present Army setup be changed. They want the Army to abandon its archaic system and adopt a new system organized on modern industrial lines. But nothing has been done about it.

Nothing will, unless pressure from the public or Congress forces some action. The War Department seems intent on forgetting the report. In an interoffice memo of September 10th, inspired by further newspaper stories on the failure of the Army to adopt the Food Service Corps, Secretary Patterson said that he did not think the idea feasible. He added that he was still of the opinion that the general responsibility in regard to food should be in the Quartermaster Corps and that it would be unwise to set up a special corps. But the facts are these.

The Quartermaster Corps has control over food *only up to its delivery* to the organization ordering it. During the war, it did not even control the Cooks and Bakers schools, where men were given an 8-week course in Army feeding. The Hennessy committee struck hard at the way these schools were run, and at the poor type of men selected to attend. It recommended a centralized control of them by a separate organization—the Food Service Corps. It objected strenuously to leaving them under the organization commanders.

As a result of the publicity given this part of the report, the War Department made a compromise in June. It took the control of these schools away from line commanders. But instead of following the advice of the committee, it placed the Cooks and Bakers schools under the control of the Quartermaster General.

Organizing for a New System

The committee was willing to accept the compromise temporarily. It looked like a step, though a limited one, toward improving the Army's food system. They offered their experience in mass feeding and personnel training to General Thomas B. Larkin, Quartermaster General, agreed to give courses at some of the schools, and arranged to accept a selected number of officers in their hotels and restaurants and warehouses for a period of practical training in food buying, handling and preparation.

The Quartermaster General began to plan better training in the schools. He was determined also to sieve candidates in order to reject the misfits so often sent to them. It appeared that the Quartermaster General was to have the final say on how to run the Army's Cooks and Bakers schools and who could attend.

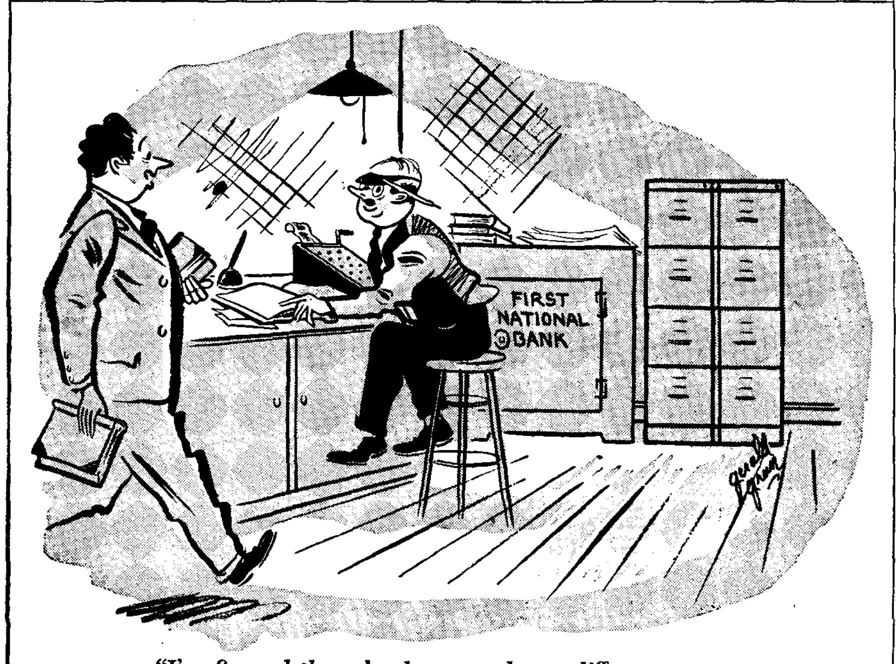
Then the organization commanders became nervous. There was too much centralization, too much emphasis on specialists in Army feeding, civilian consultants were getting a toe in the door. The whole movement was a threat to their commands.

The pressure boys won the fight. The War Department changed its mind again. Late in September, while General Eisenhower was busy packing for his European tour, the War Department took the Cooks and Bakers schools away from the reforming Quartermaster General. It returned them again to the organization commanders—the same commanders whose record of waste, inefficiency and indifference had impelled the committee to recommend drastic change.

The Hennessy committee was disgusted. Anyone who has spent any time in the Army will be shocked, they said.

Why is the Army junking the experts' recommendation for streamlining the food services in line with technical and personnel improvements in other branches? Why won't the Army promise its men that though they have temporarily surrendered their life, liberty and pursuit of happiness to the Army, they are still guaranteed a good cup of coffee? The War Department isn't telling. Who can get the answer to this military anachronism? Congress?

THE END



COLLIER'S "I've figured these books out a dozen different ways, and the answers are all the same—about ten years" GERALD GREEN

How to go after a cold

Take these 5 basic steps advised by doctors, in addition to any temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold.* See how lemons help:

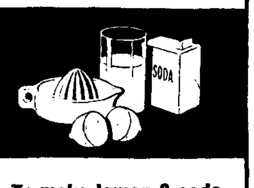
	5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1	Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2	Alkalinize your system.	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
3	Insure regular elimination.	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4	Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5	Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

GET FULL BENEFITS FROM LEMONS—FOLLOW THIS ROUTINE

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add – slowly – half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California Sunkist Lemons

BING CROSBY
starring in
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"BLUE SKIES"
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"How to handle teen-agers"

by BING CROSBY (*alias* "*Der Bingle*")

"Teensters are positively people! Try to remember, they have a lotta problems . . . mainly parents. When their jive talk gives you the heebie-jeebies, and their rootin'-tootin' clothes (*Look who's talking!*) make you despair for 'civilization' . . . better *bear* up and *shut* up. They'll grow up and get over it, even as you and I.

"Scratch most teen-agers and you'll find a solid citizen. And when they sound off with ideas for improving the world *we* made . . . well, maybe us parents could learn sumpin if we'd stop snooting the kids and listen."

Bing's message is one of a series presented by Fleer's to promote better understanding among families, friends and nations.

Teen-agers and parents *both* agree that Fleer's Gum is mighty fine gum. Try it and you'll see why there's a trend to candy-coated . . . and why Fleer's leads the trend. *Extra* flavor. Snowy-white. Enjoy Fleer's today!

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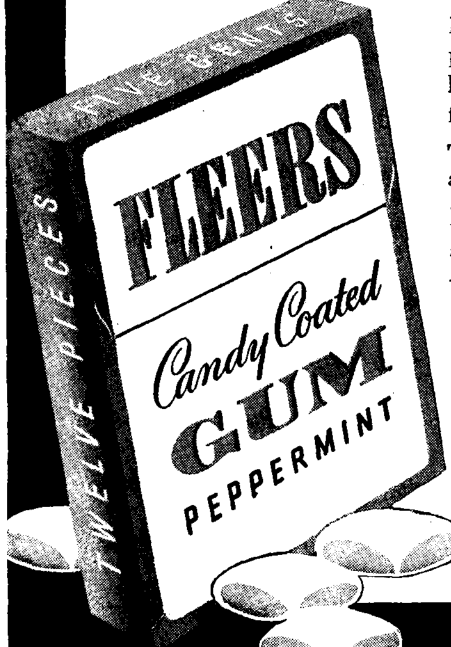
Candy Coated—Chewing gum in its nicest form!



THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

MECHANIZED HARPOONS

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: In Mr. Charles Lanius' vividly written article Arctic Giant Killers (Nov. 9th), I found particularly interesting two of the illustrations which you were careful to caption as wholly imaginary. The artists Wallace Itta and Roy Ahmaulik presented their ideas of what the tools of the Eskimo whalers at Point Barrow, Alaska, may some time be—power-driven whaling boats for hunting the whales and for dragging the carcasses up upon the ice tractors "which the Eskimos saw the Seabees use during the war."

In view of what I know to be happening in Alaska I feel sure that the day the artists envisioned is not far off. All the people of Alaska have become accustomed to apply the best and most modern of civilization's instrumentalities including, if I may say so, aerial transportation. Surveys show that 78.7 per cent of the people of Alaska fly regularly as compared to 2.4 per cent of the population of the United States.

R. W. MARSHALL, Chairman of the Board,
Alaska Airlines, Anchorage, Alaska

IS YOU IS OR IS YOU AIN'T?

DEAR SIRS: Recently you sanctioned the use of "Aren't I"—and the inimitable Frank Colby really took you to task in his syndicated column for such illiterate sanction. Perhaps you'd better hire Colby to do the explaining on words and phrases.

JOHN W. BIERLIN, Connelsville, Pa.

Enclosed with this letter came a clipping from Mr. Colby's Take My Word For It. It goes in part:

In telling its readers that "Usage sanctions 'Aren't I?'" Collier's puts its stamp of approval on "I are" and "I are not." Perhaps this open letter in rhyme will put Collier's, its readers, the "English Teachers," and the public at large on the right track:

Dear Collier's:
I is not mad, but I are sad
At your grammatic whiz,
You get the gong, for you am wrong—
I mean you really is.
It ain't not right for you to cite
"Aren't I?" (My head have swam!)
So have the wit, please, to admit
How wrong, how wrong you am!

Dear Frank: We'll be damn't.
But we still think we amn't!
For abusage
Has made "Aren't I?" good usage!

UMLAUTS AND BRICKBATS

DEAR SIRS: Have just finished reading What Are You Scared Of? (Nov. 2d), by Betsy Emmons. It is an excellent article which I enjoyed very much. The title, however, confounds me. Shouldn't it be: What Are You Afraid Of? Witherspoon's (Common Errors in English) states as follows: Do not use "of" after frightened or scared. One is frightened or scared "by" something. PATRICK QUINN, Long Beach, Cal.

In titles, anything goes, Pat.

. . . In What Are You Scared Of? I was horrified to find the letter "u" lying there under an umlaut. I have inquired around, and all of the better-informed Umlaut People tell me that Hitler (*né* Schickelgruber) had many liabilities but that possession of an umlaut was not among them. Miss Emmons, if indeed it was her doing, may have discovered that the original Austrian Schickelgrubers stuck an umlaut over the "u," figuring that someday one of their offspring would surely become Chancellor of Germany; the "ü" might give just plain Schickelgruber enough "tone" to compensate for the ugly cacophony of the word. After all, an umlaut is nothing more than a horizontal colon, and perhaps whimsically, it may be a symbol. COLONEL STOOPNAGLE,
South Norwalk, Conn.

Colonel, authorities disagree on the umlaut. Some use it; some don't. Why don't you get in touch with the guy himself and ask him about it? You might also ask him if it's spelled Schickelgruber, Schicklgruber, or Schicklegruber. They disagree on this, too.

CLINKS

DEAR SIR: Anent your editorial, More About Colonel Kilian? (Nov. 2d), will you please permit me to comment a small "Poppycock!" on the conclusions contained therein. Speaking as a veteran of the recent war with six years active duty, it is my opinion that military justice and military prisons attain in all respects far more fair average results than do our vaunted civilian jury system and prisons.

I personally served on about five or six court-martial cases. One of these trials resulted in freeing a Negro sailor from a criminal assault charge on a white woman, because of sketchy evidence, which nevertheless, would have convicted him in nearly any civilian court in the land. Military prisons are places of confinement of criminals, as are civilian prisons. In both classes some are better run than others. None are intended to be pleasure resorts in which to while away spare time. Again, you will find the average military prison has a record so far ahead of the average civilian prison as to be entirely out of sight.

O. L. BILLINGSLEY, Brownwood, Texas

. . . I believe every enlisted man in the United States will agree with me in saying "do away with the rotten court-martial system" and give every serviceman the same right to be tried as a civilian who won't even fight for his country had all during the war, and thank God we have seen to it that he still has that right. Our boys didn't have that right. RAYMOND D. MONROE,
Commander, 19 Gold Star, Post VFW,
Fennimore, Wis.

12-MAN TEAM

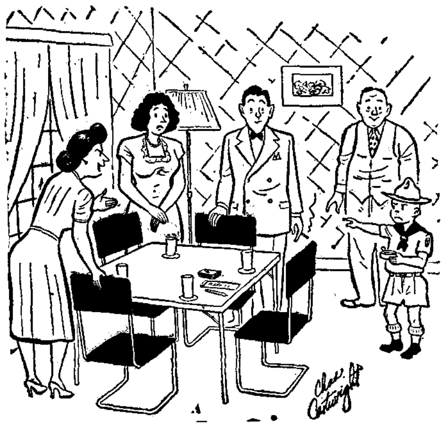
DEAR EDITOR: Never before have I ever read such an inspiring lifelike story as The Hard Way Home (Oct. 19th), by Frank O'Rourke. Having played a little football in high school it makes me feel as if I were there beside "Doaky" all through his realistic struggle.

HENRY WILLIAMS, St. Petersburg, Fla.

WRONG DIRECTION

WEEK'S MAIL: But, darling, if you're *really* interested in accuracy, there's no such compass point as "north by northeast."

DON ASPDEN, Chester Depot, Vt.



"All right, then, darling, for accuracy's sake Mrs. Jones will play north by northeast"

Shiver our timbers, but you're right, Don, and our little darling (above) is wrong. He probably meant to say, northeast by north.

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USE AC's FOR
Utmost
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SPARK PLUGS CLEANED AND ADJUSTED "BY THE AC METHOD" MAY SAVE AS MUCH GAS AS 1 GALLON IN 10.

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MADE OF DU PONT nylon
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Give a summerful of fishing fun!
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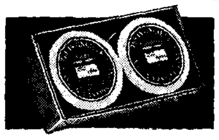
It's a gift that will inspire thanks again and again . . . all summer long! Fishermen prefer Invincible because it's a line they can *really* depend on! They like its smooth, easy casting action . . . its sturdy toughness . . . its ability to hold fish weighing *far more* than the test of the line!

Unlike inferior quality lines that become waterlogged and take the pleasure out of fishing . . . Invincible is *waterproofed to last* the *life* of the *line!* It's precision braided . . . has *no splices, no bumps, no weak spots.*

Into every Gladding line is woven *130 years of manufacturing experience!* Give a nylon or silk Invincible to your fishing friends *this Christmas!* Free booklet on request.



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SALT WATER LINES (linen)	Donegal Catalina Dundee Sligo Off-Shore
SALT WATER LINES (hemp)	Glasgow Excelsior
ALL PURPOSE LINE	Otselic

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TWENTY GRAND BLADES
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WORLD'S PRODUCTS COMPANY
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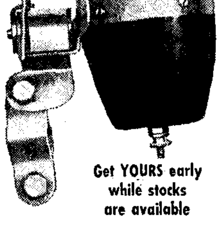
Get Well QUICKER
From Your Cough Due to a Cold
FOLEY'S Honey & Tar Cough Compound

For a Real Christmas Thrill!
GOOD LIGHT EVEN AT A WALK WITHOUT BATTERIES
CAN'T BLOW BULBS
NOTHING QUITE LIKE A

MAKE-A-LITE
BICYCLE LIGHT *Generator*



Years of enjoyment in a Make-A-Lite gift! Ideal for grown-ups, too. Gone forever, the old battery bother, dim lights and blowouts! Good, dependable light even at a walk, generated COST-FREE! Brilliant light at riding speed. Installed in a jiffy.

Automatic voltage control generator prevents blowing of bulbs at high speed. Brilliance of head light not affected by damage to tail light. Pays for itself over and over again.

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Lonville WATCHES

HARRY RODMAN, INC., *Sole U. S. Agent,*
580 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

JOURNEY INTO FUTILITY

Continued from page 21

from this place. Palestine is our country. And we will remain here, dead or alive." She buried her face in her hands.

Two youths about twenty were gesturing wildly at purple tattoos on their arms, the numbered hallmarks of Nazi concentration camps. "Dachau! Dachau!" they shouted.

Two men hoisted a crippled boy over the gunwale in their arms and dangled his twisted legs in front of the brigadier as if they were manipulating some ghastly puppet show. During the whole demonstration, one man of thirty, with a towel wrapped around his red neck, leaned over the rail amidships, calmly brushing his teeth and spitting carefully into the narrow strip of water separating the Palmach from the Dart. Suddenly a whirlwind of strong music swept the decks; it was "Hatikvah," the Jewish national anthem, meaning "hope." Directly before them, barely three miles off, the hills behind Haifa gleamed invitingly in the sun. A lad of twelve shinnied up the mainmast and fastened the blue-and-white Star of David flag to the rigging.

Inconspicuously, a score of youths had been shedding their shirts and trousers. They milled around now in tight swimming trunks.

One tall, bronzed fellow in rose-colored trunks climbed clean over the side and stood on the anchor, his hands holding the rigging behind him.

Forty Who Plunged Overboard

Six times in two hours, Brigadier Graham pleaded with the Jews. Each time their excitement seemed to grow. It was now 8:55. *"Achtung! Achtung!"* the loud-speaker barked. "This is the last warning." This was the signal. Two boys sprang over the Palmach's bulwarks and plunged into the water twelve feet below. Twenty more followed in as many seconds, tumbling off the schooner from stem to stern in clumsy dives, belly-flops, bottom-busters, any fashion.

The Tarzan in rose trunks arched off the anchor. In ten minutes the water was alive with forty heads bobbing like melons, splashing frantically toward shore. Three of the swimmers were girls.

The Tommies aboard the Palmach whipped their guns level with the crowd and waited. The brigadier circled us on the Dart. "Pick them up," he ordered through his tin megaphone. We headed for a man floating on a red life preserver. He capsized, and came up sputtering but still clinging to the ring. "Please, gentlemen," he said, "I know I shall be arrested. But first I want to swim ashore and kiss the soil of the Promised Land." We made for a girl in a white bathing cap. "Will you take me to Palestine?" she taunted. Then she swam majestically away and the crowd aboard the Palmach let go a mighty cheer.

The Dart had radioed the port and now two "Z-craft," as the British call them, came churning toward us with their broad steel decks lined with soldiers holding rifles and Bren guns. These were the famous wartime "Buffaloes" which served so well as floating docks and landing craft along Omaha Beach.

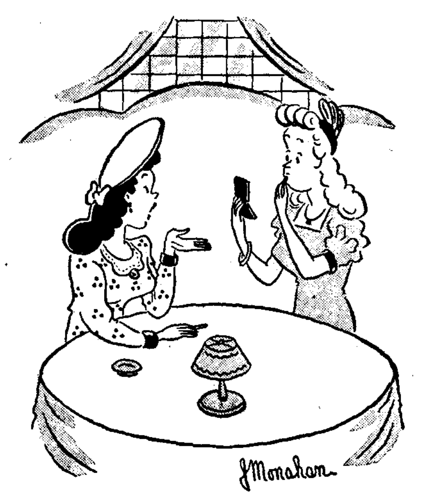
Some of the swimmers were beginning to tire and reluctantly they took the lines our launch and the police boats had thrown them and allowed themselves to be hauled aboard. We flung life belts to others who kicked them angrily away and swam on. The more some were coaxed, the more defiant they became. Three or four boys had made almost a mile. Between strokes, they somehow found breath for snatches of a song. "We don't want charity, we want freedom! We don't want to die, we want to live! Palestine or death!" they sang in Yiddish, loudly, with a terrible courage. Then they would hack the salt water from their mouths and strike on.

"Transfer swimmers to Z-craft," the Dart said. We had three aboard then, but one jumped back into the water. The press boat picked up nine in all.

In a kind of bulldogging technique, the rest of the swimmers were rounded up, one by one. Two officers and six men aboard the Dart had stripped. The cutter would bear down on a refugee, and four men would plunge in after him, force a rope around his chest and hoist him up to the cutter.

An hour and a quarter after the break began, the swimmers had been retaken. The brigadier thought perhaps one or two had escaped. The caïque was promptly towed out to the Oceanvigour and, with a Z-craft wedged in between the two as a floating bridge, the transfer was made in ninety minutes with scarcely any interruption.

Through the winding aisle of riflemen the Jews moved obediently onto the Z-craft's platform, down the three steep steps, across the deck and up the ladder onto the transport. They were searched for weapons and they had to drop their kits on the Z-craft.



"The man I marry must be the executive type, or business type, or professional type—or any type, for that matter"

COLLIER'S JEFFREY MONAHAN

A cargo sling then scooped up this gear and dumped it in a messy pile aboard the transport.

Here was a roll of G.I. blankets, there a battered mess kit and a *Wehrmacht* canteen covered with mouse-colored felt.

On the forecastle the troop commander, a pudgy, sweating major with a rare-roast-beef complexion, was watching the Jews being sprayed with DDT from giant flit guns and then sorted out to their bunks in the holds. The whole foredeck of the ship had been completely closed off by stretching a tough wire netting around steel poles ten feet high, sprouting skyward from the rail like giant spikes crowned with a coil of barbed wire.

There were two steel gates to starboard and port, guarded by Tommies with Bren guns standing on the deck above, and fastened with padlocks as big as dinner plates.

All this was obviously a precaution against riots and to prevent the desperate from jumping overboard. But the major seemed uneasy about how it gave the ship the atmosphere of a floating no man's land.

"It's a shame all this has to be done," he said, "but they must be moved, you

Shopping Time: ONE WORD

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She would much rather have *you* select the perfume that reminds you of her. Fragrances by Pinaud, the gift of glamour, have never failed to enchant—an enchanting woman.

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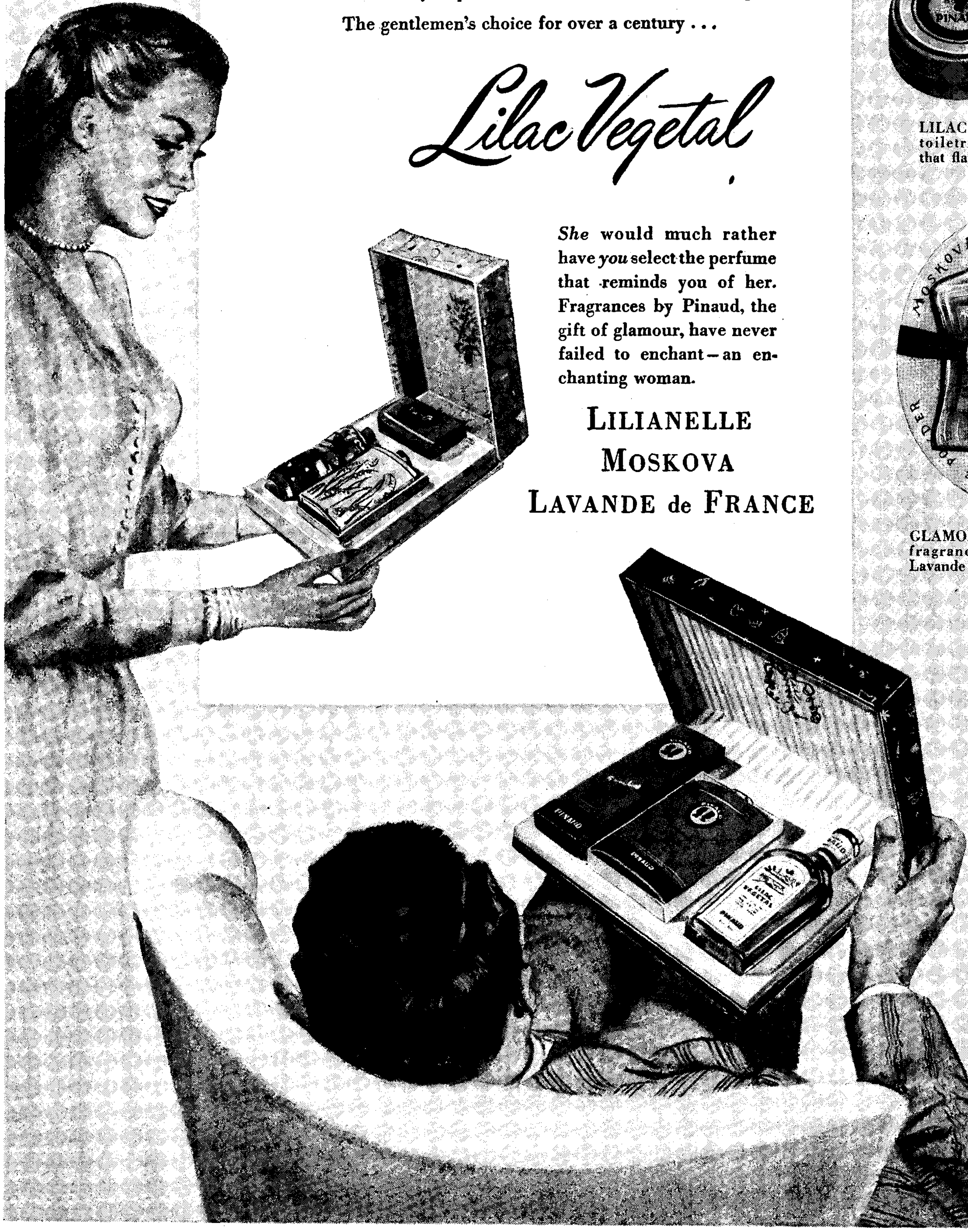
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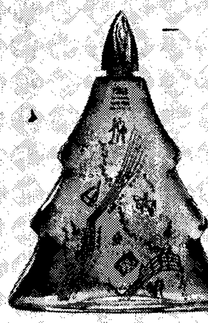
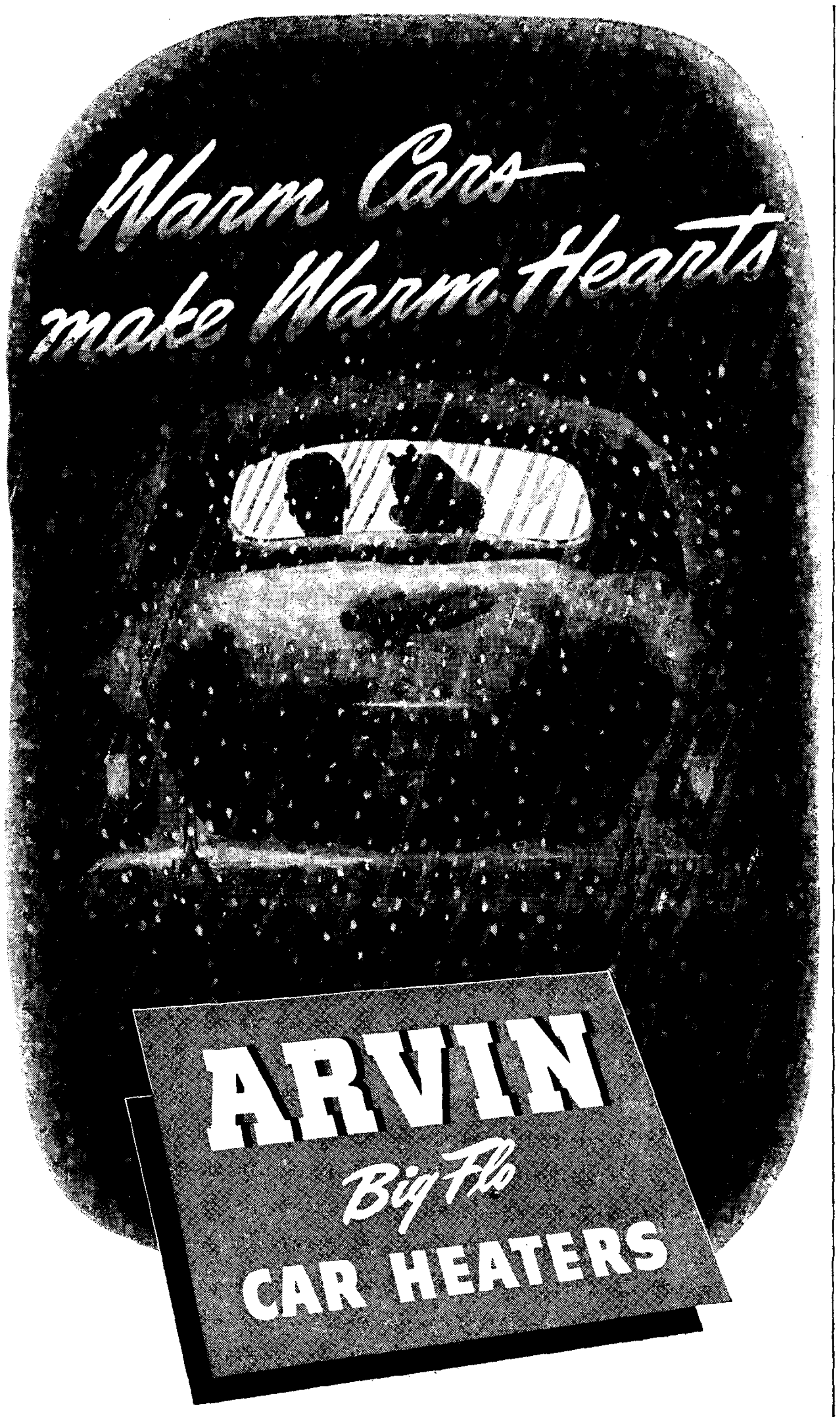


CHRISTMAS CAROL, eau de toilette, 6 oz. $2.50* Fragrances: Play Time, Lilianelle, My Obsession.

*Subject to Fed. tax.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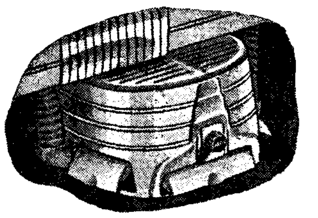


know. You can see they get plenty of air down there."

In the DDT cage, two girls kicked and screamed when a Tommy accidentally pumped the powder full in their faces. The doctor, a serious, hard-working young captain, hurried along the passageway. "Have you seen a little woman standing here?" he asked the guard. The guard said she had just gone below. "Find her," the captain said. "I think she is going to have a miscarriage."

She didn't, but she spent the rest of her sixteen-hour voyage in the sick bay. There were some cases of exhaustion and acute hysteria. The doctor's biggest job was dressing tear-gas burns.

The soldiers were working hard to make the Jews as comfortable as possible. From two chow lines they served dry bread and tea and heaping ladles of macaroni and meat. There was no kosher food aboard, and a few orthodox Jews would eat nothing but biscuits and water. "We've tried to fix up the ship for them a bit," an officer said. "I hope it makes them feel a little less bitter. It isn't our fault of course. We've got a job of work to do." He went over and began ripping open a case of canvas sneakers. "We're giving the women and the kiddies shoes, towels and clean clothes, as far as they'll go around." The soap came in handy and by midafternoon the sunny foredeck was filled with Jews lathering themselves luxuriously for their first bath in weeks.

LOVE IS BLIND—AND DUMB

She often calls her Date a drip,
A jerk, a twerp, a comic strip;
But when she thinks he's superfine—
Superb, dynamic, and divine—
Her agile tongue is nearly mute.
She merely chirps, "He's kinda cute."
—Ada Farris

Half an hour after supplies were distributed, trouble developed in Number One hold. A young man wearing a stubbly beard and shorts sprang atop a bunk and started shouting to his companions. "We need no charity or gifts," he cried. "We have our own things. Take nothing from the English. The only thing we want they will not give us—Palestine. Return the clothing! Don't eat their food! Revolt! Beat the English soldiers with sticks!" Then he collapsed, weeping. Instantly the air was filled with a rain of shirts and trousers and shoes. People threw them from all parts of the hold, and they landed in a growing mound at the young man's feet. There was a boiling of angry shouts. "They're throwing it away and we can't get it," a bewildered guard said. "How do you like that?"

The Soothing Voice of Cifroni

Somebody slipped past him down into the hold. It was Cifroni, one of our party, a Jewish newspaperman born in Palestine. Cifroni is a little man with a barrel chest and a broad, pliable face that reflects hearty deviltry or deep kindness on a moment's notice.

He was almost swallowed up in the crowd but as he started to talk in a soft gentle voice, scarcely above a whisper, they listened and a deep hush settled strangely over the hold. "Listen," he said in Hebrew, "I know how you feel, but you'll only make things worse this way. Calm down, and be patient if you can. They have let us come with you so we can talk to you and get your story. I hope it won't be very long before the problem is solved." It wasn't so much what Cifroni said as the way he said it. They became subdued like a fractious child who has spent himself in a tantrum. But not all of them would take the clothing back.

Sometimes their unreasoning passion blew over you oppressively, like a desert wind, and their fierce pettiness was maddening. Three tough youths had jeered at me belligerently when they caught sight of the "Made in Germany" mark on my camera. "Haven't you got good cameras in America?" they shouted. "Do you have to carry something made with filthy German hands?" Then they moved away as if I had contrived deliberately to insult them.

For a long time no one would tell us where he came from. "The Diaspora," they would say and nothing more. (Diaspora, to Zionists, means any place outside Palestine and is synonymous with exile.) Finally we discovered that a fatuous rumor had been flying around the ship to the effect that in Cyprus everybody was going to be sorted out and deported back to his birthplace. Then you asked yourself, a little ashamed, whether if you had been one of these people your behavior might not now and then seem a bit pathological too. Here were survivors of the most savage extermination campaign in human history.

For years the pattern of these people's lives had been bounded by barbed wire and bayonets. Now they were trying, some with foolish, desperate violence, to hack down the bars that separated them from some little pasture of happiness. Who were they, the Palmach's cargo? There was the young Lithuanian woman, graduate of Auschwitz, now eight months pregnant and still weak from typhus which she had survived in Bavaria. There were three 12-year-old Polish orphan boys who had spent the past six years wandering like nomads through forests and fields and blasted towns. There were Czechs and Rumanians, Bulgarians, Austrians and Greeks and even a Russian or two. By no means all of them had been in concentration camps, but they had lost almost everything but their lives.

Was it fair to these people, you asked, to keep the contraband ships coming in the face of the immigration ban and the British blockade which made it almost certain they would land behind barbed wire on Cyprus, when they might have remained with more comfort and freedom in displaced-persons camps in Europe?

"Of course, it is partly a political move," one informed Zionist had said, quite candidly, "and we are making as much capital of it as we can. And how long do you think the Jews would sit in those camps in Europe if we weren't forcing the issue? Whether they're fenced in or not, those camps are prison to a Jew. I wish there were more ships so that we could bring them all at once. Cyprus is closer than Bavaria, and I think the British will be forced to let the Jews there enter Palestine before long."

It is an open secret that voyages like the Palmach's are carefully organized and paid for by Jewish organizations. Sometimes the refugees themselves chip in, but usually by the time they get to Italy—whence most of the sailings have apparently been originating—they are broke. On one recent journey it was estimated that the cost was about five hundred dollars per passenger. Some trips purportedly cost much more.

According to what we were able to piece together, the Palmach sailed from a port between Taranto and Bari twelve days before she was picked up. She had some Jews aboard then, some as crew, but she was not full. By a prearranged schedule, she made contact en route with smaller boats darting out from island and mainland shores, packed with refugees.

One of these supposedly came from another part of Italy. Another was said to be a fast launch which put out from the Greek islands. A third sailed all the way down the Danube from Budapest carrying at least 100 Hungarian Jews and met the caïque in the Mediterranean only two days before she reached Palestine. At sea, somebody had smeared tar over the caïque's registered name, whatever it was, and nailed a piece of tin with "Palmach" painted on it to the back of the wheelhouse.

The Palmach had to ration water the last two days. The food, bought, scrounged or stolen from various places including UNRRA camps, consisted almost entirely of hard biscuits and canned stuff. The worst hardship for the passengers was having to spend most of the time hiding in the verminous hold where the five-tiered bunks were spaced scarcely ten inches above one another.

With nightfall, things quieted aboard the Oceanvigour. We were sailing due north to the harbor of Famagusta.

Precautions Against Sabotage

At Famagusta another Z-craft, serving as a ferry this time, carried the Jews from the transport anchored offshore into the old port. The unloading was without incident but slow. During the night, army authorities in Haifa had radioed a warning that an attempt to sabotage the Oceanvigour might be made and the vessel should be searched. Some more dynamite had been found in a water bottle on the Palmach, the message said. So the Jews had to leave their canteens behind with their baggage while everything was examined, but nothing more was found.

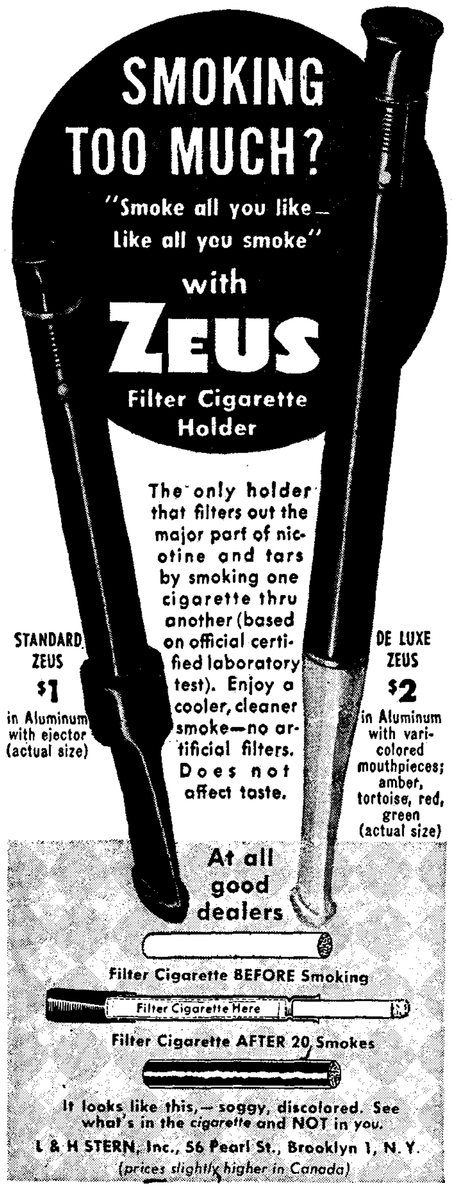
From the port, the Jews were taken in British army lorries to Caraolos camp, which lies a couple of kilometers north of Famagusta on a flat piece of shoreland covered with cinnamon-colored dust. A city of tents, the camp was designed to accommodate 6,000 but immigration had outstripped construction and it had already been badly overcrowded before the influx of the Palmach load, which would swell the population before sunset to nearly 4,500. As many as ten to twelve people were living in a single tent.

The lieutenant colonel in charge was doing his best to get more tents up. The fall rains were on the way and there was danger of the place becoming a quagmire before a few Nissen huts could be erected to improve the shelter.

One of the camp doctors was apologizing for not having had time so far to make a complete check of the inhabitants for venereal disease and tuberculosis. He feared the incidence of T.B. might be high. "But what these people are suffering most," he said, "is a kind of illness of the heart—homesickness, you might call it." There was a pause in our interview, and over the rumble of trucks outside, it was as if you could hear the fur-capped, bearded zealot leaning against the wailing wall in Jerusalem, reciting the fervid, insistent, uncompromising prayer of Rosh Hashana, a prayer that was more of a battle cry than a supplication.

As the lorries bumped through the camp gate in a cloud of dust, the Jews looked up wearily but without surprise at the enclosure, rimmed with a forbidding double fence of barbed wire twelve feet high, and at the wooden watchtowers rising from the corners where the British guards cradled tommy guns carelessly in their arms. So the voyage of the Palmach was finished. "How long shall we be here?" one of the Jews asked. "And after this, what will you do with us then?"

THE END



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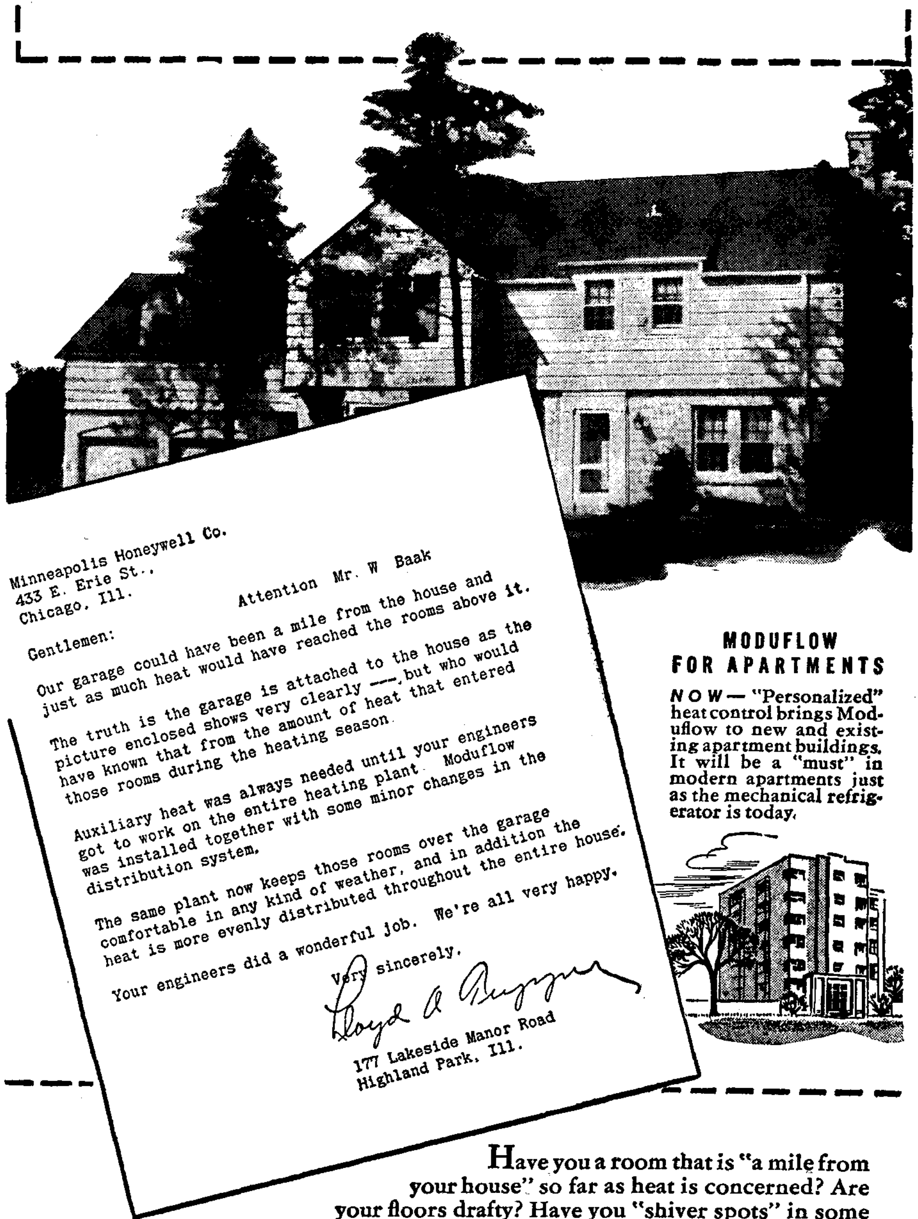
"Our garage could have been a mile from the house"... Writes LLOYD A. TUPPER
Highland Park, Illinois



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The truth is the garage is attached to the house as the picture enclosed shows very clearly —, but who would have known that from the amount of heat that entered those rooms during the heating season.

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The same plant now keeps those rooms over the garage comfortable in any kind of weather, and in addition the heat is more evenly distributed throughout the entire house.

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Very sincerely,

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Best of all, Moduflow can be simply and inexpensively installed on practically any type of automatic heating plant. You don't have to remodel, or wait until you build a new home. Of course, if you are planning to build, you surely should demand the "Comfort Unlimited" that Moduflow has brought to the Tuppers and to thousands of other homes. So, mail the coupon today for the new booklet "Comfort Unlimited" that tells the whole story of Moduflow.

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IT'LL be *so good* to be home . . . those quiet, cozy evenings . . . when the "great man" relaxes in his favorite chair. And what could be finer, for that mellow mood, than a good pipe and a choice of two superb tobaccos to go with it . . . REVELATION and BOND STREET.

REVELATION . . . for a cool, clean, sweet-tasting smoke . . . a magnificent "Flavor-blend" of five outstanding tobaccos cut five different ways . . . to smoke smoother, more gently.

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Yes, it's a gift he will live with happily ever after . . . REVELATION and BOND STREET—*finest quality at a popular price!*

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OUT ON

MRS. HORTENSE HEWITT is a middle-aged lady with brown hair, lively blue eyes and a slogan. Her slogan is: There is a Glamour Garter for Every Woman's Every Costume. In her color advertising, the "Everys" are underlined with splashes of green. Success has proved she has something there. Starting in 1942, she did a four-thousand-dollar business in sprightly garters which, she truthfully points out, can hold a girl's stockings and a man's interest. By 1946, business had mounted to a quarter of a million dollars.

"They are beating a path to my door," she says.

"They" are more than fifteen hundred store buyers. They are walking off by the hundred dozen lot with some fifty varieties of Glamour Garters, ranging from a demure peach and green rosette job called Morning Glory, to the Merry Widow, done up in black satin and lace, golden dollar signs and ermine tails (genuine). Their customers in turn are chiefly male.

"I could turn out a hundred and fifty designs just as easily as fifty," says Mrs. Hewitt, "but that would be too confusing."

It's confusing enough now, with garters for boudoir, for business, for cocktails, for dinner, for dancing. A suitably gartered girl must be constantly changing her garters.

There is nothing oo-la-la, nothing suggestive and not nice, nothing to indicate abandoned drinking out of slippers in any of her garters, Mrs. Hewitt wants you to know first off. They are gay, they are deliciously feminine, but they are not overdone. "We consider that the women of this country are ladies," she says. "I have created something utilitarian and something beautiful for them."

Until wartime conditions overtook her, Mrs. Hewitt was a successful creator, not of personal but of closet decorations. She did a custom job of designing hat stands, hangers, shelving arrangements, hand-painted moldings, the works. She specialized, profitably, in millionaires' estates.

When Materials Got Scarce

But with wartime cuts in wire, moires, quilted chintzes, everything, Mrs. Hewitt saw the handwriting on the wall. She turned to making small things that could be made out of bits and scraps. At that strategic time, she happened into Saks' girdle department. She spied some fetching garters there. The buyer didn't know, however, where they'd get more. No one seemed to be making garters. So Mrs. Hewitt got the idea, and started making garters.

She was selling them, and very well indeed, through Saks' and Bergdorf's and various resident buying offices in New York, when she suddenly got an S O S from her clients. The government had cut down on the elastic allowed in garters attached to girdles. Ten inches of elastic per girdle was the rule, which obviously meant fabric tape garters in the least necessary spots, and torn stockings even so. The buyers called on Mrs. Hewitt, not for their usual five or six dozen round garters, but for sixty dozen each, and in a hurry, to save the few remaining

(Continued on page 132)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY GLOBE PHOTOS

THE HOLIDAYS DESERVE
THE Best!
TAYLOR
Wines
WINES OF NEW YORK STATE
CAPTURED FLAVOR
TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE
Taylor's NEW YORK STATE
TAYLOR'S PORT
TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE Tawny Port
DRY TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE VERMOUTH
TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE VERMOUTH
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TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE Rhine Wine
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TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE BURGUNDY
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TAYLOR'S NEW YORK STATE White Tokay

Hold the glass high! . . . let light pour through . . . look long into the depths of liquid velvet, for there is reflected the very spirit of man's foremost desire — freedom to enjoy the gifts of the good green earth.

Look here—if you snap your finger on the rim of this man's glass, it will ring for a minute after. Now down the street — thick tumblers from the kitchen shelf do honor to a family's toast. And in them all — Good Wine — alive with ruddy fires — part and parcel of the very wonderful, very satisfying and beloved thing called CHRISTMAS.

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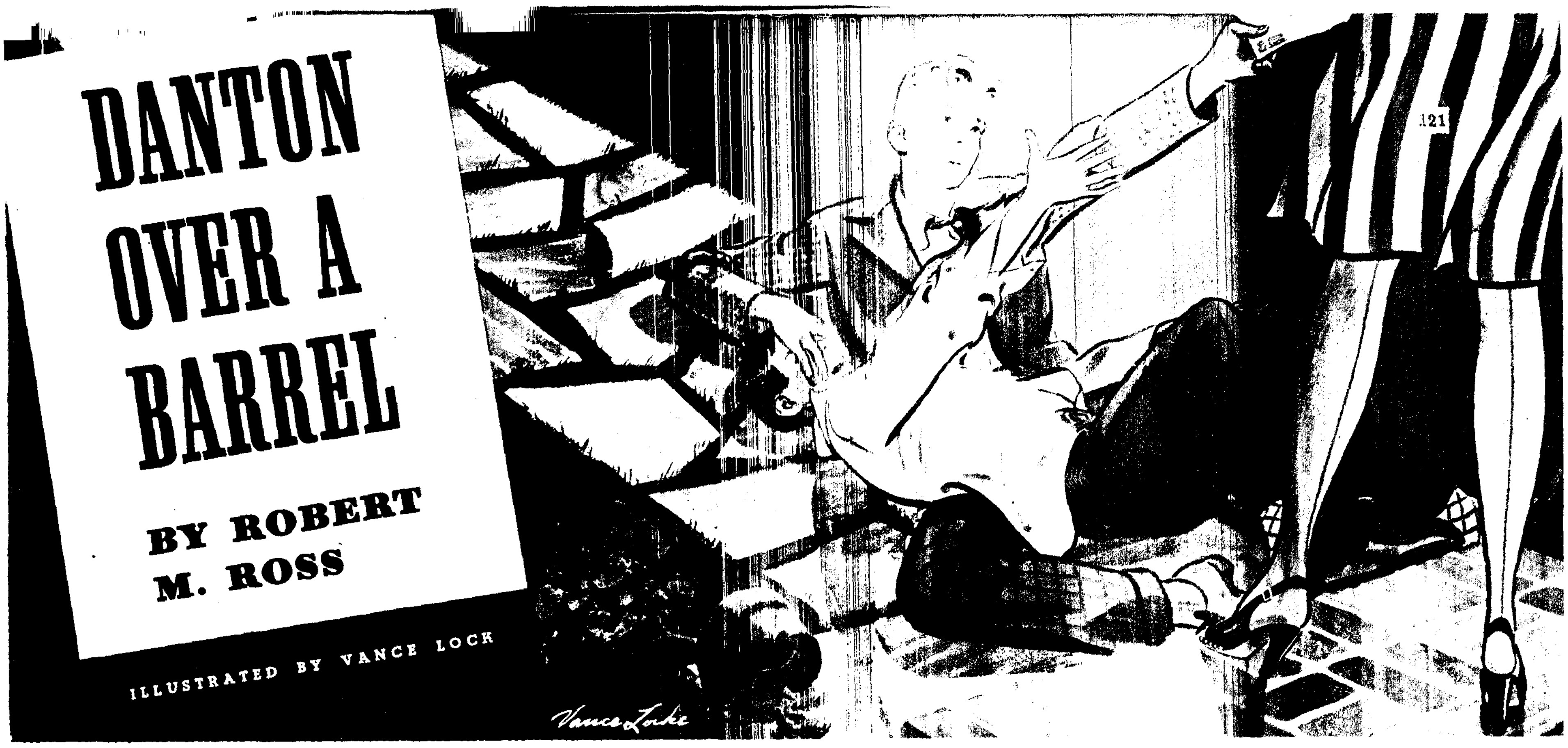


DANTON OVER A BARREL

BY ROBERT M. ROSS

ILLUSTRATED BY VANCE LOCK

THE parents of Rutherford Eldridge Camp had not christened him "Stinky." He had acquired the title through his own initiative. Among his intimate friends he was known as a brat, a snoop and a mooch. Nevertheless, Danton paid willingly for Stinky's repeat order of a Tropical Deluxe Delight Sundae, with hot fudge.

"Does she like basketball?" Danton then asked.

Stinky's "No" became mired in maraschino cherries and peach ice cream.

"How about hay rides?"

Stinky rested his spoon long enough to wither the suggestion.

"Naturally she don't like hay rides," he snorted. "She's from New York. She chases around to Fifth Avenue and Broadway and places like that."

Danton sighed. Obviously he wasn't making much progress. He couldn't, for instance, talk to a strange girl about thoroughfares. Oh, Miss Helmrich, you ought to see Route 24 into Peoria. Or, there's the neatest viaduct on South Wabash. She'd figure a guy for dumb.

"Hasn't she got a dog, even?"

In substance Stinky mumbled, "No dog."

"Well, what does she do? For fun, I mean."

Stinky evaded the question and shoved forward his empty dish.

"I could go for another of them," he said significantly.

Danton ran a flash inventory. For his investment to date he had learned Miss Helmrich would arrive the following day at 11:20 A.M., that she was fifteen, blond and "a zinger." He doubted whether the information was worth a dollar and five cents.

"No, I got to go," he announced.

"You don't have to stay and watch me eat it," advised Stinky.

Danton shook his head.

"Tightwad," said Stinky.

"I already bought you three."

"Double tightwad."

With extreme effort Danton kept their relationship on a cordial plane. After all, he reflected, Miss Helmrich could not be judged by a disagreeable cousin.

"I got to go," he repeated stubbornly.

Stinky's eyes narrowed. "Listen, Danton Wentworth. Patty Helmrich will get introduced to who I say and she don't *like* tightwads any more than me."

Danton balanced the value of Stinky's aid against the cost of Stinky's appetite. He very much desired inside connections. His reputation as a Romeo was close to perfect, but it was strictly local. He had scant confidence in his wiles with anyone as glamorous as a "city girl." The prospects of buying wholesale quantities of Tropical Deluxe Delights, with or without hot fudge, however, were too expensive even to contemplate.

"Oke," he decided brazenly. "I'll meet her anyway."

"When I'm dead and buried you will," rejoined Stinky.

STILL casting about for a personal program, Danton's bravado had somewhat evaporated by the next afternoon. He realized the necessity for immediate action. Stinky was no ordinary adversary, despite the simplicity of his weapons. Stinky called a louse a louse and a skunk a skunk, provided nothing more derogatory entered his mind. Given time he would poison not only Miss Helmrich but all of her ancestors against Danton Wentworth.

He might, Danton meditated, set fire to the Camps' home, save Miss Helmrich first, the furniture second and Stinky last. Of course the scheme was fantastic, but just pleasantly savoring the effect gave him a sudden inspiration. He had read that mail trucks had the right of way over fire engines. The mail, apparently, brooked no monkeyshines from conflagrations any more than from snow, rain, heat or gloom of night.

Humming cheerfully he dug an advertising folder out of the Wentworth wastebasket, addressed an envelope in his best business script and affixed thirteen cents in stamps. After mailing the letter he loitered around the post office until he attracted the attention of the postmaster.

"Any specials to deliver, Mr. Stevens?" he inquired brightly.

"Why, hello there, Danton," said the postmaster. "You must be bad broke. You ain't asked me that since you growed up. Just a minute—yes, here's one for a Miss Patty Helmrich out to the Camps'."

Danton took it so eagerly that he almost forgot the customary dime fee. He was panting when he climbed the Camp porch. He had hoped for luck, but Stinky answered the bell.

"What you want?" Stinky demanded suspiciously.

"I have a special delivery for Miss Helmrich."

"I'll take it," said Stinky.

"It's to be delivered in person," Danton replied with dignity. "That's post-office rules."

"Says you," said Stinky, hooking the screen.

Danton folded his arms. "I can stand here all day," he said. "I'm on duty for the federal government."

"You can't get in, though," said Stinky smugly.

A wordless duel ensued until a voice broke in from the rear of the house.

"Who was it, Rutherford?" Mrs. Camp called.

"Nobody," bellowed Stinky.

"I've got a special delivery letter for Miss Helmrich," Danton bellowed, topping Stinky in volume.

"Patty," from Mrs. Camp. "There's a letter for you."

Perhaps due to the fact that he was examining the dark hallway for Miss Helmrich, Danton failed to exercise the vigilance required of federal agents. In complete defiance of law and order Stinky burst open the screen door and grabbed for the letter. He got a piece of it. His shoulder thumped Danton in the stomach and they went down.

Out of a welter of arms and legs, some of which were his, Danton glimpsed a pair of trim nylon ankles perched on towering patent leather heels. With a heroic push he pinned Stinky down and raised his head. From any angle Patty Helmrich looked all right; from his, she looked positively celestial.

"I got a special delivery letter for you," he puffed.

Either because he had become resigned to the inevitable or because he couldn't get his breath, Stinky ceased to struggle.

"The very idea," she said scornfully to Danton. "Picking on a little boy like Rutherford. You ought to be utterly ashamed of yourself."

Humbly Danton extended the letter—or what remained of the letter. The envelope had been ripped apart and a generous section was missing.

Danton pinned Stinky down and raised his head. From his angle Patty Helmrich looked positively celestial. "I got a special-delivery letter for you," he puffed

Miss Helmrich began to sputter, searching for an epithet that would do justice to the occasion. Finally she found it.

"You small-town yokel, you!" she screamed.

PUTTING distance between himself and the ignominious scene helped. The farther Danton traveled from the Camp residence, the more redeeming features he credited to the experience. The encounter had been humiliating, he admitted, but the girl would not be in town for long. In the event he had scored a big hit, Stinky would have used him as a feed bag the rest of his life. It was worth considerable to be free of Stinky.

His thoughts were arrested by a low whistle from behind. Approaching was his ex-leech in the flesh.

"I ought to sock you," growled Danton.

"You won't, though," said Stinky.

"You're not so little a good pasting wouldn't do you some good."

"You won't give it to me on account of—"

Alarm crept over Danton. He didn't know what was coming, but he did know Stinky.

"Just supposing," purred Stinky, "I was to let out she called you a small-town yokel."

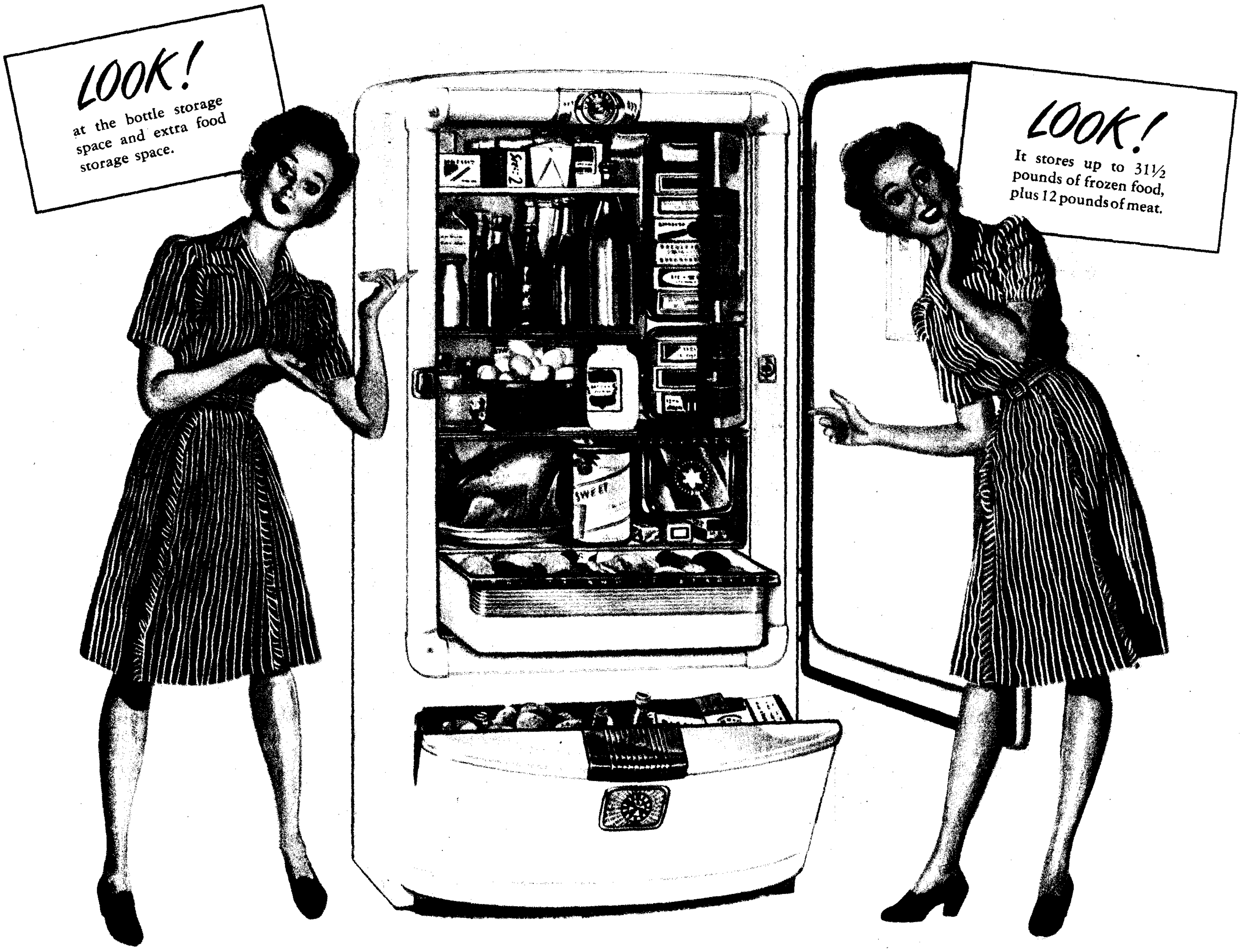
Danton froze in his tracks and his jaw dropped. Stinky had not only drawn blood, he had severed an artery. The appalling potentialities of the brand had not previously occurred to Danton. All of his carefully calculated poise, his polished line, his way with women would collapse before such a barb. They'd laugh him out of court. A small-town yokel. "Yokel Wentworth."

Stinky waited patiently for the shock to pass. Slowly they resumed their walk.

"I'm kind of hungry," Stinky said.

Danton shrugged hopelessly. "Oke," he said. "We'll go to the Greek's."

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE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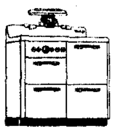
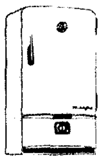

Gas Ranges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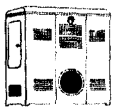
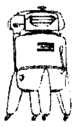
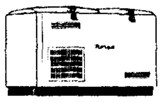

Home Heaters


Washers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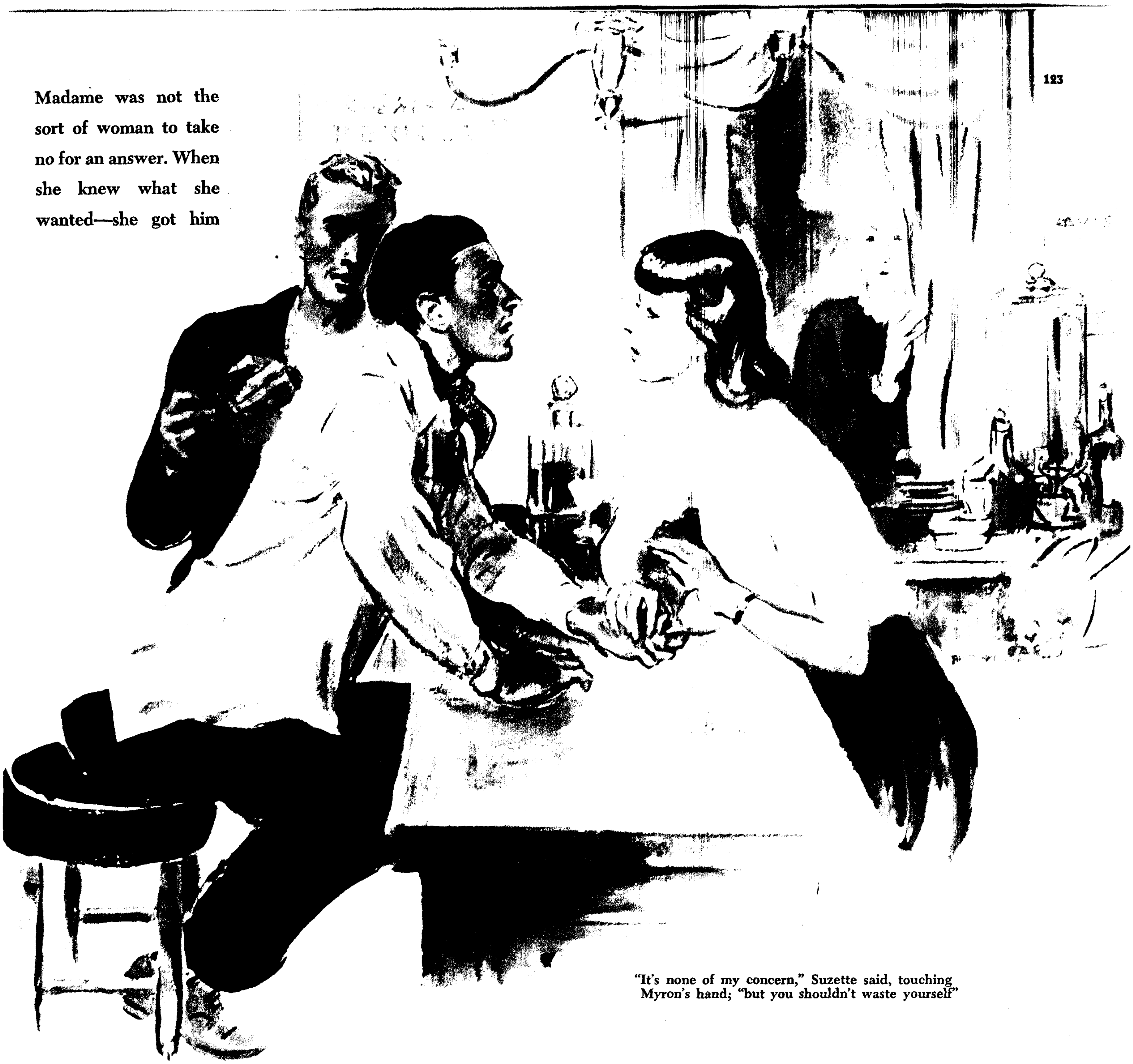
Madame was not the sort of woman to take no for an answer. When she knew what she wanted—she got him



"It's none of my concern," Suzette said, touching Myron's hand; "but you shouldn't waste yourself"

VALUE RECEIVED

BY EDWIN LANHAM

MADAME DUVAL operated a small hotel on the Left Bank in Paris many years ago, in the peace between the wars. The place was near enough to the Luxembourg Gardens so that one could see the chestnut blossoms from the upper windows. And the sight of the blooms usually induced a nostalgia that expired in comfortable sighs at the bar downstairs.

Madame Duval generally presided at the bar. She was a handsome woman, with a thin face, a small, narrow nose and surprisingly shapely lips to which she applied lipstick of an orange-red tint. Her hair she wore swept up and piled high on her head years before that coiffure became fashionable. It was impossible to guess her age. Some said she would never see fifty again; others were sure that she could not be past thirty-five. My friend Myron Sproul, who knew her very well, once said that age meant to Madame Duval only a refinement of her arts, a sharpening of her wits, and an elastic toughening of personality. Age, said Myron Sproul, had met Madame Duval and fallen madly in love with her; and it was Madame Duval, he added, who dominated the marriage.

It was because of Myron Sproul that I went to live at Madame Duval's hotel. I had stopped in one afternoon for a cocktail with Myron, had stayed to dinner, had sampled the *fine maison* afterward, and had awakened the next morning tucked in bed in one of the hotel's outside rooms, with a view of the chestnuts through the window. I promptly sent for my things. The hotel was pleasant, the location was good, and Myron was always about if one felt like talking, or drinking.

Myron was English, a remittance man by vocation and a painter by avocation, a painter who was always just a step ahead of the new and pretentious in art. When Dadaism came along with its grandiloquent and meaningless negations, Myron had already negated Dadaism. When surrealism exploded from the intellectual vacuum in France, Myron was already a neosurrealist. An art dealer on the Rue de

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Seine occasionally showed his paintings, but if one was sold I never heard about it. In fact, Myron would probably have resented the purchase of a picture. How could he continue his damnations of public taste if anyone liked his work enough to buy it?

He was a bitter, distrustful man, yet his need of companionship was obvious. He was a friendly drinker, but only the person sharing his bottle was his friend, and he never drank in a crowd. All other people he criticized viciously, and if they happened to be painters, heaven help them, for Myron was jealous. He reserved his praise for those painters whose reputation had faded somewhat in a century or so. Since he preferred drink to work, he was antagonized by all hard-working artists. Had Myron been a farmer, he would have matched his weeds against any man's grain.

I never quite understood why I liked Myron; perhaps it was because of the inconsistencies in his character. Or maybe it was only the singular, personal charm of the hotel and bar that I liked, with Myron a part of it. How much a part of that hotel he was I began to understand after I had lived there a week or so.

THE hotel was very small, but even so all its rooms were rarely occupied, the bar was never crowded. It was far enough from Montparnasse so that few of the Americans brought their dollars there from the Dome and the Select and the Coupole, and it was not the sort of place that appealed to Frenchmen, since it lacked the airy bustle of the café life. Sometimes Myron and I were the only customers, a business problem for which Madame had found an answer.

About the third evening I noticed that she had padded the check, not my check, but Myron's. I saw that he was charged for a bottle of champagne which we had not drunk, and for an extra brandy or so. Myron must have noticed it, too, since he was not particularly tight, but he did not protest. He paid the check.

This was definitely not in character. Myron's attitude toward the franc was as loving as any Frenchman. It was natural to expect him to call Madame Duval over and begin a little conversation that would be like a lighted fuse, leading to explosive crescendo, table-thumping, apologies and a drink on the house. But Myron did nothing of the sort. He paid the check.

The next night I made a point of glancing at Myron's check. Again it was padded, in a brazen fashion that did no credit to Madame Duval's subtlety or Myron's intelligence. When he again paid up without protest it began to dawn on me that he and Madame Duval had reached an understanding, in several meanings of the word.

I looked her over very carefully. After all, she was getting on, while Myron was reasonably young and, by local standards, quite well off. Her eyes were bright as franc pieces and gay as the spending of them, but there was more than these superficialities in their expression. There was a certain warmth, a wise understanding—almost a tenderness—in Madame Duval's gray eyes. Her beautiful mouth had always an upcurve. As I thought it over I realized that I never noticed her white hair. There was a timelessness in Madame Duval's personality, and who would notice white hair and a faint sag of chin line when such eyes and smiling lips were there to look at?

And there were other things: the heating in this hotel was always satisfactory; the water was always hot; the plumbing invariably worked; every complaint received prompt attention. A man could be very comfortable in this hotel, and the truth of the matter was that I envied Myron Sproul somewhat. I would have accepted a padded check myself, under the circumstances. Such was the force of Madame Duval's personality.

Myron had two rooms in the hotel, in one of which he kept his easel and canvases. Occasionally he had a model in and worked, but by midafternoon both model and Myron would be down in the bar sampling Martinis which he had taught Madame Duval to make dry enough for his taste. If the models were young, and the least bit pretty, it was noticeable how Madame Duval put them in their place. Noticeable, that is, to an observer of her smiling maneuvers.

"What quarter do you come from, Mademoiselle?" she would ask. "Ah, Plaisance?" The tone in which she said it would evoke visions of horse-butchers and tenements, and the expressive eyes would seem to be appraising the young girl in the shabby plush environment of a *maison de rendezvous.* "It's very nice in Plaisance," Madame Duval would say, and smile at Myron. One could not help noticing that the girl used too much make-up and that her hands were plain, or her legs too solid at the ankles.

"A quarter of good, honest workmen," Madame Duval would say. "Yes, I know Plaisance." The words were nothing, but somehow Madame Duval's narrow, thin nose would seem altogether aristocratic and her slim fingers would graciously bring up the cocktail shaker. "Please have another Martini. It's an English drink, you know. Perhaps not sweet enough for your taste?"

The girl could only be submissive, and a little spiritless, a dull clod altogether when compared to Madame Duval.

Her tactics varied, but generally hinged on the suggestion that Myron was a quite superior being, deserving of every attention. She was careful never to make direct suggestions to Myron, never to cross him, never to intrude upon him in any way. The hotel was at his service, and Madame Duval, and if his checks were a trifle padded, how could he complain? His every wish was anticipated, which meant in Myron's case that there was always a glass within reach of his hand. In fact, reduced to basic facts, omitting the charm of Madame Duval's personality, the tender refinements she brought to daily life, the heat and the perfect plumbing, the tasty breakfasts brought to his room, the deference he received in the hotel—omitting all that, the truth was that Madame Duval plied Myron with liquor, even though he always paid for more than he drank.

WHEN I moved to the hotel, his understanding with Madame Duval was a settled thing. It was in early summer that I realized how very strong was the hold Madame Duval had on him.

I had mentioned one afternoon at the bar that I was planning a trip to the coast of Brittany, and Myron had said that he might pack up his sketch box and come along. It had been casually said, but Madame Duval was instantly alert, although it was a moment or so before she joined us, timing her participation to my description of the pleasures of Brittany.

"Brittany?" she said. "Why Brittany?"

"Why not?" I said. "Just to see the blue sails and orange jackets of the fishermen is worth the trip."

"Go over to the Rue de Seine," said Madame Duval. "You will find them on a thousand picture post card canvases."

It was the sort of remark Myron liked, and he chuckled. I said, "At least the swimming is good, and I like the sea air."

"There is not a good wine in all Brittany," said Madame Duval. "As for swimming, the water is full of jellyfish. If you like the country, go walk in the Luxembourg Gardens, then come back and have a dinner and good wine." She laughed. "Oh, I can tell you. I come from the country myself, and I can tell

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you that Paris has everything the country can offer, without a single disadvantage."

She went on gaily, turning the conversation to subjects that seemed to have no bearing on whether Myron should accompany me to Brittany. But when I took a taxi to the station a few days later, Myron was sitting comfortably at the bar.

As a matter of fact there *were* jellyfish in Brittany waters, particularly after a storm, and certainly the scene was rather picturesque for a painter whose work was supposed to come from within. As for the wine, my palate has never reached a high plane of education, so I enjoyed it. I remained in Brittany for more than a month.

ON THE night of my return I went to dinner with Myron Sproul in the stockyards district, where the steaks were good, and where there was Chambertin, 1911, in the cellar. As we were finishing the bottle he gave me a solemn look and said, "I've been thinking I might look around for another hotel."

I put my glass down and stared at him, but his eyes avoided mine. "You'll never find a better hotel," I said.

"I know." He had the sort of scowl he wore when inspecting paintings at the Salon des Indépendants. "I've been there too long," he said. "That's all. I never get out of that hotel at all. I hardly ever go out of my room, or the bar. The thing is, I'm beginning to feel a little cramped. You see what I mean?"

I thought I knew what he meant, but before I could speak he passed it off with a quick, "Oh, I suppose I'll stay on there. It was just a fancy of the moment. Nostalgia, you know, because you've been away and I haven't. Let's have some brandy."

We drank brandy, and we went on drinking it later in the bar at the hotel, with Madame Duval pouring. Perhaps it was only the conversation with Myron that made me see a more watchful expression in her eyes; perhaps I only imagined that she pressed drink on Myron a little more insistently than before. At any rate, we had to help Myron up to his rooms between us, and it took close attention to the compass for me to reach my bed. But after all, it was the night of my return to Paris.

I was awakened next morning by a very light tap on my door. When I called *"Entrez,"* a soft voice said, "Your breakfast, M'sieu, I'm putting it down outside your door."

"Bring it in," I said.

The door was opened very cautiously, and a young girl came in, with her eyes averted. She was hardly eighteen, and had the glowing sort of complexion I had seen in Brittany, with bright dark eyes and arched red lips like Madame Duval's.

"Who are you?" I asked. "You're new here."

"Yes, M'sieu. I am Suzette."

She set the tray down, gave me a shy, gentle smile, and was gone. I found out later in the day that she was Madame Duval's niece, who had arrived from the country three days before to work in the hotel. Myron Sproul told me about her, saying with a grin, "You can see where she gets that smile. There's Madame Duval thirty years ago."

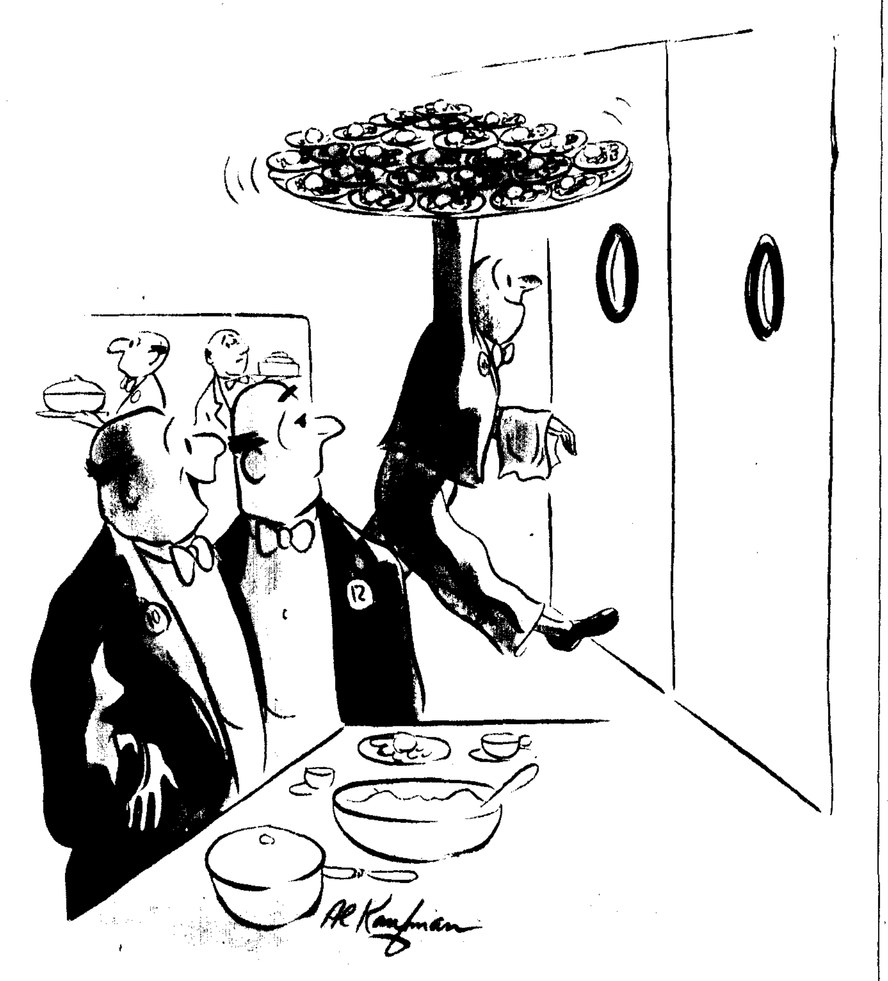
"Thirty? Oh, I'd say twenty."

Myron was still smiling. "That's the sort of conventional chap you are. You think you're being charitable. Well, I say thirty and I give the old girl her full credit. Don't detract from her achievement, old man."

The remark was typical of Myron, but his calling Madame Duval "the old girl" was not. It was then that he observed that Madame Duval had made a love match with age, and that she was the dominant partner.

Suzette, it seemed, had been sent to Paris to learn the hotel business from the kitchen up. Her parents operated an inn on a byway in the Midi, and the young girl was supposed to learn the Parisian touch from the delicate hand of her aunt. This was told me by Madame Duval herself that night at the bar.

"She will learn," said Madame Duval;



"Watch this—the new waiter thinks we have an electric-eye door"

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"Suzette is a wise little thing. She is shy, perhaps, but very observant. Don't you find her pretty?"

I said I found her very pretty, and Myron put in, "She's more than that." From the way Madame Duval's eyes narrowed, I could see that the remark had achieved the result Myron had probably intended. I began to tally the hints Myron had given of his feelings—his thought of looking for another hotel, his remarks about Madame Duval's age, his marked praise of Suzette. He was trying to break away from Madame Duval, I decided.

Madame Duval must have reached the same conclusion. I had observed the night I returned that she literally forced liquor on him, and as the days passed, this observation was borne out. Myron was tight most of the time, a relative thing in Myron's case. I should say that he was a little tighter most of the time than he had been before. I studied Madame Duval in those days. In my mind she had become a person of superlative delicacy, so much so that the brazen padding of Myron's checks acquired a certain nuance. She was slipping, indeed, I thought, if she placed so much reliance on cocktails and brandy and champagne.

FOR a week or more Suzette brought the breakfast trays and served as *femme de chambre* in the hotel; then she was graduated to kitchen work and was briefly a waitress. One afternoon she appeared blushing in the bar with Madame Duval, and Myron and I sat by as Madame Duval instructed her in the intricacies of mixing cocktails. Her first Martini was too strong of vermouth, but Myron, who always insisted on very dry Martinis, did not complain. He sipped it and said, "Not bad at all."

"Suzette will be my barmaid in the afternoon," said Madame Duval. "I tell you, when she goes back to the Midi there will be nothing Suzette does not know. Now we will try a Manhattan, Suzette."

Myron and I were willing guinea pigs. We drank Martinis and Manhattans and polished them off with sidecars. The girl giggled as she poured the cocktails, while Madame Duval looked on with a faint, remote smile. She called a halt at last, sparing us pousse-cafés.

The next afternoon Suzette presided at the bar, although Madame Duval was near at hand, as Myron and I soon found out. Suzette mixed a passable Martini that afternoon, and served it daintily.

"Is it good?" she asked anxiously.

"Excellent," said Myron. "Really excellent. Mix up another, Suzette. Perhaps just a trifle less vermouth."

Suzette tried again, with Myron watching her closely. As she filled his glass he smiled at her. He lifted the glass, sipped, and winked at me. "The child can do something besides blush," he said. "She can make a Martini."

Suzette blushed.

Myron kept her busy stirring Martinis, but after the fifth or sixth she gave him a dubious glance. "Another?" she said.

"That's right," said Myron.

"You've had a lot," said Suzette. "Don't you think you've had enough?"

"I never have enough," Myron said stiffly.

Suzette's smile was timid. "I don't like to see you drink so much," she said.

Madame Duval appeared instantly, her lips compressed, her eyes shining. "Suzette!" she cried. "The gentleman ordered another Martini."

"Yes, Madame, but . . ."

"Your duty is to serve," Madame Duval said. "Your duty is to fill orders."

"Yes, Madame," Suzette said.

Thus Madame Duval placed her interference on a simple business basis. Suzette mixed another Martini in silence and filled Myron's glass, without meeting his eyes. He winked at me.

Myron was enjoying himself; he was like an old horse who had finally got the bit in his teeth. In fact, Madame Duval's tactic of the tilted bottle was beginning to boomerang. She had Myron's active collaboration in the drinking of it, but Suzette was there watching every drink, and a little frown would gather on her forehead and a look of concern would cloud her very pretty dark eyes. Myron's drinking became increasingly a contest between Madame Duval and her niece, and Myron wheezed along like an old English plater hopped up for the race. Certainly Suzette was right; he was drinking more than was good for him. But then he always had.

It took two afternoons for Myron to drink up to another crisis. Suzette mixed one cocktail after another, without protest, but the frown deepened and her face seemed white around the lips. Myron and I were alone with her at the bar, and we had not seen Madame Duval all afternoon. After a cautious glance around her, Suzette leaned over the bar. Her tone was gentle and a little pleading.

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IN NEXT WEEK'S

COLLIER'S

"Really, don't you think you've had enough?" she said.

Myron grinned, and purposely spoke loudly, "I want another cocktail, please," he said.

Suzette touched his hand. "Please," she said. "I know it's none of my concern, but you're such a beautiful painter, you shouldn't waste yourself."

Myron blinked at her. "Whadda you know about painting?"

"When I was *femme de chambre* I used to stand looking at your pictures," Suzette said, "by the hour. M'sieu Sproul, you're a great artist. Please don't waste yourself."

Myron looked at me. He seemed embarrassed.

"So, please," Suzette said earnestly. "No more."

"What's this?" It was Madame Duval's sharp, precise voice. "Again, Suzette?" She appeared in the doorway, walked quickly up to the bar. She carried her head high, and her nostrils were flared, her lips tight. "After the lecture I gave you the other afternoon?" she said. "Well, this ends it. No more bar for you, Suzette. Back to the kitchen you go. You hear me?"

"Yes, Madame."

"Then go," Madame Duval said.

Suzette looked timidly at Myron, and I saw tears in her eyes. Then she spun around and ran out of the bar. Madame Duval moved to the other side of the bar, put her graceful hands down on the wood. "What are you drinking, Myron?" she asked.

"Martini," Myron said. He did not look at her. He sat for a long time in silence, thoughtfully holding his glass, and he did not eat dinner that night. He remained at the bar, drinking cocktails. I left him there when I went to dinner and he was still there when I returned. I had coffee and a brandy. He switched to brandy, too.

"Suzette," Myron said, "is a wundful lil girl."

"Some more brandy, Myron?" asked Madame Duval.

He looked at her, nodded, and she filled his glass. I noticed her profile. Her face was impassive under the upswept white hair; it was even calm. Though she was losing her battle, Madame Duval was not demoralized. She was still astride her white horse, epauletted, sword in hand, a great general unbroken in defeat.

After a while Myron left the bar and went to a table. He had Madame Duval bring over the brandy bottle and he sat alone, drinking, looking with a brooding air into his glass. I had paid up and was starting up to bed when he slapped his palm suddenly on the table and called for his check. Madame Duval computed the total, and he came up to the bar to pay.

He staggered a little, caught the bar for support, and did not look like a man who had reached an important decision. He did not look like the great, unshackled figure he must have fancied himself. He stared at the check Madame Duval placed in front of him.

"What's this?" he said. "Champagne? I didn't drink champagne."

Madame Duval's mouth opened a little; I thought I heard the gasp of her breath. She looked steadily at Myron and her quiet voice said, "That's *fine champagne*, M'sieu Sproul. Brandy. You were drinking brandy."

Myron was in no condition to reason it out, and his great moment tottered. It was true that *fine champagne* was brandy, and he had been drinking brandy, lots of it. He looked at the check again.

"Didn't drink that much brandy," he said. "I won't pay it."

He looked at me, and there was a wild shine in his eyes. He had broken the hold. Apparently it was something tremendous, but he was left in the position where he could only mutter, a little childishly, "Won' pay it, won' pay it."

"Very well," said Madame Duval. "At least I'm not going to call the police." She gave me a pale smile.

MYRON pulled himself erect, one hand on the bar. "Where's Suzette?" he demanded. "Can trust lil Suzette. Where's lil Suzette?"

"You'd better go to bed," said Madame Duval.

"I want lil Suzette," Myron said. "Where's lil Suzette? Wundful lil girl, Suzette."

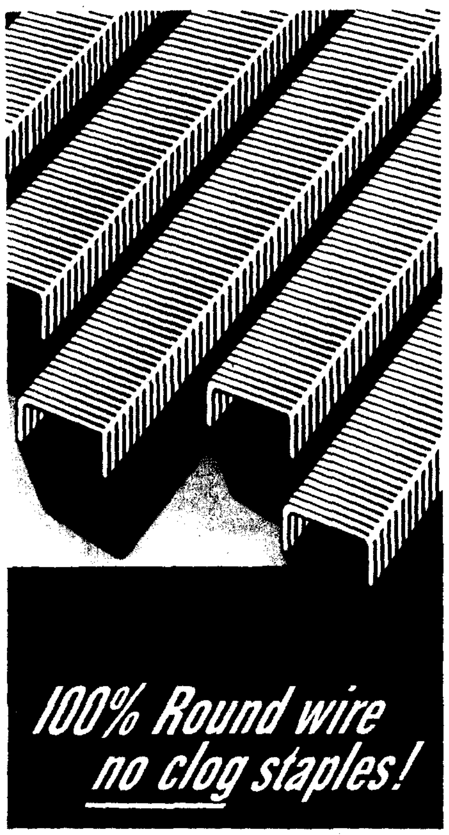
"Never mind about Suzette," said Madame Duval. "You go to bed."

Myron looked at her, his lips curved in an unpleasant smile, his forehead slick with sweat.

"I want Suzette," he said. "Wundful lil Suzette. Know what I'm goin' do? I'm goin' to marry wundful lil Suzette. Tha's what I'm goin' do." He nodded solemnly. "Goin' marry lil girl. Where's Suzette?"

It happened that Suzette was just outside the door, listening, and she came through it, looked at the floor, and said shyly. "Oh, M'sieu Sproul."

"There's Suzette," Madame Duval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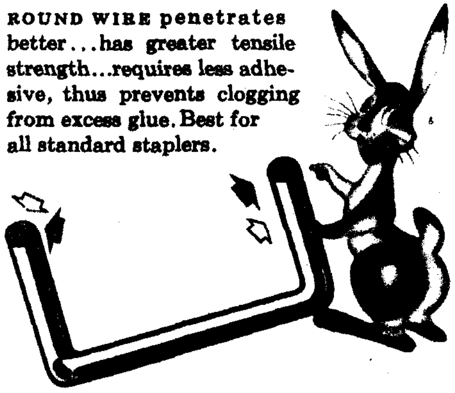

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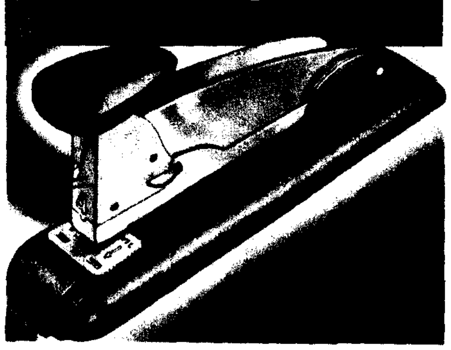

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said acidly. "He says he wants to marry you, Suzette."

"Perfec'ly right," Myron said. "Goin' marry lil Suzette."

"Oh, M'sieu Sproul," Suzette said, and she was suddenly in his arms, shyness and all. Myron leaned on her shoulder and Suzette said, "I'm very happy."

I had been in that bar all night, too, and I decided that I was probably drunker than anyone else, so I went up to bed. . . .

I slept late, and awakened with the hang-over that should have been Myron's. I crept down to the bar for a pick-me-up and found Myron already there. He had a shaken look.

"I want to ask you something about last night," he said.

I shook my head. "You don't need to ask me. Whatever you remember happening, happened."

There was no one behind the bar and I asked, "Where's Madame Duval?"

He avoided my eyes. "They went out to post the banns, or buy a wedding dress, or something."

"Well," I said. "You could certainly do worse than Suzette."

"Yes," Myron said. "Her parents are on their way to Paris. Somebody sent 'em a telegram last night." He looked a little dizzy. "Listen, did I . . ."

"Yes, you did."

"Oh, well," Myron said. There was a long moment of silence, then he said, "You know what I'm going to do?"

"What?"

"I'm going back behind the bar and open up a bottle."

THE parents arrived late that day, a sturdy, polite couple, who pumped Myron's hand and stood a round of drinks at the bar. Madame Duval had returned with Suzette and it was as gay as a county carnival in the barroom. Myron sat on a bar stool, listening to confused talk of wedding dresses and a charabanc for the wedding party and a visit to the photographer, and Suzette's father took him off to a table for a little discussion of the marriage contract. A great deal of machinery had been set in motion; a steam roller, in fact, and Myron was prostrate before it.

The parents went off to bed at a decent country hour, and Suzette snuggled close to Myron in a corner. I saw her push his glass away from his hand. She was very pretty, even though she did not seem to blush any more, and her smile was altogether charming. Life would not be so bad for Myron, I decided, although if he was not careful a lock would turn up on the liquor cabinet. He was in very real danger, I thought, of regeneration. I looked at Madame Duval. She was behind the bar, polishing glasses.

I went over to her and slid upon a bar stool. I ordered a brandy, and felt very sorry for Madame Duval. Certainly she was an extraordinary woman, and certainly she gave service for value received.

I felt that something ought to be said, so I murmured, "Youth must be served, I suppose."

"Pardon me?" said Madame Duval.

I was embarrassed. I waited until she had poured the brandy, then I said, "I'm a clumsy man, Madame. I don't express myself with tact. I only wanted to say that I think you have a very fine hotel which you operate with superlative skill and delicacy, and I like you very much."

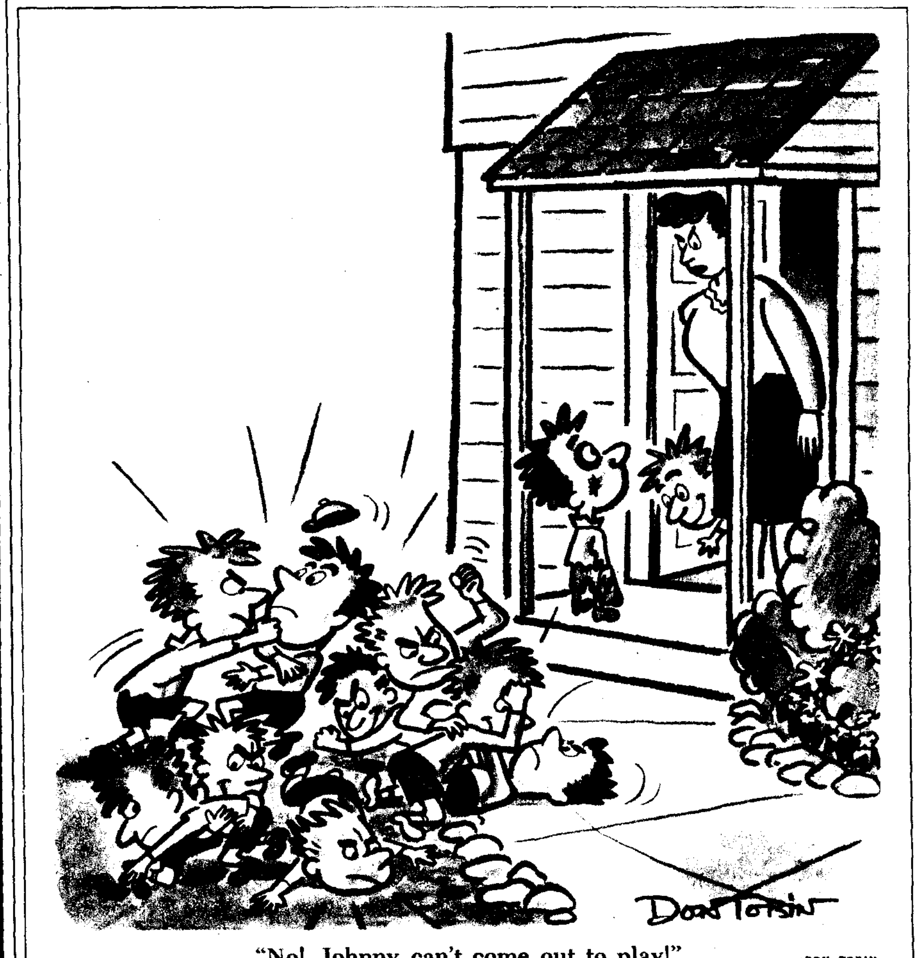
"Thank you," said Madame Duval, and smiled at me. "You have said a good deal, but is it all you wished to say?"

"Oh, hell," I said. "I mean you're okay. Let's have a drink."

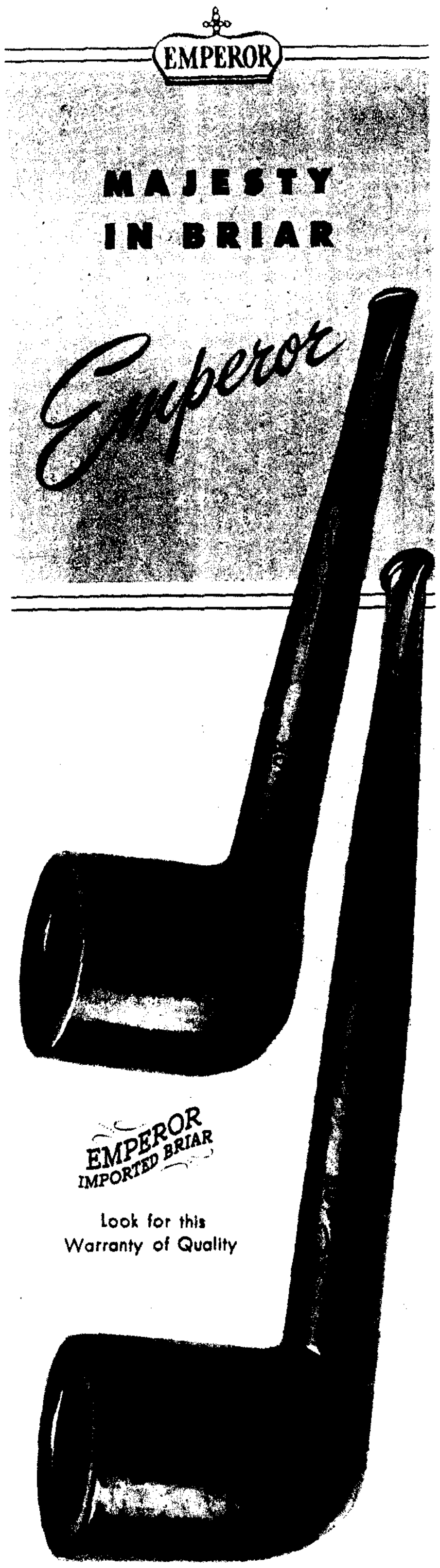
Madame Duval's eyebrows went up over her candid, handsome eyes. "My dear sir, I am a woman of the world," she said. "I have had many good things in life, and I am not entirely stupid." She leaned across the bar toward me. "You are discreet," she said, "and I like you for it." Her voice dropped to a whisper and her lips arched in a triumphant, rather superior smile. "Why do you suppose I brought my niece to Paris?" she said.

A remarkable woman, Madame Duval. Artful, practical, charming, and always understanding. If champagne I had not drunk appeared thereafter on *my* check, you may be sure I never noticed it. I always paid my check.

THE END



COLLIER'S "No! Johnny can't come out to play!" DON TOBIN



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MEXICO'S ABC'S

Continued from page 87

teachers, notebooks, and even the pencils cost nothing, that they didn't lose pay for time spent in school, they began to be interested. Slowly an enthusiasm began to grow and spread throughout the country not only to the teachers and the taught but to millions who, under the program, weren't even required to participate—those over forty.

The government hasn't been able to sugar-coat the educational pill very much by using teaching aids familiar to American students. Film for the work must come from the United States, and is usually unobtainable. And sixty-five per cent of the people live in small settlements where there is no electricity. Even study light, if any, comes from pinewood torches or torches with rope wicks; candles are a great luxury.

So movie projectors are a distant dream in the Ministry's rural work. However, it is having built now in the United States five thousand special lanterns that will use educational film strips they will be delivered next year. Each unit will be supplied with a hand crank to charge the battery and generator. With this equipment teachers will be able to instruct even the most isolated communities in geography, history, natural science, botany and archaeology interlarded with subjects such as sanitation, health, animal husbandry, agriculture and infant care, all by means of interest-piquing films.

Making It Easy To Learn

Torres Bodet's method is not to force literacy on the people but, instead, to lead them. He tries to make the literacy program attractive to everyone—for example, through the most beautiful textbooks and supplementary reading books the government printing office can devise. But there is compulsion of a sort on all literate people to teach at least one other person to read and write. Each Mexican who teaches the A B C's to someone else receives a little yellow card, without which, in some instances, a citizen is denied certain ordinary rights—such as building permits and passports. You can't get a driver's license without one and a certain bus line between cities requires the showing of the card along with the ticket before a passenger may be taken aboard.

Where a literate doesn't wish to teach someone else he has the alternative of providing a teacher, or he may give an employee time off—with pay—to attend school; after the student learns to read and write, the employer receives his yellow card. If a literate refuses any of these courses, fines are provided, but the government tries to do it the other way first.

"Some employers, especially of domestics," Torres Bodet explained with an understanding smile, "don't like the idea of their employees leaving the premises to attend an adult school for sometimes the fresh air of the park catches lagging feet and prevents their turning schoolward. So often housewives provide teachers in their households—and we supply the study materials and an inspector every three months to check on progress. After the necessary examinations are successfully passed, we issue the card. Then our work really begins to roll along because the newly taught one must now teach another. Such converts to learning make teachers who are eager and proud to hand on their freshly acquired abilities and teachers who understand somehow to get around the mental block of an adult who has gotten thus far in life without being able to read or write. Sometimes I think the newly taught make the best of all proselytizers."

Torres Bodet travels from one end of Mexico to the other by plane, train, car, bus, horse and burro to visit schools. His hours in his office or on the road often stretch far into the night. "You would understand why I go myself," he said, "if, for example, you could have been with me at about eleven o'clock one night in the little town of Etla, Oxaca, our very first town in the whole country to become completely literate. I had had a very hard day because our settlements are often far apart and classes start in such agricultural communities at two or three in the morning so the peons can tend their fields as soon as the sun comes up. Very tired, I had just fallen asleep when I was awakened by the serenading of some hundred to one hundred and fifty people under my window. I found they had walked thirty-five kilometers to entreat me to dedicate their little school officially—a school they had built by themselves, with no help from my department, by assessing each member of their farm collective in either money, furnishings, building materials or labor. Their spokesman explained to me that in their village they had four hundred illiterates out of one thousand population. I was touched at their earnestness.

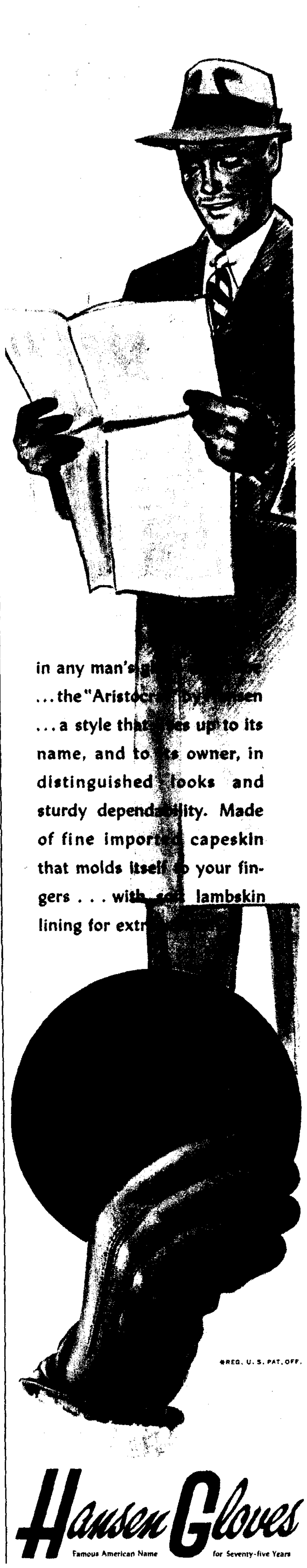
" 'When you can all read,' I called out, 'let me know and I'll make a special trip from Mexico City to dedicate your school.' Three months later I received word they were ready—all could read. Incredulous, I sent an inspector who confirmed that this was more or less true though there were a few who couldn't be considered really finished readers and were holding the others back. So I told them to go on with their work and let me know when they felt all could pass the examination quite satisfactorily. In exactly one month I received word again that every single person in the village could read and write. I went there, gave the examination, everybody passed and we had a wonderful week's fiesta."

Obstacles That Must Be Overcome

The difficulties of both the adult and the child education program are immense. Mexican rural settlements are often miles apart and sometimes a "town" consists of two families—or even one. Such people can't be expected to travel ten or more miles to an adult school, and, of course, the children of such communities have little chance to get even a start in their education. In an effort to cope with the geographical difficulties, the Ministry has instituted a unique teaching method in such isolated areas as Chiapas, for instance, on the Guatemalan border.

A group of one hundred rotating teachers travel the countryside. They know the Indian language of the region—and where the Indian tongue has degenerated into several dialects, they proceed immediately to the teaching of Spanish. Each teacher covers six villages, giving a day—or what's left of a day after the donkey or horseback traveling's accomplished—to each settlement for six days and resting the seventh. Both children and adults are taught by such rotating teachers and in the same class. The system was started in 1945 and Torres Bodet says quite frankly that no one can say if it's been at all effective. Do the people forget what they are taught from visit to visit? Is it better than nothing?

Such rural teachers are paid about $45 a month. Imagine what they face in, say, the state of Tabasco where there are fourteen thousand small villages, one day's walk apart! Yet Mexico has six thousand rural teachers-in-training now and the country's literacy rate has risen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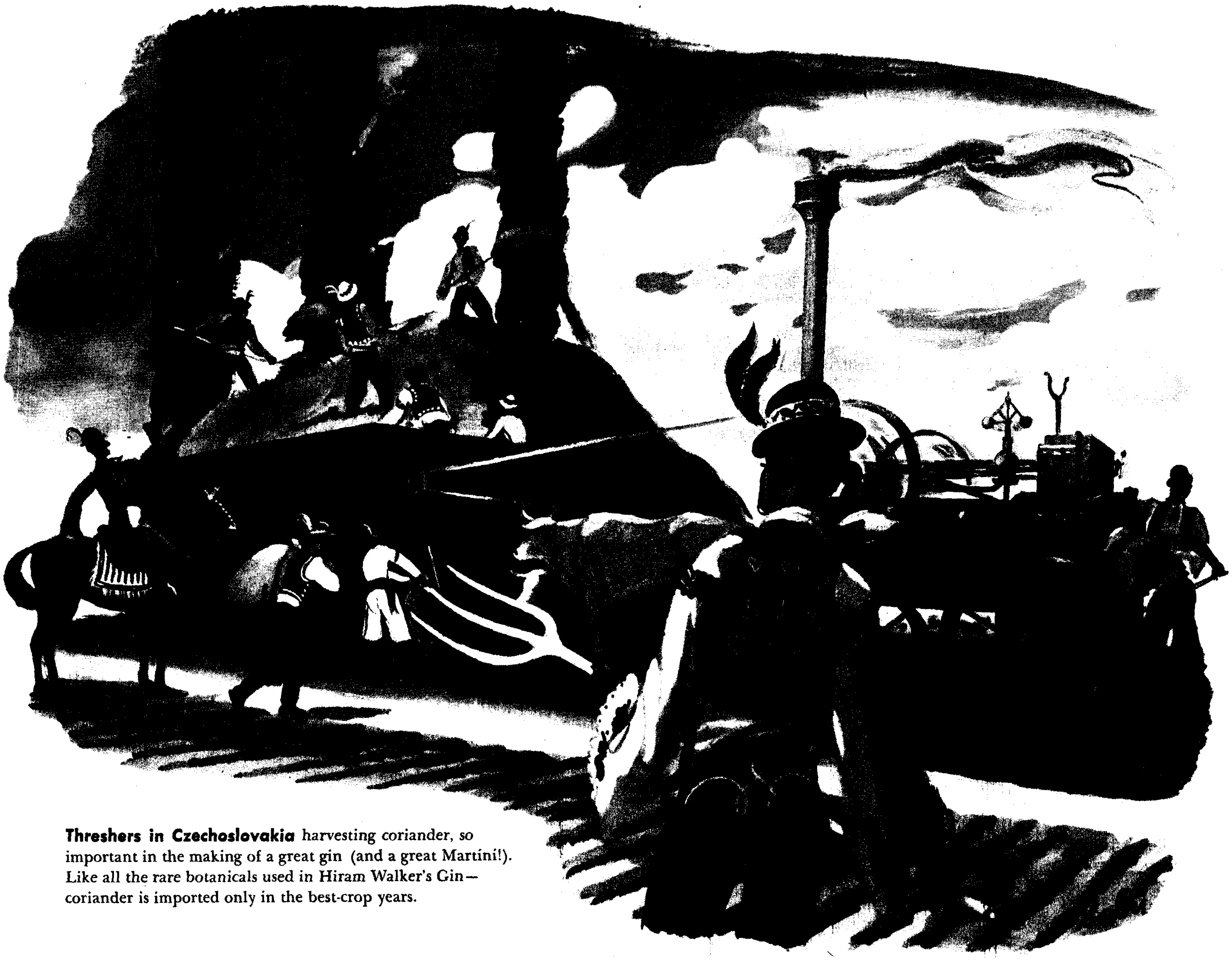

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fifteen per cent since 1945 even under such conditions.

"Some of our best teachers are volunteers," the Minister told me. "One day I received a request from a little town in the High Sierras to come and give an examination there in a school we knew to have been organized on a voluntary basis by some literate local woman. I arrived well before break of day and found an Indian woman over fifty heading up her class of some forty peasants in their thirties and forties. They were sitting patiently, their farm tools at their sides, in their chilly classroom, straw sombreros on their heads and their serapes wrapped well around them against the mountain night. Their teacher was just a woman like themselves who had had the opportunity somewhere in her youth to learn a little and she had gathered her neighbors together and taught them without any pressure from us.

A Service to Her Neighbors

"I said to this proud little teacher, 'You have done a fine thing but you know it's not required for anyone over fifty to teach *el silabario del alfabetisma* to others.' She had known that, of course, but explained she was happy to help her neighbors.

"'Tell me,' I said, after all the class had passed the examination and filed out into the fields, 'what can I give you as a token of our appreciation for what you've done?' I had already pulled from my pockets a package of colored chalk for the rough black cloth 'blackboard' she had fashioned and, never having seen anything but white chalk, she was overjoyed.

"'Oh, señor,' she cried, 'for myself I want nothing, but for the school I would like a simple thing—a bit of railroad track. You see, I have no clock and my people have never seen such a thing. But if I had a nice steel rail I could bang on it in the night to rouse the people so they would know when to come to school.'"

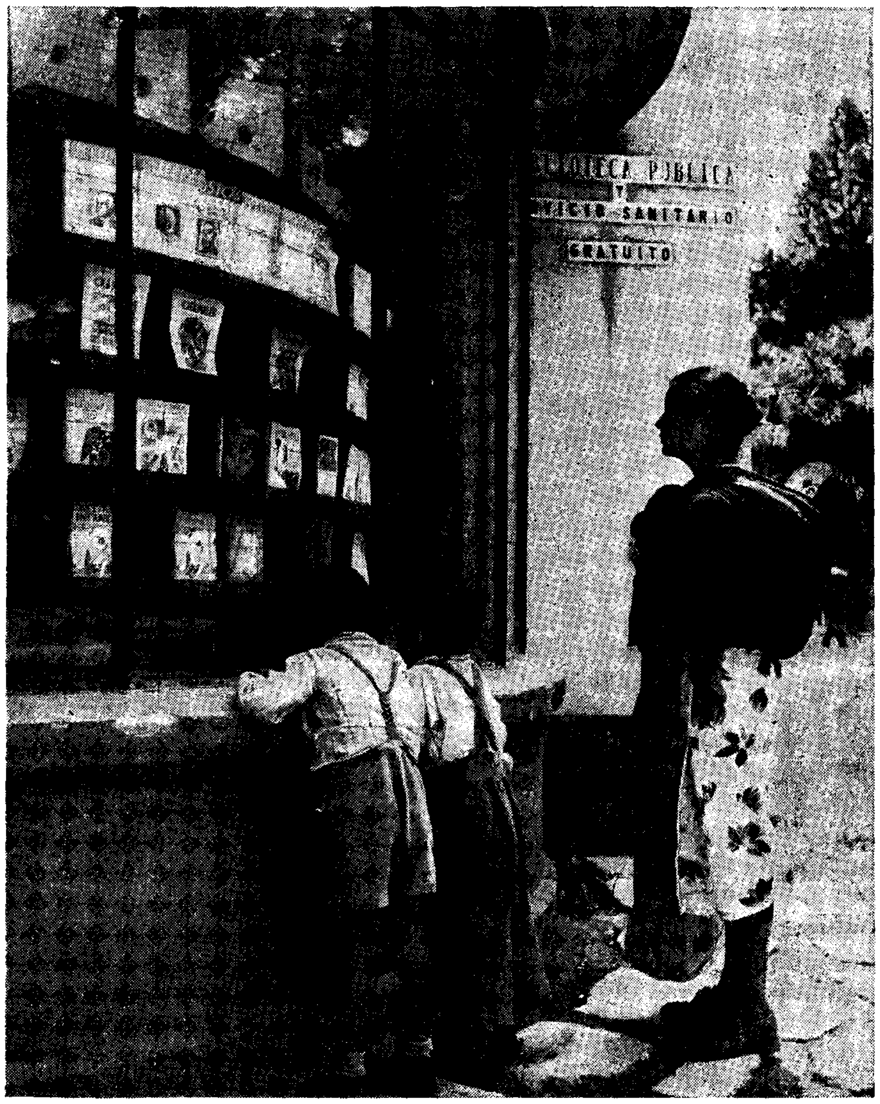
Torres Bodet remembered the mountain teacher when he got home. He sent her a real school bell and she now calls the class—not to simple lessons in reading and writing any longer but to advanced ones in agriculture, health and the history of the country.

The Minister's system works well in the thickly populated agricultural communities and in the textile centers, too. In the farming areas, the better-off often donate special prizes to the adult school—things like scythes, machetes and other agricultural implements. In Oxaca the mayor offers new *metates* to the women for good attendance. The *metate* is the traditional volcanic stone used for grinding the maize for the Indian's diet staple, *tortillas*. In a textile town there's a little daily ceremony of hot coffee and a loaf of bread for each student.

"Everywhere I go," concluded Torres Bodet, "from one end of Mexico to the other, I find our people need little but opportunity and encouragement to help themselves. I often think though of one of the most moving explanations I ever heard from an older woman as to why she had set herself to the task of becoming literate although it was so difficult at her age—and not required either.

"'Señor,' she said, 'my oldest son left our home long, long ago and has not come back nor let us know how it goes with him in the world. He is an educated man. He can read and write, señor, as can all his sisters and brothers all of whom have written him many times entreating him to come back. Only I of the whole family am still ignorant. I feel if I can someday send a letter in my own handwriting to the child who was my first-born and whom I love more than all the rest, he will surely come home to me while it is still possible.'"

THE END



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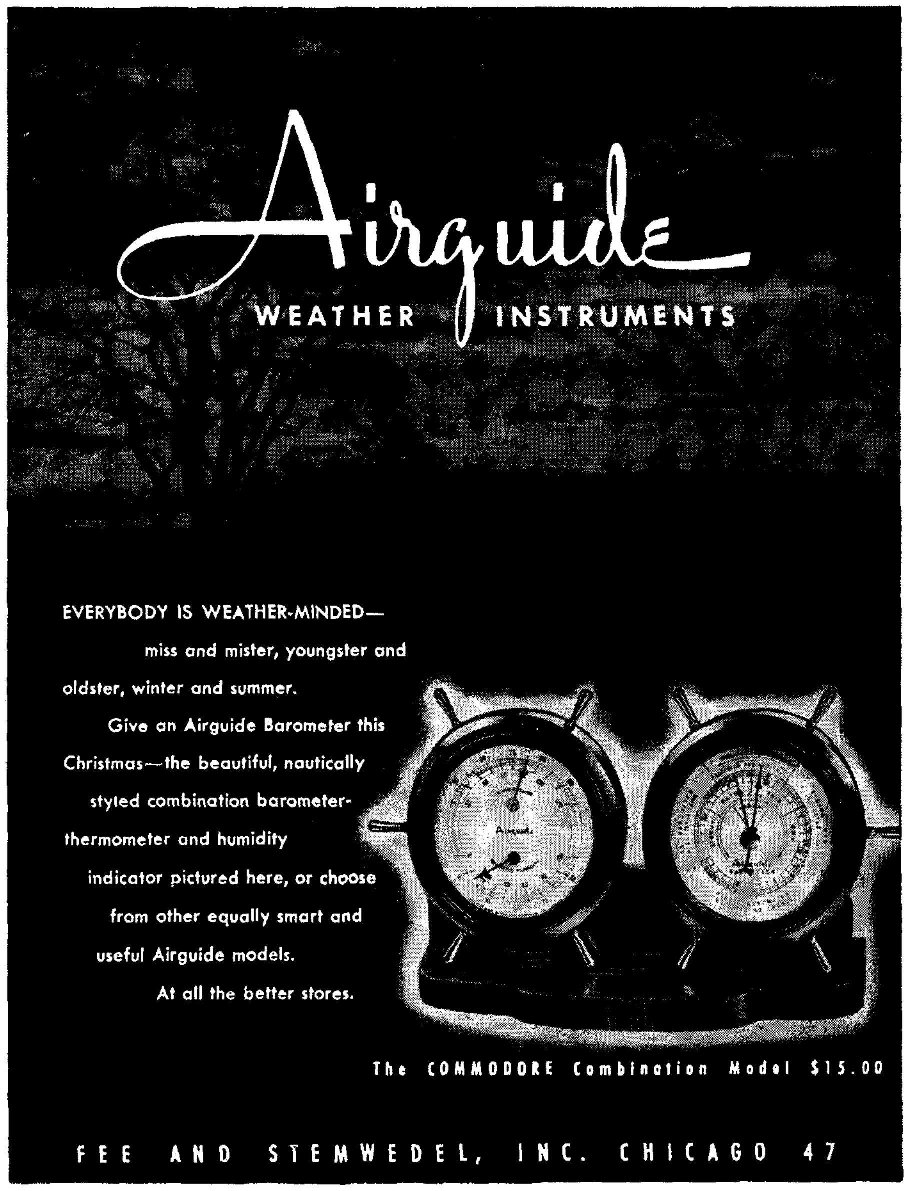

EVERYBODY IS WEATHER-MINDED—miss and mister, youngster and oldster, winter and summer. Give an Airguide Barometer this Christmas—the beautiful, nautically styled combination barometer-thermometer and humidity indicator pictured here, or choose from other equally smart and useful Airguide models. At all the better stores.

The COMMODORE Combination Model $15.00

FEE AND STEMWEDEL, INC. CHICAGO 47

OUT ON A LIMB

Continued from page 119

stockings in the land. And so her Glamour Garters were launched into big business.

Glamour Garters have served another patriotic duty. They are all sewed by hand, which means a lot of hand sewing indeed. Mrs. Hewitt's two sons, both in the service, pointed out to her that wives of servicemen were having a tough time getting along on their allowances. A little money made at home, while babies were napping, etc., would be a handy thing. So. Mrs. Hewitt went to the American Women's Volunteer Service, made known her needs, and the result is that all her more than eighty sewers are wives, mothers and widows of servicemen. She has fifty more on the waiting list.

They all work at home, under state supervision, and each makes from forty to seventy-five cents an hour, depending on her speed. No worker's time is wasted. She can stop in at headquarters in New York, deliver finished work, be paid, and pick up new work in fifteen minutes' time. New work is all cut and bundled for her in dozen lots—just the right lengths of ribbon, elastic, the right number of bows, gold lovebirds, fluffs of marabou or whatnot.

It takes eight to ten office workers to handle the cutting and shipping ends of the business. And ten or twelve salesmen are scattered over the country.

Competitors Lack Her Magic

Mrs. Hewitt is not worried about competition. What if someone else does come along with a good garter line? There is plenty of leg room in this country. Anyway, her competitors to date have been flops. One went cancan, which Mrs. Hewitt considers vulgar—"lace to here, and fluff all over the place. No lady would wear them." And one copied Mrs. Hewitt's designs exactly but "his color combinations were terrible."

The past two years, supply problems have not been so great, but there were bad times in the beginning. Take elastic. "I hunted in the highways and the byways," says Mrs. Hewitt. "We used synthetic rubber, of course. Buna rubber smelled bad. Neoprene is finer. Eight-strand neoprene with rayon is beautiful but expensive. We still use that." Ribbon vanishes a million yards a year. Thirty-five thousand yards of black lace have been snipped off in an afternoon.

For the future Mrs. Hewitt envisions latch-key garters, mad-money garters, lipstick garters. And here's an idea: A tiny bag of rice attached to one garter, that lucky copper penny to the other. Anyway bridal garters are a gold mine. There are fifteen different bridal designs, covering the complete price range from $1.50 (retail) to $3.50. Every one has something blue about it, and every one is a design "borrowed straight out of heaven."

"There are 2,000,000 brides in the country this year," says Mrs. Hewitt dreamily.

When we saw her, Mrs. Hewitt was wearing a discreet pair of blue and black garters, exactly and properly echoing her blue blouse and black suit. Ruth Dicks, her head of production, was working away in the back room, picking gay garters out of drab file cases, filling orders. Her smock suited her job, and her garters matched her spirits—black satin and lace, loopy bows and ermine tails. As for us, we waltzed out of there with fuchsia satin and black lace concealed under our black skirt, a coy gold NO smug above one knee, a golden YES above the other. Conversation Piece, they are called.

THE END

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MANY DOCTORS RECOMMEND IT!

WING TALK

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

REFILLS IN FLIGHT

In the summer of 1939, British flying boats made 15 Atlantic crossings by refueling in flight for increased loads

BRITISH COMBINE

ON THE first day of 1929, an Army trimotored Fokker monoplane called the Question Mark took off from Los Angeles Municipal Airport on a flight that was to end no one knew when. For more than six days and nights it droned over Southern California, smashing all records for continuous flight by airplanes and airships. Then an engine failed and the Fokker returned to earth after 150 hours, 14 minutes and 15 seconds in the air. The plane had been kept aloft by an aerial tanker that periodically lowered a hose and refueled the Fokker in flight.

Having demonstrated to the world how bombers and transports someday could circle the globe at the equator without landing, the five airmen returned to their prosaic duties in the whittled-down Air Corps. Three of them—Major Carl Spaatz, Captain Ira C. Eaker and Lieutenant Elwood R. Quesada—later achieved fame in the war that was to come. The other two are Lieutenant Harry Halverson, a retired colonel residing in Sonoma, Calif., and Master Sergeant Roy W. Hooe, on duty at the AAF base in Middletown, Pennsylvania.

Contrary to Army expectations, the flight of the Question Mark touched off a group of adventurous civilian airmen and there followed an epidemic of refueling-in-flight record-breaking attempts. It didn't end, officially, until July 1, 1935, when the Key brothers, Al and Fred, landed at Meridian, Miss., after having flown continuously for more than 27 days.

In the dark and tense prewar summer of 1939, British flying boats made fifteen nonstop flights across the Atlantic by being refueled in flight.

With the war blackout lifted, interest in flight-refueling in Britain is found to be very much alive and the man who started it is more active than ever before.

He is Sir Alan Cobham, an estimable gentleman and peerless airman, whose pioneering work for British civil aviation won him a knighthood. He has been at work on flight-refueling techniques since the early '30s, having gained his inspiration from the American stunt flights, and he has improved the system to where it is hailed by the British as safe, simple, reliable—and profitable.

He formed a company, Flight Refuelling, Ltd., to carry on the work. War-surplus Lancaster bombers have been converted into tanker and receiver planes for development and training toward the practical application of the American idea to long-range, commercial airline operation.

The British are now using converted York four-engined military transports as airliners on some Empire routes and they point to this type as a simple example of how substantially to increase the pay load by flight refueling. They say the fuel required by the York for a nonstop flight of 2,000 miles is 2,000 gallons (British) or 14,400 pounds. By refueling once en route, the normal fuel load carried can be cut in two and 7,200 pounds is available as additional pay load, which nearly doubles the normal pay load.

Sir Alan's company has suggested a design suitable for use on flight-refueled services. It is a six-engine superairliner, weighing 185,000 pounds fully loaded with 134 seated passengers or 100 sleeping in berths. With built-in flight-refueling equipment (weight only 300 pounds) the big plane can carry a money-making load of 31,000 pounds from London to New York nonstop. Without refueling in flight, the airliner has to take off with fuel sufficient for the entire flight, and the pay load—the ship's earning power—is cut back to 10,000 pounds.

Sir Alan's ex-bombers are rigged up to refuel in flight in something less than 30 minutes. The breakaway from the tanker requires about a minute. The receiving aircraft uses a coupling in the stern, a pipe line to the tanks, a clawed sinker at the end of a cable and a windlass to pay out the cable and wind it up again through the stern coupling.

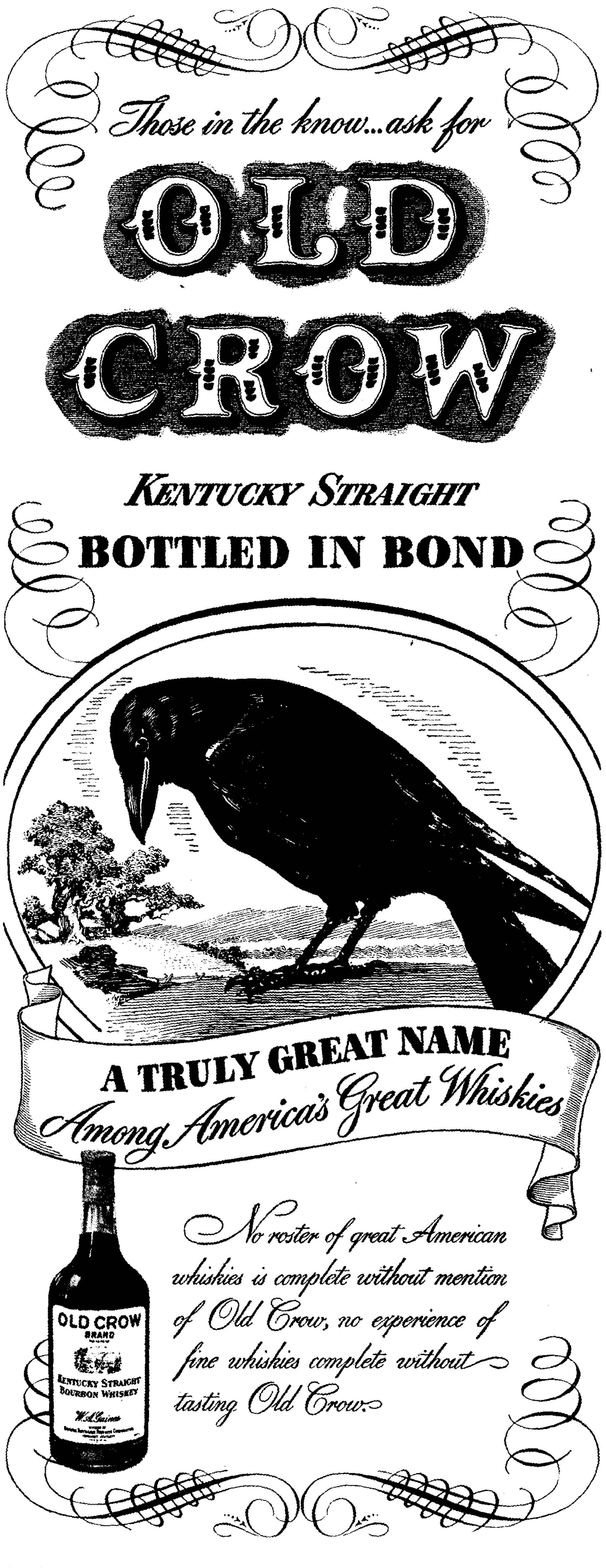
The tanker has two extra tanks, each carrying 600 gallons, a large drum from which the refueling hose is uncoiled and a harpoon gun and line for connecting with the receiver's paid-out line.

When it's time to refuel in flight, the receiving plane, flying straight and level, pays out its clawed sinker and its 300 feet of cable. The sinker draws the cable down in a sweeping curve at the end despite the forward speed of the airplane. The tanker pilot maneuvers below and to one side of the receiver, then a man fires a harpoon gun sending a clawed projectile and line inside the arch of the trailing cable. The slip stream from the receiving plane forces the projectile and line against the cable and they travel down it until the two claws engage.

With this contact, the planes are connected with a 250-foot wire-reinforced hose. The fuel system is purged with nitrogen, an inert gas, as a safety precaution and, with the tanker flying above and behind the receiver, gasoline is delivered at more than 100 gallons a minute. Fuel has been transferred at speeds of 200 miles an hour and may be fed at any altitude up to the ceiling of the tankers—in the case of the Lancasters, 25,000 feet. Provision is made to refuel at night by illuminating the trailing line sufficiently for the tanker pilot to establish correct formation. In thick weather, tanker and receiver can get together with radar, they say.

Refueling in flight has not wholly been forgotten in this country. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and Pan American World Airways have demonstrated a "safety fuel" for aircraft engines which packs all the power of 100-octane gasoline but which is said to be resistant to accidental ignition.

OSCAR LEIDING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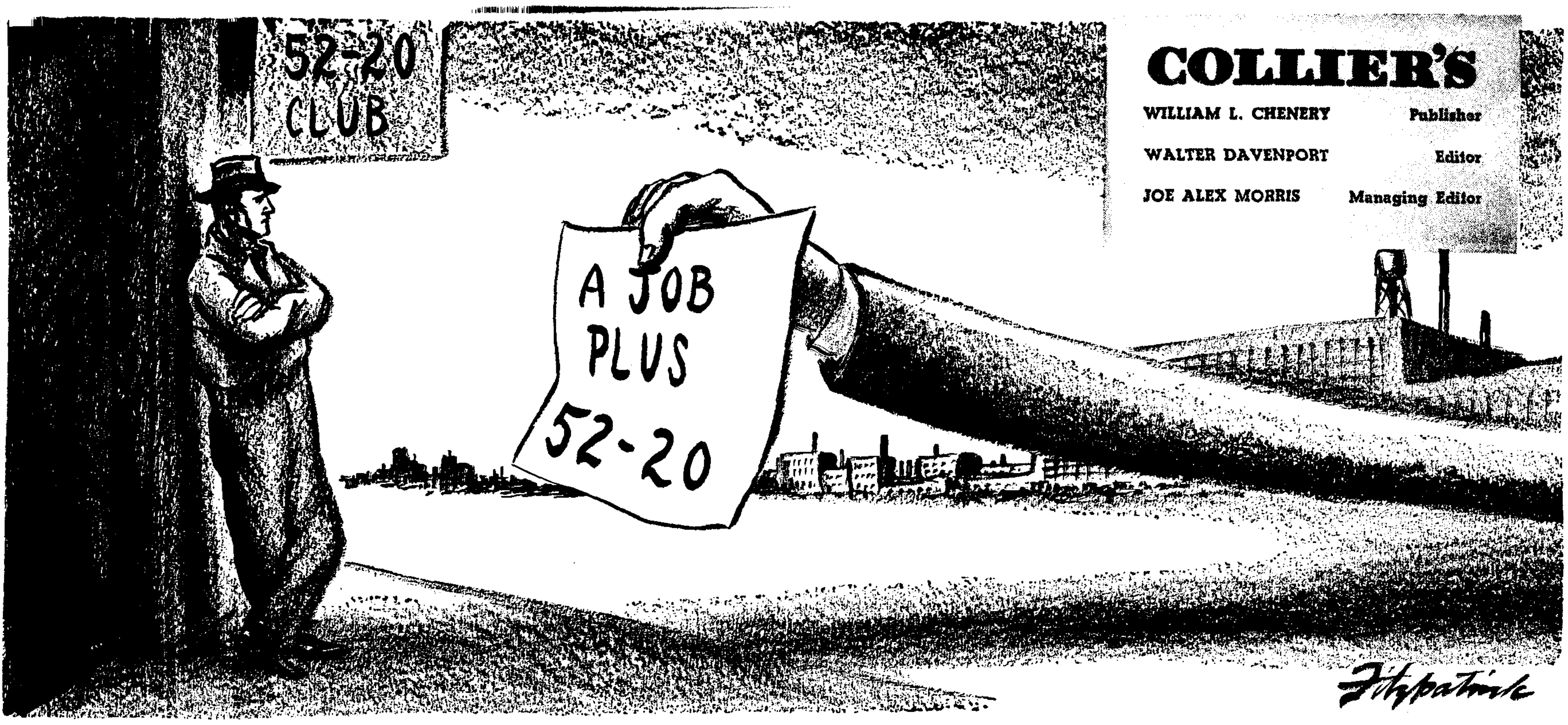

COLLIER'S
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52-20 AND BUST

THE Veterans Administration is no little worried over the repeater phase of the 52-20 Club. A considerable percentage of veterans have got jobs, have quit drawing their $20 a week jobless insurance pay, and then have dropped the jobs and gone back to the 52-20 Club—so called because a veteran is entitled to 52 weeks' payments of $20 each while out of work.

Up to last July 1st, about 7,100,000 claims for these payments had been filed. Of that number, about 1,500,000 were repeater claims.

Most of these men presumably felt that it would be pleasanter to draw $20 a week for loafing than to work 40 hours a week for $25 or $30 minus Social Security taxes.

We can't sympathize with that attitude; but that attitude exists. Is there anything that can be done about it? We have a labor shortage in this country now, with numerous jobs begging to be filled.

How would it be to let the 52-20 boys remain in the club even after they take low-paid jobs? The top limit might be put at $45 a week—meaning that a man would go on drawing the $20 from the government till his job took to paying $45 or more.

Such a revision of the present system ought to furnish an incentive to many of the boys to go out and get to work and quit loafing. It would be vulnerable to abuses and chiseling, true, on the part of both some veterans and some employers. But the chiseling could be continuously combated by the Veterans Administration, and meanwhile we'd get some of the work done that needs to be done.

How about serious consideration for this plan?

WHY THE NURSE SHORTAGE?

A NURSE shortage is about as serious a shortage as a nation can have; and this nation now finds itself shy some 75,000 nurses. Why?

Apparently, the trouble is mainly financial. Hospital nurses' pay runs about $170 a month. The work week is six days, 48 hours. There is plenty of overtime, but no extra pay for it. The girls have to buy their own uniforms, caps and hospital shoes. And they work like the very devil.

The war drew a lot of nurses into the armed forces, and many of them are staying there. Others go into private nursing jobs, where they can make more money than in hospitals. Still others hire out as doctors' office assistants. And, of course, as high a percentage of nurses as ever are getting married and quitting the profession.

Nurses' aides during the war saved many a hospital from simply shutting up shop. But the nurses'-aide system can't go on forever, even though some hospital superintendents seem determined to string it out as long as they can, thereby keeping their professional-nurse pay rolls down.

All this talk is current in nursing, hospital and medical circles. A good deal of it was aired at the recent nurses' convention at Atlantic City—a convention which adopted the slogan "$50 for 40 hours" and decided that hospital nurses all over the country would aim at that target.

It sounds reasonable to us. And certainly it is working out well in New York City, which recently raised starting pay of graduate nurses in its city hospitals to $2,400 a year and cut the work week to 40 hours.

That isn't quite $50 for 40 hours the year round; but even so, the New York Hospital Department recruited 129 additional nurses within a few days after the increase was announced.

All in all, it looks as if the way to attack the nurse shortage most effectively is to taper off the true but not nourishing raves about the nobility of the Florence Nightingale profession and take to saying it with better pay for the nurses.

SAY IT WITH T. B. SEALS

IN THE 42 years of the National Tuberculosis Association's existence, the American T.B. death rate has been reduced 75 per cent. Publicity, public education, and constantly improving methods of detection and treatment of the disease got that impressive result.

Yet tuberculosis nowadays still kills 144 Americans per day. That is a rate of one every 10 minutes. The fight isn't won yet, by a long shot.

The fight against T.B., conducted by the NTA and its 2,900 affiliated local associations, is financed largely by the annual sale of the famous T.B. Christmas seals.

Of the money raised this year from the seals, 95 per cent is to be spent in the state where contributed, while the remaining 5 per cent is to go to the National Tuberculosis Association for its nationwide activities.

How about an extra-generous purchase of T.B. seals this year for your Christmas packages and cards?

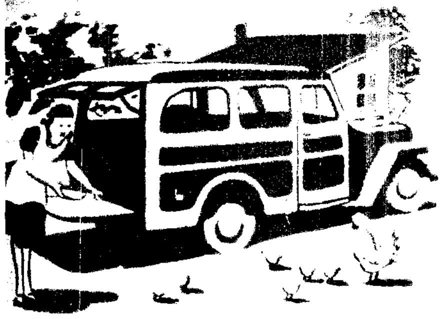
TOWARD A VOLUNTEER ARMY

WE WERE remarking in this space a little more than a year ago (Collier's for August 25, 1945, to be exact) that it would be a fine thing if we could have volunteer soldiers instead of draftees handle our occupation jobs in Germany and Japan; also that we might round up enough of such volunteers if we would raise pay rates in the Army.

Army pay has been raised since then, and our progress toward a volunteer Army is fairly encouraging to date. We have about 950,000 volunteers; and the Army hopes to level off at about 1,070,000.

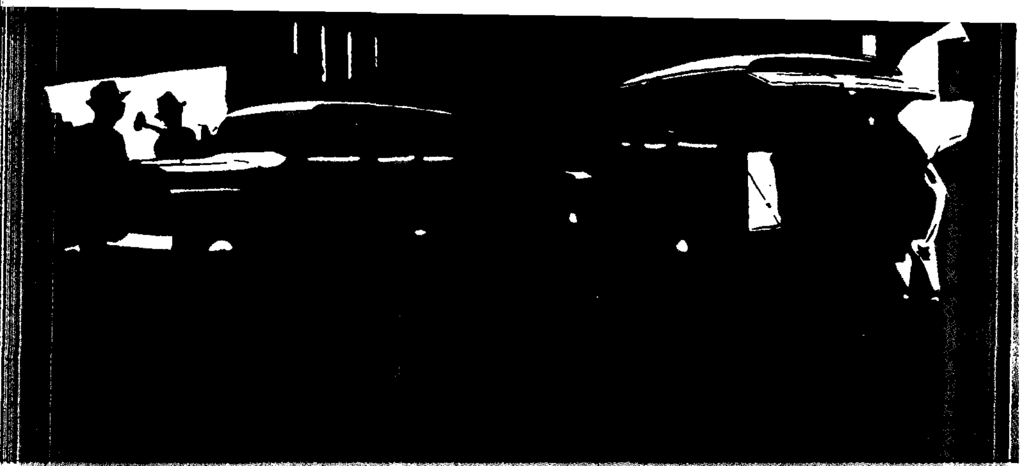
However, only about 52 per cent of these volunteers are three-year enlistees. The rest signed up for shorter terms, and these terms began to expire in October. So we need about 40,000 enlistments a month in order to keep the Army up to par.

Well, if you're a young and able-bodied man, how about you? The Army always did offer an honorable and worth-while career. Nowadays it is a financially attractive career as well. Any young man who can qualify will do himself and his country a top-flight favor by signing on for a hitch in the Army.



The dual-purpose "Jeep" Station Wagon exactly meets the varied needs of farm and ranch families.

Plenty of seats for school and riding groups. Washable leather-trim seats stand up under use.



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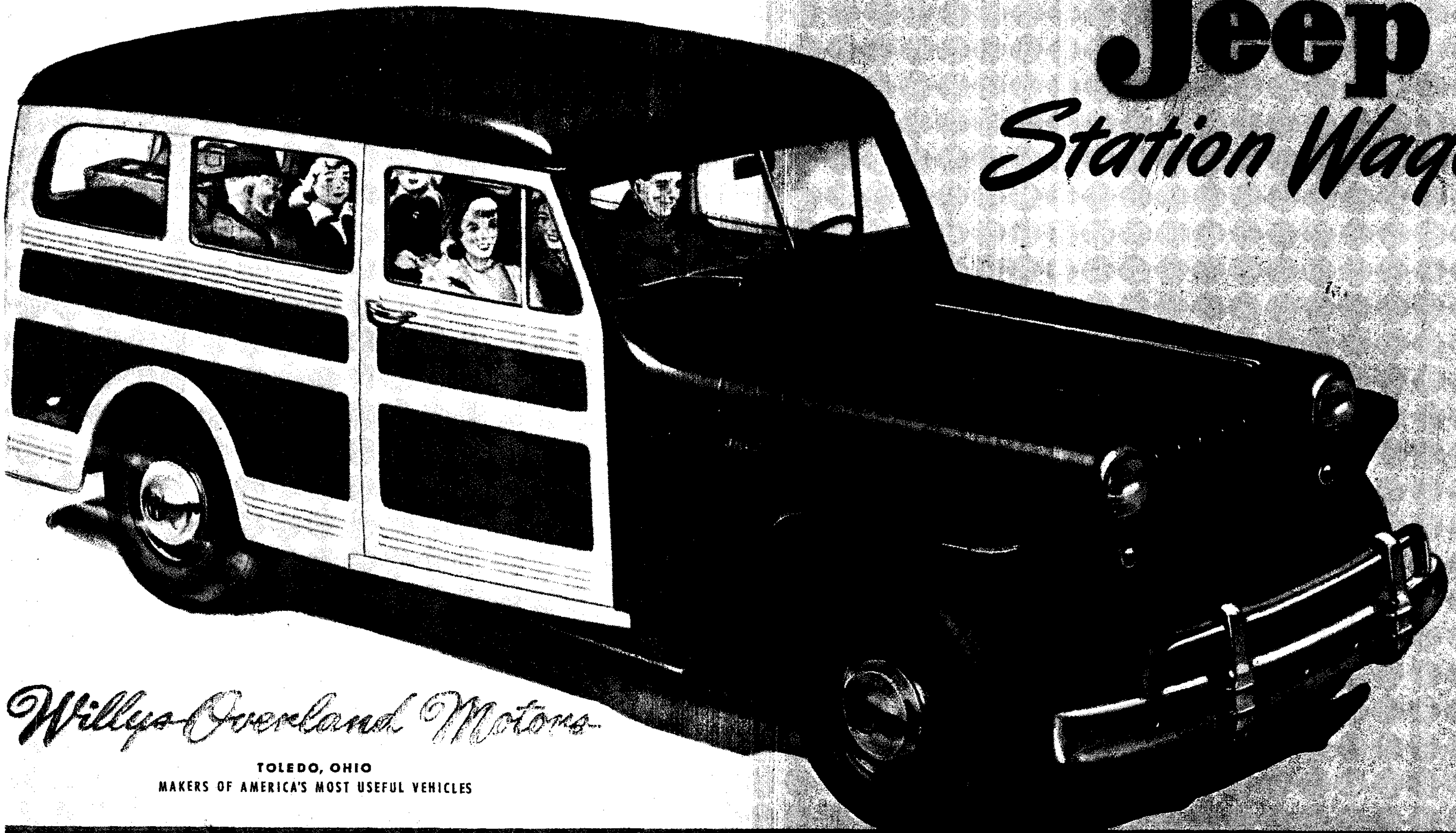
Remove the seats and you have 98 usable cubic feet of cargo space. It is a *practical* station wagon—steel body and top for more safety, a longer-lasting finish. Its lower weight and world-famous "Jeep" Engine give you amazing mileage.

See the "Jeep" Station Wagon—two-wheel drive—now at Willys-Overland dealers and compare its full-time usefulness with any type of car.

'Jeep'
Station Wagon



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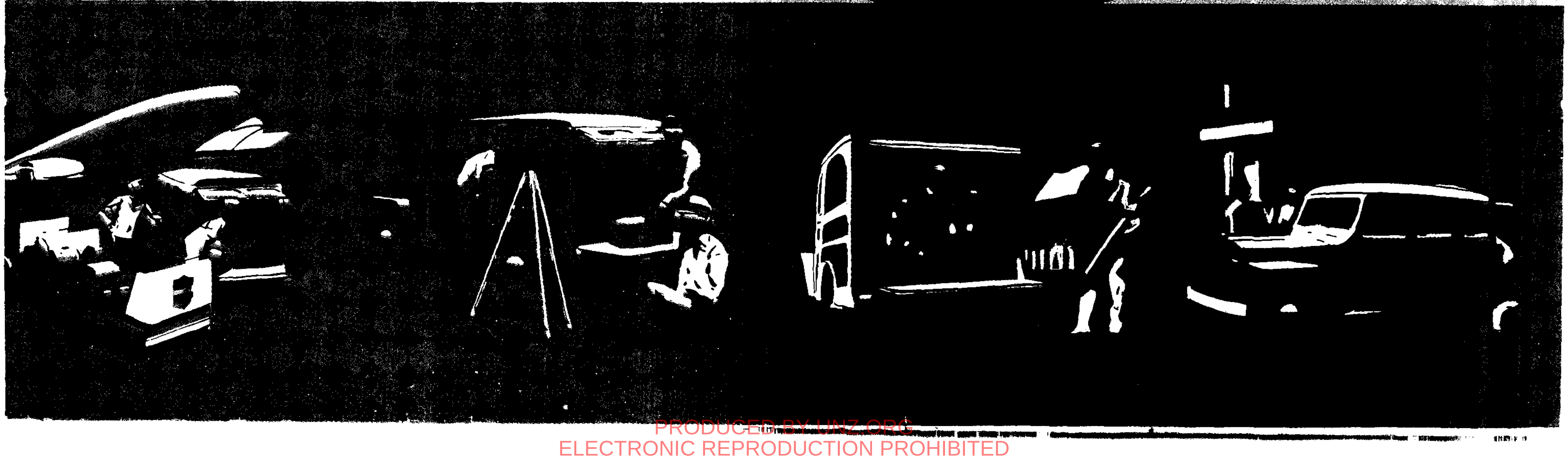

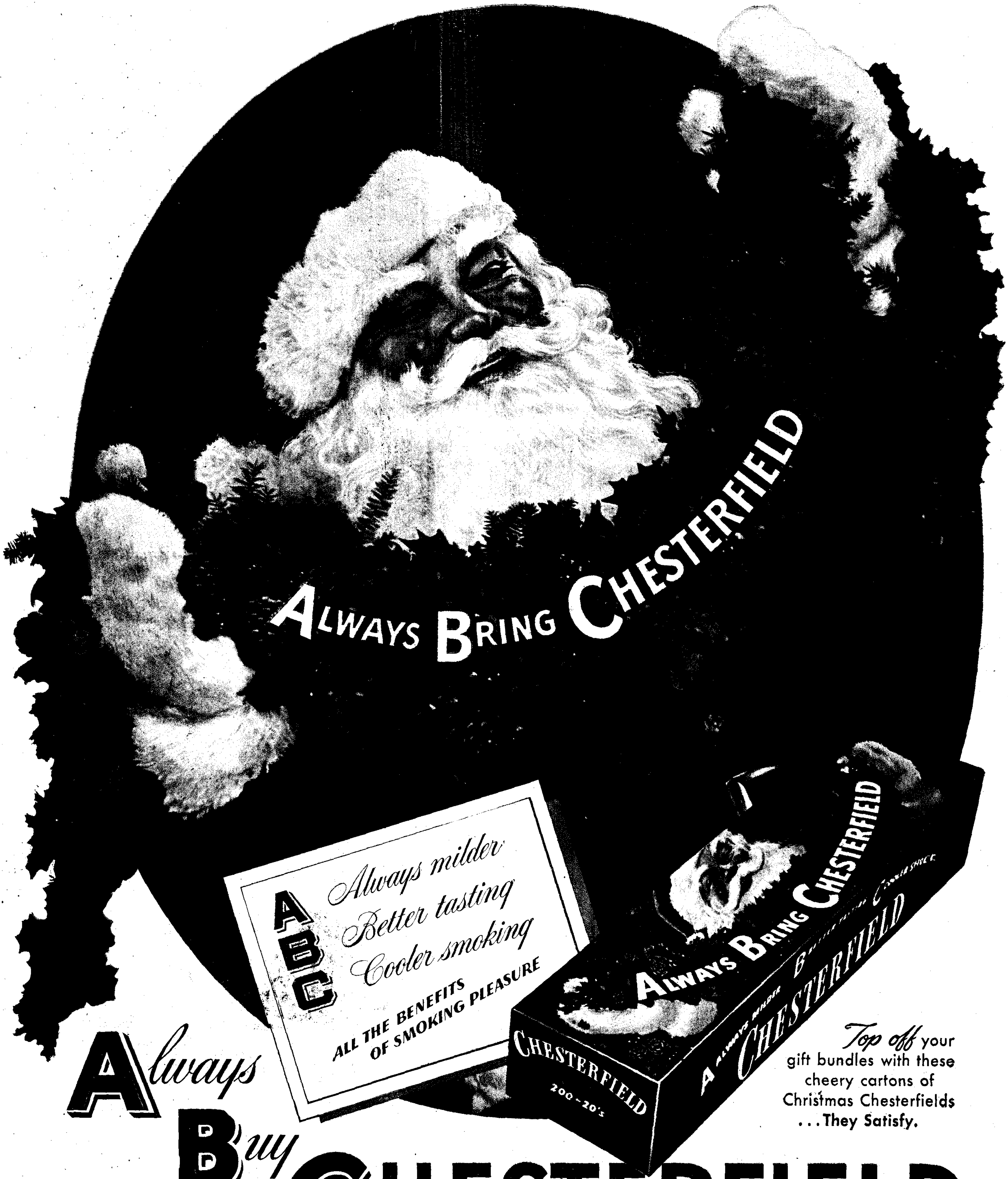
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